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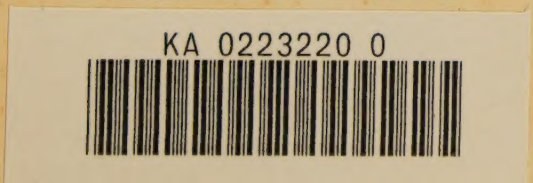


LETTERS OF

HORACE WALPOLE

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
LONDON, EDINBURGH
NEW YORK

Walker & Cockerell Ph. Sc.

Horace Walpole,
from a painting by J. G. Eckhardt.

THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

FOURTH EARL OF ORFORD

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED

AND EDITED WITH NOTES AND INDICES

BY

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

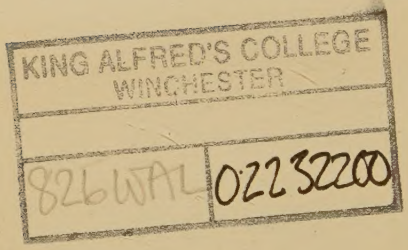
VOL. V: 1760—1764

OXFORD

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

MCMIV

OXFORD
PRINTED AT THE CLARENDON PRESS
BY HORACE HART, M.A.
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY



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ERRATUM

P. 432, line 4 from below, *for* 'your brother General' *read* 'your brother [the] General.'

THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

721. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Thursday [1760].

As a codicil to my last letter, I send you the Bedchamber: there are to be eighteen Lords and thirteen Grooms; all the late King's remain, but your cousin Manchester[1], Lord Falconberg, Lord Essex, and Lord Hyndford, replaced by the Duke of Richmond, Lord Weymouth, Lord March, and Lord Eglinton[2]; the last at the earnest request of the Duke of York. Instead of Clavering, Nassau, and General Campbell, who is promised something else, Lord Northampton's brother[3] and Commodore Keppel are Grooms. When it was offered to the Duke of Richmond, he said he could not accept it, unless something was done for Colonel Keppel, for whom he has interested himself; that it would look like sacrificing Keppel to his own views: this was handsome. Keppel is to be Equerry.

Princess Amelia goes everywhere, as she calls it; she was on Monday at Lady Holderness's, and next Monday is to be at Bedford House; but there is only the late King's

Letter 721.—[1] Robert Montagu (*circ.* 1710–1762), third Duke of Manchester.

[2] Alexander Montgomerie (d. 1770), tenth Earl of Eglinton.

[3] Hon. Spencer Compton (1738–1796), brother of seventh Earl of Northampton, whom he succeeded in 1763.

set, and the court of Bedford: so she makes the houses of other people as trist as St. James's was. Good night.

Not a word more of the King of Prussia: did you ever know a victory mind the wind so?

722. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 14, 1760.

I am vexed, for I find that the first packet-boat that sailed after the death of the King was taken by the French, and the mail thrown overboard. Some of the parcels were cast on shore, but I don't know whether they were legible, or whether the letter I had written to you was among them, and is got to you. It must be very irksome to you not to hear from me on that occasion; and it is particularly so to me, as I had given you all the satisfaction imaginable that you would be safe. This is of much more consequence than the particulars of the news. I repeat it now, but I cannot bear to think that you feel any anxiety so long. Everything remains so much in the same situation, that there is no probability of your being removed. I have since given you a hint of purchasing medals, antiquities, or pictures for the King. I would give much to be sure those letters had reached you. Then, there is a little somebody of a German prince, through whose acre the post-road lies, and who has quarrelled with the Dutch about a halfpenny-worth of postage; if he has stopped my letters, I shall wish that some frow may have emptied her pail and drowned his dominions! There is a murmur of Mr. Mackenzie[1] being Vice-Chamberlain,—I trust you have been very well with him; I am so connected with the Campbells[2] that I can

Letter 722.—[1] James Stewart Mackenzie, brother of Lord Bute. *Walpole.*

[2] Not only Lady Ailesbury was a Campbell, but Lady Strafford, sister of Lady Eliz. Mackenzie, was

increase it. Why should not you write to him to offer your services for any commissions in virtù that the King may be pleased to give?

Lord Huntingdon [3] remains Master of the Horse; nothing else is decided yet. The changes in the Household, and those few, will constitute almost all the revolution. The King seems the most amiable young man in the world; you may trust me, who am not apt to be the Humorous Lieutenant [4] and fall in love with Majesty.

We are all in guns and bonfires for an unexpected victory of the King of Prussia over Daun; but as no particulars are yet arrived, there are doubters. The courier comes so exactly in cadence with the intended meeting of the Parliament, having set out before the late King's death could be known, that some people are disposed to believe it is a dispatch to the City, which he meant to take by surprise sooner than he will Dresden.

I make this a short letter, for I could only repeat the contents of my two last, which I have forgot, and which I will flatter myself you have received. Adieu!

723. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Monday, Nov. 24, 1760.

Unless I were to send you journals, lists, catalogues, computations of the bodies, tides, swarms of people that go to court to present addresses, or to be presented, I can tell you nothing new. The day the King went to the House, I was three-quarters of an hour getting through Whitehall: there were subjects enough to set up half a dozen petty kings. The Pretender would be proud to reign over the

a Campbell, and wife of the Earl of Strafford, one of Mr. Walpole's particular friends. *Walpole.*

[3] Francis Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon. *Walpole.*

[4] A play of Beaumont and Fletcher. *Walpole.*

footmen only—and, indeed, unless he acquires some of them, he will have no subjects left: all their masters flock to St. James's. The palace is so thronged, that I will stay till some people are discontented. The first night the King went to the play, which was civilly on a Friday, not on the opera-night, as he used to do, the whole audience sung *God save the King* in chorus. For the first act, the press was so great at the door, that no ladies could get to the boxes; and only the servants appeared there, who kept places. At the end of the second the whole mob broke in, and seated themselves. Yet all this zeal is not likely to last, though he so well deserves it. Seditious papers are again stuck up: one t'other day in Westminster Hall declared against a Saxe-Gothan Princess. The Archbishop, who is never out of the Drawing-room, has great hopes, from the King's goodness, that he shall make something of him—that is, something bad of him. On the Address, Pitt and his zany Beckford quarrelled, on the latter's calling the campaign languid. What is become of our *magnanimous ally* and his victory, I know not. In eleven days no courier was arrived from him; but I have been here these two days, perfectly indifferent about his magnanimity. I am come to put my *Anecdotes of Painting* into the press. You are one of the few that I expect will be entertained with it. It has warmed Gray's coldness so much, that he is violent about it—in truth, there is an infinite quantity of new and curious things about it; but as it is quite foreign from all popular topics, I don't suppose it will be much attended to. There is not a word of Methodism in it, it says nothing of the disturbances in Ireland, it does not propose to keep all Canada, it neither flatters the King of Prussia nor Prince Ferdinand, it does not say that the City of London are the wisest set of men in the world, it is silent about George Townshend, and does not abuse my Lord George Sackville—

how should it please? I want you to help me in a little affair that regards it. I have found in a MS. that in the church of Beckley[1], or Becksley, in Sussex, there are portraits on glass, in a window, of Henry the Third and his Queen. I have looked in the map, and find the first name between Bodiham and Rye, but I am not sure it is the place. I will be much obliged to you if you will write directly to your Sir Whistler[2], and beg him to inform himself very exactly if there is any such thing in such a church near Bodiham. Pray state it minutely, because if there is, I will have them drawn for the frontispiece to my work[3].

Did I tell you that the Archbishop tried to hinder *The Minor* from being played at Drury Lane? For once the Duke of Devonshire was firm, and would only let him correct some passages, and even of those the Duke has restored some. One that the prelate effaced was, 'You snub-nosed son of a bitch.' Foote says he will take out a licence to preach, Sam. Cant against Tom Cant.

The first volume of Voltaire's *Peter the Great* is arrived. I weep over it! It is as languid as the campaign; he is grown old. He boasts of the materials communicated to him by the Czarina's order—but, alas! he need not be proud of them. They only serve to show how much worse he writes history with materials than without. Besides, it is evident how much that authority has cramped his genius. I had heard before, that when he sent the work to Petersburgh for imperial approbation, it was returned with orders to increase the panegyric. I wish he had acted like a very

LETTER 723. — [1] Bexhill is the place referred to. The window was in 1774 presented to Horace Walpole by Lord Ashburnham, and was placed in the chapel at Strawberry Hill.

[2] Sir Whistler Webster, second Baronet, of Battle Abbey, Sussex; d. 1779.

[3] The portraits were engraved as a frontispiece to the first volume of the *Anecdotes of Painting*.

inferior author: Knyphausen once hinted to me that I might have some authentic papers, if I was disposed to write the life of his master[4]—but I did not care for what would lay me under such restrictions. It is not fair to use weapons against the persons that lend them—and I do not admire his master enough to commend anything in him but his military actions. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

724. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Arlington Street, Nov. 27, 1760.

You are extremely kind, Sir, in remembering the little commission I troubled you with. As I am in great want of some more painted glass to finish a window in my round tower, I should be glad, though it may not be a Pope, to have the piece you mentioned, if it can be purchased reasonably.

My Lucan is finished, but will not be published till after Christmas, when I hope you will do me the favour of accepting one, and let me know how I shall convey it. The *Anecdotes of Painting* have succeeded to the press: I have finished two volumes; but as there will at least be a third, I am not determined whether I shall not wait to publish the whole together. You will be surprised, I think, to see what a quantity of materials the industry of one man (Vertue) could amass! and how much he retrieved at this late period. I hear of nothing new likely to appear; all the world is taken up in penning Addresses, or in presenting them; and the approaching elections will occupy the thoughts of men so much that an author could not appear at a worse era.

[4] Frederick the Great.

725. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 5, 1760.

When I mentioned the brocadella two or three times to you, it was not from impatience for the patterns, but because I thought my first letter about them had miscarried.

I have now received the samples, but they are so small that I cannot form any judgement of the pattern. I will beg you to follow your own method, and send me some pieces by the first person that will bring them, that is, a quarter of a yard or thereabouts of each; but they must be of three colours. I am sure I remember such at Florence, particularly at Madame Rinuncini's or Madame Ricardi's, I think the former's; it was in a bedchamber where she saw company when she was with child. Of two colours they make them here very well, but they cannot arrive at three. I do not approve damask at all, for as there will be no pictures in the chamber, nothing is more trist than a single colour.

Don't think I took ill your giving away my books: I had really forgot them; you shall certainly have another set, and one for Lady Mary Wortley[1], who scolded me by Stosch. I shall send you a curious pamphlet, the only work I almost ever knew that changed the opinions of many. It is called *Considerations on the present German War*, and is written by a wholesale woollen-draper[2]; but the materials are supposed to be furnished by the faction of the Yorkes. The confirmation of the King of Prussia's victory near Torgau does not prevent the disciples of the

Letter 725.—[1] The famous Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who was then in Italy. *Walpole.*

[2] Isaac Mauduit. *Walpole.*—Israel (not Isaac) Mauduit (1708–1787).

pamphlet from thinking that the best thing which could happen for us would be to have that monarch's head shot off. There are letters from the Hague, that say Daun is dead[3] of his wounds. If he is, I shall begin to believe that the King of Prussia will end successfully at last. It has been the fashion to cry down Daun; but, as much as the King of Prussia may admire himself, I dare say he would have been glad to have been matched with one much more like himself than one so opposite as the Marshal.

I have heard nothing lately of Stosch, and am told he has been ill at Salisbury. This climate is apt to try foreign constitutions. Elisi, the first singer, cannot get rid of a fever, and has not appeared yet. The comic opera pleases extremely; the woman Paganini has more applause than I almost ever remember; every song she sings is encored.

I have little to tell you more of the new reign. The King is good and amiable in everything he does, and seems to have no view but of contenting all the world; but that is not just the most attainable point. I will tell you a *bon mot* of a Mrs. Hardinge, a physician's wife—and a *bon mot* very often paints truly the history or manners of the times. She says, it is a great question what the King is to burn in his chamber, whether Scotch-coal[4], Newcastle-coal, or Pitt-coal. The Bedchamber, I was going to say, is settled, but there are additions made to it every day; there are already twenty Lords and seventeen Grooms. To the King's own set are added all the late King's, but Lord Hyndford, Lord Essex, the Duke of Manchester, and Lord Falconberg; added, are the Duke of Richmond, Lord Weymouth, Lord March, and Lord Eglinton; and, since that, two Tory Lords, Oxford[5] and Bruce[6]. General Camp-

[3] He was dangerously wounded, but lived until 1766.

[4] Alluding to Lord Bute, the Duke of Newcastle, and Mr. Pitt. *Walpole.*

[5] Edward Harley (1726 – 1790), fourth Earl of Oxford.

[6] Afterwards Earl of Ailesbury.

bell, Mr. Nassau, and Mr. Clavering are omitted; Mr. Compton, and I forget who, are new Grooms, with three Tories, Norbonne Berkeley, George Pitt, whom you remember, and Northey. Worsley, Madame Suares' old *cicisbeo*, is made Surveyor of the Board of Works; he was this King's Equerry, and passes for having a taste for architecture, of which I told you the King was fond. Lord Rochford is amply indemnified by a pension on Ireland of two thousand a year. Of a Queen, the talk is dropped; and no other change is likely to be made yet. We have already been in danger of losing this charming young King; his horse threw him the day before yesterday, and bruised his head and shoulder; with difficulty they made him be blooded. He immediately wrote to the Princess that she might not be frightened, and was well enough to go to the play at night.

Thank you for your kindness to Mr. Strange; if he still persists in his principles, he will be strangely unfashionable at his return. I, who could make great allowances in the last reign, cannot forgive anybody being a Jacobite now.

As you have a print of my eagle, I will be obliged to you if you will employ anybody at Rome to pick me up an altar as like to the pedestal of the eagle as they can. I don't insist upon an exact resemblance; but should like it to be pretty much of the same height and size: it is for my Vespasian, which is to answer the eagle in a recess in my approaching gallery. Adieu!

P.S. As I was going to seal my letter, the post brought me one from Stosch, who is at the Bath, and says he shall be in town in a month. The secret expedition is beating about off Portsmouth.

726. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Dec. 11, 1760.

I THANK you for the inquiries about the painted glass, and shall be glad if I prove to be in the right.

There is not much of new to tell you; and yet there is much dissatisfaction. The Duke of Newcastle has threatened to resign on the appointment of Lord Oxford and Lord Bruce without his knowledge. His court rave about Tories, which you know comes with a singular grace from them, as the Duke never preferred any—Murray, Lord Gower, Sir John Cotton, Jack Pitt, &c., &c., &c., were all firm Whigs. But it is unpardonable to put an end to all faction, when it is not for factious purposes. Lord Fitzmaurice [1], made aide-de-camp to the King, has disgusted the army. The Duke of Richmond, whose brother [2] has no more been put over others than the Duke of Newcastle has preferred Tories, has presented a warm memorial in a warmer manner, and has resigned the Bedchamber, not his regiment—another propriety.

Propriety is so much in fashion, that Miss Chudleigh has called for the council books of the subscription concert, and has struck out the name of Mrs. Naylor—I have some thoughts of remonstrating that General Waldegrave is too *lean* to be a Groom of the Bedchamber.

Mr. Chute has sold his house to Miss Speed [3] for 3,000*l.*, and has taken one for a year in Berkeley Square.

LETTER 726. — [1] William Petty (1737–1805), Viscount Fitzmaurice, eldest son of first Earl of Shelburne, whom he succeeded in 1761; cr. Marquis of Lansdowne, 1784. Entered the army in 1758, and was present at the battle of Minden and at the affair of Kampen; President of the Board of Trade, 1762–63; Secretary of State for the Southern Province, 1766–68; Foreign Secretary, 1782; First Lord of the Treasury (Prime Minister), 1782–83.

[2] Lord George Lennox.

[3] Henrietta Jane (d. 1783), daughter of Colonel Samuel Speed; m. (1761) Baron de la Peyrière, afterwards Comte de Viry. She resided

This is a very brief letter; I fear this reign will soon furnish longer. When the last King could be beloved, a young man with a good heart has little chance of being so. Moreover, I have a maxim, that *the extinction of party is the origin of faction.* Good night!

Yours ever,
H. W.

727. To the Earl of Bute.

My Lord,

Having heard that his Majesty was curious about his pictures, I recollected some catalogues of the royal collections which I had a little share in publishing some years ago. I dare not presume to offer them to his Majesty myself; but I take the liberty of sending them to your Lordship, that, if you should think they may contribute to his Majesty's information or amusement, they may come to his hand more properly from your Lordship than they could do from me. I have added some notes that illustrate a few particulars.

Having dabbled a good deal in this kind of things, if there is any point in which I could be of use to your Lordship for his Majesty's satisfaction, I should be very ready and happy to employ my little knowledge or pains. And permit me to say, my Lord, your Lordship cannot command anybody who will execute your orders more cheerfully or more disinterestedly, or that will trouble you less with any solicitations: an explanation which even esteem and sincerity are forced to make to one in your Lordship's situation. The mere love of the arts, and the joy of seeing

for many years with her relative, Lady Cobham, whose country seat was the Manor House, Stoke Poges. Here she made the acquaintance of Thomas Gray. She was one of the heroines of his *Long Story*, which was written after a call made upon him by herself and a friend.

Letter 727.—Not in C.; reprinted from Lord Orford's *Works*, vol. ii. pp. 376–7.

on the throne a prince of taste, are my only inducements for offering my slender services. I know myself too well to think I can ever be of any use but as a virtuoso and antiquarian; a character I should formerly have called very insignificant; though now my pride, since his Majesty vouchsafes to patronize the arts, and your Lordship has the honour to countenance genius, a rank of which at most I can be but an admirer.

I have the honour to be, &c.,
HOR. WALPOLE.

728. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 2, 1761.

I NEVER was so rich in letters from you before; I have received four packets at once this morning—there had been thirteen mails due. It is supposed that the packet-boats were afraid of French privateers, who swarmed about the Dutch coast, believing that the late King's jewels were coming over. I have not yet received the letter by Prince San Severino's[1] courier; but, as you mention the fans in a subsequent dispatch, I shall immediately provide them; but, as the packets have been detained so long, I fear any courier to Mr. Mackenzie must be departed some time: I shall send them by sea, with the books I promised you.

With regard to enlarged credentials, I cannot think this a likely time to obtain them. You yourself hold the compliment paid to the Emperor[2] extraordinary; undoubtedly

LETTER 728. — [1] The Neapolitan Minister. *Walpole.*

[2] 'The Grand Duke of Tuscany to whom [Mann] had been originally accredited, had enjoyed increase of dignity by becoming Emperor of Germany, and Mann suggested that such circumstances being considered, and his twenty years of service being remembered, he had fair claim to be elevated to a position above that of an Envoy, and to be furnished with additional means to illustrate the elevation.' (*Mann and Manners*, vol. ii. pp. 70–1.)

they would not make that civility greater. Should he send a minister in form, I should be glad if increasing your dignity would be thought a sufficient return; but, in my own opinion, the Peace will be the best season for pushing your request. When that will arrive, God knows! or who will be the person to whom application must be then made. Quiet as things are at present, no man living expects or believes they can continue so. Three separate ministers and their factions cannot hold together in a more phlegmatic country than this. The preferment of some Tories had already like to have overset the system; and, though Lord Bute avoids preferring his countrymen more sedulously than it was supposed he would try to prefer them, the clamour is still unreasonably great, nor can all his caution or the King's benignity satisfy.

With regard to foreign affairs, I beg you to be cautious. Stick to your orders, and give no opinion: make no declaration of the King's intentions, farther than you are authorized by Mr. Pitt's directions. He is too much a man of honour not to support you, if you act by his instructions; but don't exceed them. The German war is not so popular as you imagine, either in the closet or in the nation. Mystery, the wisdom of blockheads, may be allowable in a foreign minister; use it till you see farther. If I have any sagacity, such times are coming as will make people glad to have nothing to unsay. Judge of my affection for you, when a nature so open as mine prescribes reserve; but I wish your fortune to be firm, whatever happens. At present, there is no kind of news—everybody is in the country for the holidays. The laying aside of the expedition gave universal pleasure; as France had had so much time to be upon its guard, and the season is so far advanced, and so tempestuous.

We have lost poor Lord Downe[3], one of the most amiable

[3] H. Pleydell-Dawnay, Viscount Downe. *Walpole.*

men in the world. Frank, generous, spirited, and odd, with a large independent fortune, he had conceived a rage for the army. He received twelve wounds in the affair of Campen; and though one of them was in his knee, he was forced to walk five miles. This last wound was neglected, and closed too soon, with a splinter in it, not being thought of consequence; and proved mortal. He bid the surgeons put him to as much pain as they pleased, so they did but make him fit for the next campaign. He languished ten weeks; and not a mouth is opened but in praise or regret of him.

I question a little whether you will see the Duchess of Hamilton; these mails have brought so good an account of her that, unless she grows worse, they will scarce pass Lyons, where they are established for the winter. I never heard of that Lord Archibald Hamilton[4]; he would pass his time ill with General Campbell, who is not at all of a humour to suffer any impertinence to his wife.

Thank you much for the seeds; in return, behold a new commission, but, I trust, not a troublesome one. A friend of mine, one Mr. Hawkins[5], is writing the *History of Music*: the sooner you could send us the following books the better; if by any English traveller, we should be glad.

1. *Tutte le Opere di Giuseppe Zarlino.* Venezia, 1589; 2 vols. folio.

2. *History of Music*, in Italian, by Gio. Andr. Angelini Bontempi. 1695, folio.

3. *Dialogo della Musica antica e moderna, di Vincenzo Galilei.* Folio, 1602, or 1541, in Firenze.

4. *Musica vaga ed artifiziosa di Romano Michieli.* Folio, 1615, Venezia.

[4] Sir H. Mann did not know that he was half-brother of the late Duke of Hamilton. *Walpole.* — He succeeded his nephew as ninth Duke in 1799, and died in 1819.

[5] Afterwards Sir John Hawkins. His history was published in five volumes quarto. *Walpole.*

5. *Osservazioni di ben regolare il Coro della Cappella Pontificizia, fatte da Andrea Adami.* Quarto, 1714; in Roma.

Any other books of character on the subject will be very acceptable; but, when I review the list and see so many thundering folios, I don't expect that any gentleman will bring them in his breeches-pocket, or even in his cloak-bag.

Pray, is there any print of the Cardinal of York[6]? If there is, do send me one.

Adieu, my good child!

729. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Arlington Street, Jan. 3, 1761.

I stayed till I had the Lucan ready to send you, before I thanked you for your letter, and for the pane of glass, about which you have given yourself so much kind trouble, and which I have received; I think it is clearly Heraclitus weeping over a globe.

Illuminated MSS., unless they have portraits of particular persons, I do not deal in; the extent of my collecting is already full as great as I can afford. I am not the less obliged to you, Sir, for thinking of me. Were my fortune larger, I should go deeper into printing, and having engraved curious MSS. and drawings; as I cannot, I comfort myself with reflecting on the mortifications I avoid, by the little regard shown by the world to those sort of things. The sums laid out on books one should, at first sight, think an indication of encouragement to letters; but booksellers only are encouraged, not books. Bodies of sciences, that is, compilations and mangled abstracts, are the only salable commodities. Would you believe, what I know is fact,

[6] Younger brother of Prince Charles Edward, and after his death called, by the remaining adherents to his family, Henry IX. *Walpole.*

that Dr. Hill earned fifteen guineas a week by working for wholesale dealers? he was at once employed on six voluminous works of botany, husbandry, &c., published weekly. I am sorry to say, this journeyman is one of the first men preferred in the new reign: he is made gardener of Kensington, a place worth two thousand pounds a year. The King and Lord Bute have certainly both of them great propensity to the arts; but Dr. Hill, though undoubtedly not deficient in parts, has as little claim to favour in this reign, as Gideon, the stock-jobber, in the last; both engrossers without merit. Building, I am told, is the King's favourite study; I hope our architects will not be taken from the erectors of turnpikes.

730. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Jan. 7, 1760.

You must not wonder I have not writ to you a long time; a person of my consequence! I am now almost ready to say *We* instead of *I*. In short, I live amidst royalty—considering the plenty, that is no great wonder. All the world lives with them, and they with all the world. Princes and Princesses open shops in every corner of the town, and the whole town deals with them. As I have gone to one, I chose to frequent all, that I might not be particular, and seem to have views; and yet it went so much against me, that I came to town on purpose a month ago for the Duke's levee, and had engaged Brand to go with me—and then could not bring myself to it. At last, I went to him and Princess Emily yesterday. It was well I had not flattered myself with being still in my bloom; I am grown so old since they saw me, that neither of them knew me. When

Letter 730.—Misdated by Horace Walpole Jan. 7, 1760; evidently written in 1761. (See *Notes and Queries*, Aug. 4, 1900.)

they were told, he just spoke to me (I forgive him, he is not out of my debt, even with that), she was exceedingly gracious, and commended Strawberry to the skies. To-night I was asked to their party at Norfolk House. These parties are wonderfully select and dignified: one might sooner be a Knight of Malta than qualified for them; I don't know how the Duchess of Devonshire, Mr. Fox, and I, were forgiven some of our ancestors. There were two tables at loo, two at whisk, and a quadrille. I was commanded to the Duke's loo; he was set down; not to make him wait, I threw my hat upon the marble table, and broke four pieces off a great crystal chandelier. I stick to my etiquette, and treat them with great respect, not as I do my friend, the Duke of York—but don't let us talk any more of princes.—My Lucan appears to-morrow; I must say it is a noble volume. Shall I send it you, or won't you come and fetch it?

There is nothing new of public, but the violent commotions in Ireland[1], whither the Duke of Bedford still persists in going, Æolus to quell a storm.

I am in great concern for my old friend, poor Lady Harry Beauclerc; her lord dropped down dead two nights ago, as he was sitting with her and all their children. Admiral Boscawen is dead by this time—Mrs. Osborn[2] and I are not much afflicted. Lady Jane Coke[3] too is dead, exceedingly rich; I have not heard her will yet.

If you don't come to town soon, I give you warning, I will

[1] In consequence of a dispute with the Irish Privy Council, Bedford and his secretary, Rigby, had been burnt in effigy in Dublin. Bedford did not return to Ireland, and shortly afterwards resigned the viceroyalty.

[2] Sarah (d. 1775), only surviving daughter of first Viscount Torrington; m. John, eldest son of Sir John Osborne, Baronet, of Chicksands, Bedfordshire. She was the sister of Admiral Byng.

[3] Lady Jane Wharton, elder daughter of first Marquis of Wharton; m. 1. John Holt; 2. Robert Coke, of Longford, Derbyshire. Her fortune was left to Miss Draycott, afterwards Countess of Pomfret.

be a Lord of the Bedchamber, or a Gentleman Usher.—If you will, I will be nothing but what I have been so many years, my own and yours ever,

H. Walpole.

731. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Jan. 22, 1761.

I am glad you are coming, and now the time is over, that you are coming so late, as I like to have you here in the spring. You will find no great novelty in the new reign. Lord Denbigh is made Master of the Harriers, with two thousand a year; Lord Temple asked it, and Newcastle and Hardwicke gave in to it for fear of Denbigh's brutality in the House of Lords—does this differ from the style of George the Second?

The King designs to have a new motto; he will not have a French one, so the Pretender may enjoy *Dieu et mon droit* in quiet.

Princess Emily is already sick of being familiar; she has been at Northumberland House, but goes to nobody more. That party was larger, but still more formal than the rest, though the Duke of York had invited himself and his commerce-table. I played with Madam Emily, and we were mighty well together—so well, that two nights afterwards she commended me to Mr. Conway and Mr. Fox, but calling me *that Mr. Walpole*, they did not guess who she meant. For my part, I thought it very well, that when I played with her, she did not call me *that gentleman*. I was surprised at her being so vulgar; as she went away, she thanked my Lady Northumberland, like a parson's wife, for all her civilities.

I was excessively amused on Tuesday night; there was a play at Holland House acted by children; not all children,

for Lady Sarah Lenox[1] and Lady Susan Strangways[2] played the women. It was *Jane Shore*; one Price[3], Lord Barrington's nephew, was Gloster, and acted better than three parts of the comedians. Charles Fox[4], Hastings; a little Nichols, who spoke well, Belmour; Lord Ofaly[5], Lord Ashbroke[6], and other boys, did the rest—but the two girls were delightful; and acted with so much nature and simplicity, that they appeared the very things they represented. Lady Sarah was more beautiful than you can conceive, and her very awkwardness gave an air of truth to the shame of the part, and the antiquity of the time, which was kept up by her dress, taken out of Montfaucon. Lady Susan was dressed from Jane Seymour, and all the parts were clothed in ancient habits, and with the most minute propriety. I was infinitely more struck with the last scene between the two women than ever I was when I have seen it on the stage. When Lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears, and on the ground, no Magdalen by Corregio was half so lovely and expressive. You would have been charmed too with seeing Mr. Fox's little boy[7] of six years

LETTER 731.—[1] Lady Sarah Lennox (1745–1826), seventh daughter and eleventh child of second Duke of Richmond; m. 1. (1762) Thomas Charles Bunbury, afterwards sixth Baronet, from whom she was divorced in 1776; 2. (1782) Hon. George Napier. She was the object of George III's early affection, and there seems no doubt that he would have married her but for the influence of his mother and Lord Bute. By her second husband she was the mother of Sir Charles Napier and Sir William Napier.

[2] Lady Susan Fox-Strangeways, eldest daughter of first Earl of Ilchester. In 1764 she made a runaway match with William O'Brien, an actor.

[3] Uvedale Price (1747–1829), son of Robert Price, of Foxley, Herefordshire, by Sarah, daughter of first Viscount Barrington; created a Baronet in 1828. He was a schoolfellow and friend of Charles Fox.

[4] Charles James Fox (1749–1806), third son of Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland; Lord of the Admiralty, 1770–72; Lord of the Treasury, 1772–74; Foreign Secretary (in Rockingham ministry), March–July, 1782; (in Coalition ministry) April–Dec., 1783; Feb.–Sept., 1806.

[5] George Fitzgerald (1748–1765), Lord Offaly, eldest son of twentieth Earl of Kildare; styled Earl of Offaly after the promotion of his father (whom he predeceased) to the Marquisate of Kildare. He was the first cousin of Charles Fox.

[6] William Flower (1744 – 1780), second Viscount Ashbrook.

[7] Henry Edward Fox (1755–1811),

old, who is beautiful, and acted the Bishop of Ely, dressed in lawn sleeves and with a square cap; they had inserted two lines for him, which he can hardly speak plainly. Francis[8] had given them a pretty prologue. Adieu!

You give me no account from Sir Whistler of the painted glass; do press him for an answer. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

732. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 27, 1761.

I SHOULD like Marshal Botta's[1] furniture, which you describe, if my tenure in Strawberry were as transitory as a Florentine commander's; but, in a castle built for eternity, and founded in the most flourishing age of the greatest republic now in the world, which has extended its empire into every quarter of the globe, can I think of a peach-coloured ground, which will fade like the bloom on Chloe's cheek? There's a pompous paragraph! A Grecian or a Roman would have written it seriously, and with even more slender pretensions. However, though my castle is built of paper, and though our empire should vanish as rapidly as it has advanced, I still object to peach-colour—not only from its fading hue, but for wanting the solemnity becoming a Gothic edifice: I must not have a round tower dressed in a *pet-en-l'air*. I would as soon put rouge and patches on a statue of St. Ethelburgh. You must not wonder at my remembering Rinuncini's hangings at the distance of nineteen or twenty years: my memory is exceedingly retentive of trifles. There is no hurry: I can

fourth son of Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland; entered the army in 1770, and became full general in 1808.

[8] Rev. Philip Francis, who was Charles Fox's tutor at Eton.

LETTER 732.—[1] Commander of the troops in Tuscany for the Emperor Francis. *Walpole.*

wait till you send me patterns, and an account of that triple-coloured contexture, for which, in gratitude to my memory, I still have a hankering. Three years ago I had the ceiling of my china-room painted, from one I had observed in the little Borghese villa. I was hoarding ideas for a future Strawberry even in those days of giddiness, when I seemed to attend to nothing. The altar of the eagle is three feet two inches and a half high, by one foot eight inches wide. If that for the Vespasian should be a trifle larger, especially a little higher, it would carry so large a bust better; but I imagine the race of altar-tombs are pretty much of the same dimensions.

So much for myself—surely it is time to come to you. Mr. Mackenzie, by the King's own order and thought, was immediately named plenipotentiary. I fear you have not exactly the same pretensions; however, as I think services will be pretensions in this reign, the precedent I hope will not hurt you. The Peace seems the proper period for asking it.

I have delivered to your brother the famous pamphlet[2]; two sets of the *Royal and Noble Authors* for yourself and Lady Mary Wortley; a Lucan, printed at Strawberry, which, I trust, you will think a handsome edition; and six of the newest-fashioned and prettiest fans I could find —they are really genteel, though one or two have caprices that will turn a Florentine head. They were so dear, that I shall never tell you the price; I was glad to begin to pay some of the debts I owe you in commissions. All these will depart by the first opportunity; but the set for Lady Mary will, I suppose, arrive too late, as her husband is dead, and she now will probably return to England. I pity Lady Bute[3]: her mother will sell to whoever does not know

[2] See letter to Mann, Dec. 5, 1760.

[3] Mary, Countess of Bute, only daughter of Lady Mary Wortley. *Walpole.*

her, all kinds of promises and reversions, bestow lies gratis and wholesale, and make so much mischief, that they will be forced to discard her in three months, and that will go to my Lady Bute's heart, who is one of the best and most sensible women in the world; and who, educated by such a mother, or rather with no education, has never made a false step. Old Avidien[4], the father, is dead, worth half a million. To his son[5], on whom six hundred a year was settled, the reversion of which he has sold, he gives 1,000*l.* a year for life, but not to descend to any children he may have by any of his many wives. To Lady Mary, in lieu of dower, but which to be sure she will not accept, instead of the thirds of such a fortune, 1,200*l.* a year; and after her to their son for life; and then the 1,200*l.* and the 1,000*l.* to Lady Bute and to her second son[6]; with 2,000*l.* to each of her younger children; all the rest, in present, to Lady Bute, then to her second son, taking the name of Wortley, and in succession to all the rest of her children, which are numerous; and after them to Lord Sandwich, to whom, in present, he leaves about 4,000*l.* The son, you perceive, is not so well treated by his own father as his companion Taaffe[7] is by the French court, where he lives, and is received on the best footing; so near is Fort l'Évêque to Versailles. Admiral Forbes told me yesterday, that in one of Lady Mary's jaunts to or from Genoa, she begged a passage of Commodore Barnard. A storm threatening, he prepared her for it, but assured her there was no danger. She said she was not

[4] Edward Wortley Montagu, husband of Lady Mary. Both were remarkably avaricious, and are satirized by Pope in one of his Imitations of Horace, under the names of *Avidien and his Wife*. *Walpole.*

[5] Edward Wortley Montagu, jun., their only son, whose adventures deserve better to be known than his own writings. *Walpole.*

[6] Hon. James Stuart (d. 1818), afterwards Stuart-Wortley-Mackenzie.

[7] Theobald Taaffe, an Irish adventurer, was, with his associate, Wortley Montagu, imprisoned in Fort l'Évêque at Paris, for cheating and robbing a person with whom they had gamed. *Walpole.*

afraid, and, going into a part of the gallery not much adapted to heroism, she wrote these lines on the side:

Mistaken seaman, mark my dauntless mind,
Who, wrecked on shore, am fearless of the wind.

On landing, this magnanimous dame desired the commander to accept a ring: he wore it as a fine emerald, but being over-persuaded to have it unset before his face, it proved a bit of glass.

I know nothing of Stosch, and have all your letters for him still. A fortnight Knyphausen[8] told me he was every day expected in town.

News we have of no sort—Ireland seems to be preparing the first we shall receive. The *good* Primate[9] has conjured up a storm, in which, I believe, he will not employ the archiepiscopal gift of exorcism. Adieu!

733. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Feb. 7, 1761.

I have not written to you lately, expecting your arrival. As you are not come yet, you need not come these ten days, if you please, for I go next week into Norfolk, that my subjects of Lynn may at least once in their lives see me. 'Tis a horrible thing to dine with a mayor! I shall profane King John's cup[1], and taste nothing but water out of it as if it was St. John Baptist's.

Prepare yourself for crowds, multitudes. In this reign all the world lives in one room. The capital is as vulgar as a county town in the season of horse-races. There were no fewer than four of these throngs on Tuesday last, at the Duke of Cumberland's, Princess Emily's, the Opera, and

[8] The Prussian Resident. *Walpole.*
[9] Dr. Stone, Archbishop of Armagh. *Walpole.*

Letter 733.—[1] A cup possessed by the Lynn Corporation.

Lady Northumberland's—for even operas, Tuesday's operas, are crowded now. There is nothing else new. Last week was a magnificent ball at Norfolk House: the two royal Dukes and Princess Emily were there. He of York danced; the other and his sister had each their table at loo. I played at hers, and am grown a favourite—nay, have been at her private party, and was asked again last Wednesday, but took the liberty to excuse myself—and yet am again summoned for Thursday. It is trist enough: nobody sits till the game begins, and then she and the company are all on stools. At Norfolk House were two armchairs placed for her and the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of York being supposed a dancer, but they would not use them. Lord Huntingdon arrived in a frock, pretending he was just come out of the country; unluckily, he had been at court, full-dressed, in the morning. No foreigners were there but the son and daughter-in-law of Monsieur de Fuentes: the Duchess told the Duchess of Bedford that she had not invited the ambassadress, because her rank is disputed here—you remember the Bedford took place of Madame de Mirepoix —but Madame de Mora danced first, the Duchess of Norfolk saying she supposed that was of no consequence.

Have you heard what immense riches old Wortley has left? One million three hundred and fifty thousand pounds. It is all to centre in my Lady Bute; her husband is one of fortune's prodigies. They talk of a print, in which her mistress is reprimanding Miss Chudleigh—the latter curtseys, and replies, 'Madame, chacun a son But.'

Have you seen a scandalous letter in print, from Miss Ford[2] to Lord Jersey? with the history of a boar's head—

[2] Anne (1737–1824), only child of Thomas Ford, Clerk of the Arraigns; m. (1762), as his third wife, Philip Thicknesse, Gainsborough's friend and patron. She was celebrated for her beauty and talents for music. For her letter to Lord Jersey and his reply see *Gent. Mag.* 1761, pp. 33–34 and 79–80.

George Selwyn calls him Meleager. Adieu! this is positively my last.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

734. To Lady Mary Coke.

Newmarket, Feb. 12, 1761.

You would be puzzled to guess, Madam, the reflections into which solitude and an inn have thrown me. Perhaps you will imagine that I am regretting not being at loo at Princess Emily's, or that I am detesting the corporation of Lynn for dragging me from the amusements of London; perhaps that I am meditating what I shall say to a set of people I never saw; or—which would be more like me—determining to be out of humour the whole time I am there, and show how little I care whether they elect me again or not. If your absolute sovereignty over me did not exclude all jealousy, you might possibly suspect that the Duchess of Grafton has at least as much share in my chagrin as Pam himself. Come nearer to the point, Madam, and conclude I am thinking of Lady Mary Coke, but in a style much more becoming so sentimental a lover than if I was merely concerned for your absence. In short, Madam, I am pitying you, actually pitying you! how debasing a thought for your dignity! but hear me. I am lamenting your fate; that you, with all your charms and all your merit, are not yet immortal! Is not it provoking that, with so many admirers, and so many pretensions, you are likely to be adored only so long as you live? Charming, in an age when Britain is victorious in every quarter of the globe, you are not yet enrolled in the annals of its fame! Shall Wolfe and Boscawen and Amherst be the talk of future ages, and

Letter 734.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. pp. xi–xii.

the name of Mary Coke not be known? 'Tis the height of disgrace! When was there a nation that excelled the rest of the world whose beauties were not as celebrated as its heroes and its orators? Thais, Aspasia, Livia, Octavia—I beg pardon for mentioning any but the last when I am alluding to you—are as familiar to us as Alexander, Pericles, or Augustus; and, except the Spartan ladies, who were always locked up in the two pair of stairs making child-bed linen and round-eared caps, there never were any women of fashion in a gloriously civilized country, but who had cards sent to invite them to the table of fame in common with those drudges, the men, who had done the dirty work of honour. I say nothing of Spain, where they had so true a notion of gallantry, that they never ventured having their brains knocked out, but with a view to the glory of their mistress. If her name was but renowned from Segovia to Saragossa they thought all the world knew it and were content. Nay, Madam, if you had but been lucky enough to be born in France a thousand years ago, that is fifty or sixty, you would have gone down to eternity hand in hand with Louis Quatorze; and the sun would never have shined on him, as it did purely for seventy years, but a ray of it would have fallen to your share. You would have helped him to pass the Rhine and been coupled with him at least in a *bout rimé*.

And what are we thinking of? Shall we suffer posterity to imagine that we have shed all this blood to engross the pitiful continent of America? Did General Clive drop from heaven only to get half as much as Wortley Montagu? Yet this they must suppose, unless we immediately set about to inform them in authentic verse that your eyes and half a dozen other pair lighted up all this blaze of glory. I will take my death your Ladyship was one of the first admirers of Mr. Pitt, and all the world knows that his

eloquence gave this spirit to our arms. But, unluckily, my deposition can only be given in prose. I am neither a hero nor a poet, and, though I am as much in love as if I had cut a thousand throats or made ten thousand verses, posterity will never know anything of my passion. Poets alone are permitted to tell the real truth. Though an historian should, with as many asseverations as Bishop Burnet, inform mankind that the lustre of the British arms under George II was singly and entirely owing to the charms of Lady Mary Coke, it would not be believed—the slightest hint of it in a stanza of Gray would carry conviction to the end of time.

Thus, Madam, I have laid your case before you. You may, as you have done, inspire Mr. Pitt with nobler orations than were uttered in the House of Commons of Greece or Rome; you may set all the world together by the ears; you may send for all the cannon from Cherbourg, all the scalps from Quebec, and for every nabob's head in the Indies; posterity will not be a jot the wiser, unless you give the word of command from Berkeley Square in an ode, or you and I meet in the groves of Sudbrook [1] in the midst of an epic poem. 'Tis a vexatious thought, but your Ladyship and this age of triumphs will be forgotten unless somebody writes verses worthy of you both.

I am your Ladyship's
Most devoted slave,
Hor. Walpole.

735. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Monday, five o'clock, Feb. 1761.

I am a little peevish with you—I told you on Thursday night that I had a mind to go to Strawberry on Friday

[1] Near Kingston-on-Thames; the seat of the Dowager-Duchess of Argyll, Lady Mary Coke's mother.

without staying for the Qualification Bill. You said it did not signify—No! What if *you* intended to speak on it? Am I indifferent to hearing you? More—am I indifferent about acting with you? Would not I follow you in anything in the world?—This is saying no profligate thing. Is there anything I might not follow you in? You even did not tell me yesterday that you had spoken. Yet I will tell you all I have heard; though if there was a point in the world in which I could not wish you to succeed where you wish yourself, perhaps it would be in having you employed. I cannot be cool about your danger; yet I cannot know anything that concerns you, and keep it from you. Charles Townshend called here just after I came to town to-day. Among other discourse he told me of your speaking on Friday, and that your speech was reckoned hostile to the Duke of Newcastle. Then, talking of regiments going abroad, he said, . . .[1]

With regard to your reserve to me, I can easily believe that your natural modesty made you unwilling to talk of yourself to me. I don't suspect you of any reserve to me: I only mention it now for an occasion of telling you, that I don't like to have anybody think that I would not do whatever you do. I am of no consequence: but at least it would give me some, to act invariably with you; and that I shall most certainly be ever ready to do. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

736. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 3, 1761.

Well, are not you peevish that the new reign leaves our correspondence more languid than the old? In all February

Letter 735.—[1] So in 4to (1798) ed. of Lord Orford's *Works*, in which this letter was first printed.

not an event worth packing up and sending to you! Neither changes, nor honours, nor squabbles yet. Lord Bute obliges everybody he can, and people seem extremely willing to be obliged. Mr. Pitt is laid up with a dreadful gout in all his limbs; he did not sleep for fourteen nights, till one of his eyes grew as bad as his hands or feet. He begins to mend.

Whatever mysteries or clouds there are, will probably develop themselves as soon as the elections are over, and the Parliament fixed, which now engrosses all conversation and all purses; for the expense is incredible. West Indians, conquerors, nabobs, and admirals, attack every borough; there are no fewer than nine candidates at Andover. The change in a Parliament used to be computed at between sixty and seventy; now it is believed there will be an hundred and fifty new members. Corruption now stands upon its own legs—no money is issued from the Treasury; there are no parties, no pretence of grievances, and yet venality is grosser than ever! The borough of Sudbury has gone so far as to advertise for a chapman! We have been as victorious as the Romans, and are as corrupt: I don't know how soon the Prætorian militia will set the empire to sale. Sir Nathaniel Curzon[1] has struck a very novel stroke; advertising that the King intended to make him a peer; and, therefore, recommending his brother[2] to the county of Derby for the same *independent* principles with himself. He takes a peerage to prove his independence, and recommends his brother to the opposition to prove his gratitude!

Ireland is settled for the present; the Duke of Bedford relinquishes it, with some emoluments, to his court. Lord Kildare's neutrality is rewarded with a marquisate—he has

LETTER 736. — [1] Created Baron Scarsdale. *Walpole.*

[2] Assheton (1730–1820), second son of Sir Nathaniel Curzon, fourth Baronet, of Kedleston, Derbyshire; cr. Baron Curzon, 1794, and Viscount Curzon, 1802. He was not elected for Derby county.

been prevailed upon to retain the oldest title in Europe, instead of Leinster, which he had a mind to take[3]. Lord Temple has refused that island, very unwillingly, I believe, or very fearfully; but Mr. Pitt was positive, having nobody else in the House of Lords—and what is such an only one! Some who are tolerably shrewd, think this indicates more, and that Mr. Pitt would not let Lord Temple engage in Ireland, when he himself may be thinking of quitting in England. Lord Halifax, I believe, will be Lord-Lieutenant.

Mr. Conway is going to Germany[4], to his great contentment, as his character is vindicated at last. It may show he deserved to lose no glory, but the ensuing campaign does not open much prospect of his gaining any.

The new peerages will soon be declared. Legge[5] is not of the number; and yet has had an intimation to resign, being extremely out of favour in the new court, where he had been so well, and which he had officiously contrived to disoblige very late in the day. Lord Barrington will be Chancellor of the Exchequer; Charles Townshend Secretary at War; and Lord Talbot, who is to be an earl, and is much a favourite, will succeed Lord Halifax in the Board of Trade[6].

Voltaire has been charmingly absurd. He who laughed at Congreve for despising the rank of author and affecting the gentleman, set out post for a hovel[7] he has in France, to write from thence, and style himself *Gentleman of the Bedchamber* to Lord Lyttelton, who, in his *Dialogues of the Dead*, had called him an exile. He writes in English, and not a sentence is tolerable English. The answer is very civil and sensible.

[3] And which he afterwards took, with a dukedom. *Walpole.*

[4] To command under Lord Granby.

[5] Henry Bilson Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer. *Walpole.*

[6] Lord Sandys succeeded Lord Halifax at the Board of Trade.

[7] Voltaire wrote from 'my castle of Ferney in Burgundy.' For his letter, and Lyttelton's reply, see Phillimore's *Memoirs of Lyttelton*, vol. ii. pp. 555–8.

There has been a droll print: her mistress[8] reproving Miss Chudleigh for her train of life. She replies, 'Madame, chacun a son *But*.'

Pray, is there a print of the Cardinal of York, or any medal of him? If there is, do be so good to send them to me. Adieu!

737. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Arlington Street, March 7, 1761.

Just what I supposed, Sir, has happened; with your good breeding, I did not doubt but you would give yourself the trouble of telling me that you had received the Lucan, and as you did not, I concluded Dodsley had neglected it: he has in two instances. The moment they were published, I delivered a couple to him, for you, and one for a gentleman in Scotland. I received no account of either, and after examining Dodsley a fortnight ago, I learned three days since from him, that your copy, Sir, was delivered to Mrs. Ware, bookseller, in Fleet Street, who corresponds with Mr. Stringer, to be sent in the first parcel; but, says he, as they send only once a month, it probably was not sent away till very lately.

I am vexed, Sir, that you have waited so long for this trifle: if you neither receive it, nor get information of it, I will immediately convey another to you. It would be very ungrateful in me to neglect what would give you a moment's amusement, after your thinking so obligingly of the painted glass for me. I shall certainly be in Yorkshire this summer, and as I flatter myself that I shall be more lucky in meeting you, I will then take what you shall be so good as to bestow on me, without giving you the trouble of sending it.

[8] The Princess-Dowager. *Walpole.*

If it were not printed in the *London Chronicle*, I would transcribe for you, Sir, a very weak letter of Voltaire to Lord Lyttelton, and the latter's answer: there is nothing else new, but a very indifferent play, called *The Jealous Wife*[1], so well acted as to have succeeded greatly. Mr. Mason, I believe, is going to publish some Elegies: I have seen the principal one, on Lady Coventry; it was then only an unfinished draft.

The second and third volumes of *Tristram Shandy*, the dregs of nonsense, have universally met the contempt they deserve: genius may be exhausted;—I see that folly's invention may be so too.

The foundations of my gallery at Strawberry Hill are laying. May I not flatter myself, Sir, that you will see the whole even before it is quite complete?

P.S. Since I wrote my letter, I have read a new play of Voltaire's, called *Tancred*, and I am glad to say that it repairs the idea of his decaying parts, which I had conceived from his *Peter the Great*, and the letter I mentioned. *Tancred* did not please at Paris, nor was I charmed with the two first acts; in the three last are great flashes of genius, single lines and starts of passion of the first fire: the woman's part is a little too Amazonian.

738. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, March 18, 1761.

I can now tell you, with great pleasure, that your cousin[1] is certainly named Lord-Lieutenant—I wish *you* joy. You will not be sorry too to hear that your Lord North is

Letter 737. — [1] A comedy by George Colman, produced in 1761 at Drury Lane.

Letter 738.—Wrongly dated in C. March 19.

[1] The Earl of Halifax.

much talked of for succeeding him at the Board of Trade. I tell you this with great composure, though to-day has been a day of amazement. All the world is staring, whispering, and questioning—Lord Holderness has resigned the Seals, and they are given to Lord Bute—which of the two Secretaries of State is first minister? the latter or Mr. Pitt? Lord Holderness received the command but yesterday, at two o'clock, till that moment thinking himself extremely well at court—but it seems the King said he was tired of having two Secretaries, of which one would do nothing, and t'other could do nothing; he would have a Secretary who both could act and would. Pitt had as short notice of this resolution as the sufferer, and was little better pleased. He is something softened for the present by the offer of Cofferer for Jemmy Grenville, which is to be ceded by the Duke of Leeds, who returns to his old post of Justice in Eyre, from whence Lord Sandys is to be removed, some say to the head of the Board of Trade. Newcastle, who enjoys this fall of Holderness, who had deserted him for Pitt, laments over the former, but seems to have made his terms with the new favourite—if the Bedfords have done so too, will it surprise you? It will me, if Pitt submits to this humiliation—if he does not, I take for granted the Duke of Bedford will have the other Seals.

The temper with which the new reign has hitherto proceeded seems a little impeached by this sudden act, and the Earl now stands in the direct light of a minister, if a House of Commons should choose to cavil at him.

Lord Delawar kissed hands to-day for his earldom; the other new peers are to follow on Monday.

There are horrid disturbances about the militia[2] in

[2] *Gent. Mag.* 1761, Monday, March 9: 'A terrible riot happened at Hexham, in Northumberland, on the deputy-lieutenants meeting to ballot for the militia. A great number of pit-men, &c. having attacked a party of the Yorkshire Militia, who were sent for to prevent mischief, the

Northumberland, where the mob have killed an officer and three of the Yorkshire militia, who, in return, fired and shot twenty-one.

Adieu! I shall be impatient to hear some consequence of my first paragraph.

Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. Saturday.

I forgot to tell you that Lord Hardwicke has writ some verses to Lord Lyttelton, upon those the latter made on Lady Egremont[3]. If I had been told that he had put on a bag, and was gone off with Kitty Fisher, I should not have been more astonished!

Poor Lady Gower[4] is dead this morning of a fever in her lying-in: I believe the Bedfords are very sorry—for there is a new opera this evening.

739. To the Countess of Suffolk.

Friday night.

We are more successful, Madam, than I could flatter myself we should be. Mr. Conway (and I need say no more) has negotiated so well, that the Duke of Grafton is disposed to bring Mr. Beauclerk[1] in for Thetford. It will be expected, I believe, that Lord Vere should resign Windsor[2] in a handsome manner to the Duke of Cumberland. It must be your Ladyship's part to prepare this—which I hope will be the

men were obliged to fire, which they did with such fury for near ten minutes, that forty-two were killed, or have since died of their wounds, and forty-eight were wounded.'

[3] For Lord Lyttelton's verses, and Lord Hardwicke's addition to them, see *Ann. Reg.* 1761, pp. 240–2.

[4] Countess Gower was sister-in-law of the Duchess of Bedford.

Letter 739.—Misplaced in C. (See *Notes and Queries*, Feb. 7, 1900.) Collated with original in Brit. Museum.

[1] Hon. Aubrey Beauclerk (1740–1802), only son of first Baron Vere of Hanworth, whom he succeeded in 1781; succeeded his cousin as fifth Duke of St. Albans, 1787. He was elected as one of the members for Thetford on March 28, his colleague being General Conway.

[2] The borough of New Windsor.

means of putting an end to these unhappy differences. My only fear now is, lest the Duke should have promised the Lodge: Mr. Conway writes to Lord Albemarle, who is yet at Windsor, to prevent this, if not already done, till the rest is ready to be notified to the Duke of Cumberland. Your Ladyship's good sense and good heart make it unnecessary for me to say more.

I am your Ladyship's
Most obedient Servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

740. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 17, 1761.

You will have no reason to complain now that there is a barrenness of events. Here are changes enough to amount to a revolution, though it is all so gilded and crowned that you can scarce meet a face that is not triumphant. On Friday last it was notified pretty abruptly to Lord Holdernesse that he must quit the Seals[1], which the King thought proper to give to Lord Bute. This measure was as great a secret as it was sudden. Mr. Pitt heard it as late as his colleague himself. To soften, however, the disagreeableness of his not being consulted, and whatever else might be unpleasant to him in the measure, Mr. Pitt was acquainted that the King bestowed the Cofferer's place on Mr. James Grenville, and would restore the department of the West Indies, which had been disjoined to accommodate Lord Halifax, to the Secretary of State. As Mr. Pitt's passion is not the disposal of places, and as he has no dependants on whom to bestow them, this feather is not likely to make him amends for the loss of his helmet, which it is supposed Lord Bute intends to make useless; and, as he has hitherto

LETTER 740.—[1] As Secretary of State for the Southern Province.

behaved with singular moderation, it is believed that his taking the Seals in so particular a juncture was determined by the prospect of his being able to make a popular peace, France having made the most pressing offers. Nothing else, I think, could justify Lord Bute to himself for the imprudence of this step, which renders him the responsible minister, and exposes him to all the danger attendant on such a situation. As Groom of the Stole, he had all the credit of favourite without the hazard. The world does not attribute much kindness to the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke, who advised him to this measure.

Lord Halifax goes to Ireland; Lord Sandys succeeds him in the Board of Trade, which is reduced to its old insignificance; and the additional thousand pounds a year granted to Lord Halifax are turned over to the Duke of Leeds, who is forced to quit the Cofferer's place to James Grenville, and to return to his old post of Justice in Eyre, which Lord Sandys had;—but to break the fall, the Duke is made cabinet counsellor, a rank that will soon become indistinct from Privy Counsellor by growing as numerous. You will ask what becomes of Lord Holdernesse;—truly, he is no unlucky man. For a day or two he was to be Groom of the Stole, with an addition of 1,000*l.* a year,—at last he has the reversion of the Cinque Ports for life, after the Duke of Dorset, who is extremely infirm.

When you have digested all this in your head—have you?—I shall open a new vein of surprise,—a new favourite! Lord Talbot is made an earl, and his son-in-law, Rice[2], a Lord of Trade;—stay, this is nothing: the new Earl is made Lord Steward too! To pave his way, Lord Huntingdon is removed to Groom of the Stole, and the duke of Rutland to

[2] George Rice.

Master of the Horse;—you see great dukes are not immovable as rocks. The comments on this extraordinary promotion are a little licentious, but, as I am not commentator enough to wrap them up in Latin, I shall leave them to future expounders; and the rest of the changes, which have less mystery, I shall reduce to a catalogue.

Legge, turned out from Chancellor of the Exchequer, succeeded by Lord Barrington, Secretary at War; he by Charles Townshend, Treasurer of the Chambers; and he by Sir Francis Dashwood, at the solicitation of Lord Westmorland. Mr. Elliot succeeds James Grenville in the Treasury. Lord Villiers[3] and your friend T. Pelham, Lords of the Admiralty. Rice, John Yorke, and Sir Edm. Thomas, Lords of Trade. The new peers, *Earl* Talbot and *Earl* of Delawar; Mr. Spencer, *Lord* Viscount Spencer; Sir Richard Grosvenor, a Viscount or Baron, I don't know which, nor does he, for yesterday, when he should have kissed hands, he was gone to Newmarket to see the trial of a race-horse. Dodington, Lord Melcombe; Sir Thomas Robinson, Lord Grantham; Sir William Irby, Lord Boston; Sir Nathaniel Curzon, Lord Scarsdale; and Lady Bute, Lady Mount-Stuart of Wortley. This is a sensible way of giving the English peerage to her family regularly, and approved by all the world, both from her vast property and particular merit, which is not at all diminished by the torrent of her fortune. Lord Carpenter is made Earl of Tyrconnel, in Ireland; and a Mr. Turnour, a Lord[4] there. The next shower is to rain red ribands, but those I suppose you are in no hurry to learn.

The Parliament rises in two days. Mr. Onslow quits the chair and the House; George Grenville is to be Speaker[5].

[3] George Bussy Villiers (1735–1805), Viscount Villiers, succeeded his father as fourth Earl of Jersey, 1769.

[4] Lord Winterton. *Walpole.*

[5] This did not happen.

You will not wonder that in a scene so busy and amusing, I should be less inquisitive about the Jesuitical war at Rome. The truth is, I knew nothing of it, nor do we think more of Rome here than of a squabble among the canons of Liège or Cologne. However, I am much obliged to you for your accounts, and beg you will repay my anecdotes with the continuation of them. If Pasquin should reflect on any Signora Rezzonica for recommending a major domo[6] to his Holiness, pray send me his epigram.

Thank you for the trouble you have had about the books on music; I paid Stosch eight guineas for the Burgundy, and your brother has repaid me.

If our political campaign should end here, and our German one where it is, we still are not likely to want warfare. The colliers in Northumberland are in open hostilities with the militia, and in the last battle at Hexham the militia lost an officer and three men, and the colliers one-and-twenty. If this engagement, and a peace abroad, had happened in the late reign, I suppose Prince Ferdinand would have had another pension on Ireland for coming over to quell the colliers. Adieu!

741. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, March 17, 1761.

If my last letter raised your wonder, this will not allay it. Lord Talbot is Lord Steward! The stone which the builders refused is become the head-stone of the corner. My Lady Talbot, I suppose, would have found no charms in Cardinal Mazarin. As the Duke of Leeds was forced to give way to Jemmy Grenville, the Duke of Rutland has been obliged to make room for this new Earl. Lord

[6] The name of the then Pope was Rezzonico. The major domo alludes to Lord Talbot's being Lord Steward. *Walpole.*

Huntingdon is Groom of the Stole, and the last Duke I have named, Master of the Horse—the red liveries cost Lord Huntingdon a pang. Lord Holderness has the reversion of the Cinque Ports for life, and I think may pardon his expulsion.

If you propose a fashionable assembly, you must send cards to Lord Spencer, Lord Grosvenor, Lord Melcomb, Lord Grantham, Lord Boston, Lord Scarsdale, Lady Mountstewart, the Earl of Tirconnel, and Lord Wintertown. The two last you will meet in Ireland. No joy ever exceeded your cousin's or Dodington's. The former came last night to Lady Hilsborough's to display his triumph. The latter too was there, and advanced to me. I said, 'I was coming to wish you joy.' 'I concluded so,' replied he, 'and came to receive it.' He left a good card yesterday at Lady Harrington's, 'A very young Lord to wait on Lady Harrington, to make her Ladyship the first offer of himself.' I believe she will be content with the Exchequer [1]. Mrs. Grey [2] has a pension of £800 a year.

Mrs Clive is at her villa for Passion week; I have writ to her for the box, but I don't doubt of its being gone—but considering her alliance [3], why does not Miss Rice bespeak the play and have the stage box?

I shall smile if Mr. Bentley and Müntz and their two Hannahs meet at St. James's. So I see neither of them, I care not where they are.

Lady Hinchinbrook and Lady Mansel [4] are at the points

Letter 741.—[1] Lord Barrington, who was apparently an admirer of Lady Harrington (see letter to Montagu of Dec. 23, 1759), had just been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer.

[2] Lucy, daughter of Sir Joseph Danvers, Baronet, of Swithland, Leicestershire; m. (1748) Hon. John Grey, second son of third Earl of Stamford.

[3] Miss Rice's brother was married to the only child of Earl Talbot, the King's 'new favourite.'

[4] Lady Barbara Villiers (d. June 11, 1761), daughter of second Earl of Jersey; m. 1. Sir William Blackett; 2. Bussy Mansel, fourth Baron Mansel.

of death. Lord Hardwicke is to be Poet-Laureate, and, according to modern usage, I suppose it will be made a cabinet counsellor's place. Good night!

Yours ever,
H. W.

742. To George Montagu.

March 21, 1761.

Of the enclosed, as you perceive, I tore off the seal, but it has not been opened.

I grieve at the loss of your suit, and for the injustice done you—but what can one expect but injury, when forced to have recourse to law? Lord Abercorn asked me this evening if it was true that you are going to Ireland? I gave a vague answer, and did not resolve him how much I knew of it. I am impatient for the reply to your compliment.

There is not a word of newer news than what I sent you last. The Speaker[1] has taken leave, and received the highest compliments, and substantial ones too—he did not overact, and it was really a handsome scene.

I go to my election on Tuesday, and, if I do not tumble out of the chair and break my neck, you shall hear from me at my return. I got the box for Miss Rice. Lady Hinchinbrook is dead.

Yours ever,
H. W.

743. To George Montagu.

Houghton, March 25, 1761.

Here I am at Houghton! and alone! in this spot, where (except two hours last month) I have not been in sixteen years! Think, what a crowd of reflections!—no, Gray, and forty churchyards, could not furnish so many; nay, I know

Letter 742.—[1] Arthur Onslow.

one must feel them with greater indifference than I possess, to have patience to put them into verse. Here I am, probably for the last time of my life, though not for the last time —every clock that strikes tells me I am an hour nearer to yonder church—that church, into which I have not yet had courage to enter, where lies that mother on whom I doted, and who doted on me! There are the two rival mistresses of Houghton, neither of whom ever wished to enjoy it! There too lies he who founded its greatness, to contribute to whose fall Europe was embroiled—there he sleeps in quiet and dignity, while his friend and his foe, rather his false ally and real enemy, Newcastle and Bath, are exhausting the dregs of their pitiful lives in squabbles and pamphlets!

The surprise the pictures gave me is again renewed—accustomed for many years to see nothing but wretched daubs and varnished copies at auctions, I look at these as enchantment. My own description of them[1] seems poor—but shall I tell you truly—the majesty of Italian ideas almost sinks before the warm nature of Flemish colouring! Alas! don't I grow old? My young imagination was fired with Guido's ideas—must they be plump and prominent as Abishag to warm me now? Does great youth feel with poetic limbs, as well as see with poetic eyes? In one respect I am very young; I cannot satiate myself with looking—an incident contributed to make me feel this more strongly. A party arrived, just as I did, to see the house, a man and three women in riding dresses, and they rode post through the apartments—I could not hurry before them fast enough—they were not so long in *seeing* for the first time, as I could have been in one room, to examine what I knew by heart. I remember formerly being often diverted with this kind of *seers*—they come, ask what such a room is called, in which Sir Robert lay, write it down,

LETTER 743.—[1] In the *Aedes Walpolianae.*

admire a lobster or a cabbage in a market-piece, dispute whether the last room was green or purple, and then hurry to the inn for fear the fish should be over-dressed—how different my sensations! not a picture here but recalls a history; not one, but I remember in Downing Street or Chelsea, where queens and crowds admired them, though *seeing* them as little as these travellers!

When I had drunk tea, I strolled into the garden—they told me it was now called the *pleasure-ground*—what a dissonant idea of pleasure—those groves, those *allées*, where I have passed so many charming moments, are now stripped up or overgrown; many fond paths I could not unravel, though with a very exact clue in my memory—I met two gamekeepers, and a thousand hares! In the days when all my soul was tuned to pleasure and vivacity (and you will think, perhaps, it is far from being out of tune yet), I hated Houghton and its solitude—yet I loved this garden; as now, with many regrets, I love Houghton—Houghton, I know not what to call it, a monument of grandeur or ruin! How I have wished this evening for Lord Bute! how I could preach to him! For myself, I do not want to be preached to—I have long considered, how every Balbec must wait for the chance of a Mr. Wood.

The servants wanted to lay me in the great apartment—what, to make me pass my night as I have done my evening! It were like proposing to Margaret Roper to be a duchess in the court that cut off her father's head, and imagining it would please her. I have chosen to sit in my father's little dressing-room, and am now by his scrutore, where, in the height of his fortune, he used to receive the accounts of his farmers, and deceive himself—or us, with the thoughts of his economy—how wise a man at once, and how weak! For what has he built Houghton? for his grandson to annihilate, or for his son to mourn over! If

Lord Burleigh could rise and view his representative driving the Hatfield stage, he would feel as I feel now—poor little Strawberry! at least it will not be stripped to pieces by a descendant!—You will think all these fine meditations dictated by pride, not by philosophy—pray consider through how many mediums philosophy must pass, before it is purified—

. . . how often must it weep, how often burn!

My mind was extremely prepared for all this gloom by parting with Mr. Conway yesterday morning—moral reflections on commonplaces are the livery one likes to wear, when one has just had a real misfortune.—He is going to Germany—I was glad to dress myself up in transitory Houghton, in lieu of very sensible concern. To-morrow I shall be distracted with thoughts—at least images, of very different complexion—I go to Lynn, and am to be elected on Friday. I shall return hither on Saturday, again alone, to expect Burleighides[2] on Sunday, whom I left at Newmarket—I must once in my life see him on his grandfather's throne.

Epping, Monday night, thirty-first.

No, I have not seen him, he loitered on the road, and I was kept at Lynn till yesterday morning. It is plain I never knew for how many trades I was formed, when at this time of day I can begin electioneering, and succeed in my new vocation. Think of me, the subject of a mob, who was scarce ever before in a mob! addressing them in the town-hall, riding at the head of two thousand people through such a town as Lynn, dining with above two hundred of them, amid bumpers, huzzas, songs, and tobacco, and finishing with country dancing at a ball and sixpenny whisk! I have borne it all cheerfully; nay, have sat hours in *conversation*, the thing upon earth that I hate, have been

[2] His nephew, the Earl of Orford.

to hear misses play on the harpsichord, and to see an alderman's copies of Reubens and Carlo Marat. Yet to do the folks justice, they are sensible, and reasonable, and civilized; their very language is polished since I lived among them. I attribute this to their more frequent intercourse with the world and the capital, by the help of good roads and postchaises, which, if they have abridged the King's dominions, have at least tamed his subjects—well! how comfortable it will be to-morrow, to see my perroquet, to play at loo, and not to be obliged to talk seriously—the Heraclitus of the beginning of this letter will be overjoyed on finishing it to sign himself

Your old friend,
DEMOCRITUS.

P.S. I forgot to tell you that my ancient aunt Hammond came over to Lynn to see me—not from any affection, but curiosity—the first thing she said to me, though we have not met these sixteen years, was, 'Child, you have done a thing to-day, that your father never did in all his life; you sat as they carried you; he always stood the whole time.' 'Madam,' said I, 'when I am placed in a chair, I conclude I am to sit in it—besides, as I cannot imitate my father in great things, I am not at all ambitious of mimicking him in little ones.'—I am sure she proposes to tell her remark to my uncle Horace's ghost, the instant they meet.

744. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, March [April] 7, 1761.

I REJOICE, you know, in whatever rejoices you, and though I am not certain what your situation is to be, I am glad you

LETTER 744.—Dated by Horace Walpole March 7, 1761, but evidently written in April. (See *Notes and Queries*, May 12, 1900.)

go, as you like it. I am told it is Black Rod[1]. Lady Anne Jekyll[2] said she had writ to you on Saturday night. I asked when her brother was to go, if before August? she answered, 'Yes, if possible.' Long before October you may depend upon it; in the quietest times no Lord-Lieutenant ever went so late as that. Shall not you come to town first? You cannot pack up yourself, and all you will want, at Greatworth.

We are in the utmost hopes of a peace; a congress is agreed upon at Ausbourg; but yesterday's mail brought bad news. Prince Ferdinand has been obliged to raise the siege of Cassel, and to retire to Paderborn; the Hereditary Prince having been again defeated[3], with the loss of two generals, and to the value of five thousand men, in prisoners and exchanged. If this defers the Peace it will be grievous news to me, now Mr. Conway is gone to the army.

The town talks of nothing but an immediate Queen; yet I am certain the ministers know not of it. Her picture is come, and lists of her family given about; but the latter I do not send you, as I believe it apocryphal. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. Have you seen the advertisement of a new noble author? *A Treatise of Horsemanship*, by Henry Earl of Pembroke—as George Selwyn said of Mr. Greville[4], so far from being a writer, I thought he was scarce a courteous reader.

[1] Montagu had been appointed Usher of the Black Rod by his cousin the Earl of Halifax, the newly-appointed Viceroy.

[2] Lady Anne Montagu (d. 1766), second daughter of first Earl of Halifax; m. Joseph Jekyll. She was Montagu's first cousin. See Table II.

[3] By Broglie, near Grünberg, in Hesse.

[4] Fulke Greville, author of *Maxims and Characters*.

745. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 10, 1761.

Well, I have received my cousin Boothby[1] and the packet. Thank you for the trouble you have given yourself; but, another time, I will trust my memory rather than my taste. Rinuncini's brocadella is frightful; how could I treasure up an idea of anything that consisted of such a horrid assemblage as green and yellow? Those that have red, green, and white, are very pretty, and as soon as I can determine the quantity I shall want, I will take the liberty of employing you for the manufacture. The gallery advances by large strides, and when that is complete, I shall furnish the Round Tower. My cousin Boothby is my cousin; my mother and his were first cousins; but his, happening not to be the most amiable person in the world, we have had so little connection, that it was perfectly nothing at all.

If I can find an opportunity of presenting the account of the statues, I certainly will, and in a manner not to hurt you. Strange's information is, I believe, by no means ill-founded, and I give up my advice. Kings, though the representatives of Heaven, have none of its all-seeingness inserted in their patents, and being obliged to use many pair of eyes besides their own, no wonder if they are made to pay for all the light they borrow. The young King has excellent and various dispositions—just so many occasions for being imposed upon! Whatever a king loves, is ready money to those who gratify his inclinations—except he loves what his grandfather did, the money itself. I who love the arts, like the King, have found that even I was worth cheating.

Blessed be Providence! we are going to have peace; I do

Letter 745.—[1] Thomas Boothby Schrimshire, Esq. *Walpole.*

not regret it, though the little dabs I save would be almost doubled if the stocks continued at low-water mark. France, who will dictate even in humiliation, has declared to Sweden that she must and will make peace; that even their Imperial Furiousnesses, Tisiphone and Alecto[2], would be content with less perdition of the King of Prussia than they had meditated; and when snakes smile, who can help hoping? France adds, that she will even let the Peace be made *vis-à-vis du Roi de la Grande Bretagne.* It is to be treated here, and the imps of the two Empresses are to reside at Paris, to communicate their instructions; the congress will be afterwards held, for form, at Augsbourg. All Canada is offered. I don't believe we shall be intractable, as all Prince Ferdinand's visionary vivacities are vanished into smoke; his nephew is again beaten, himself retired to Paderborn, and the siege of Cassel raised. Luckily, the French cannot pursue their success for want of magazines.

And so you don't think we are obliged to Mr. Pitt? Yes, I am sure you do. Who would have believed five years ago that France would send to Whitehall to beg peace? And why would they not have believed it? Why, because nobody foresaw that the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke would not be as absolute as ever. Had they continued in power, the Duke of Newcastle would now be treating at Paris to be *Intendant* of Sussex, and Sir Joseph Yorke would be made a Prince of the Empire for signing the cession of Hanover. 'Tis better as it is, though the City of London should burn Mr. Pitt in effigy upon the cessation of contracts and remittances. And so you and I are creeping near to one another again; we shall be quite sociable when there is only *all* France betwixt us. Will you breakfast in the Holbein chamber the first week in June?

[2] The two Empresses of Germany and Russia. *Walpole.*

I must announce a loss to you, though scarce a misfortune, as you never saw her. Your *dear* brother's second daughter[3] is dead of a consumption. She was a most soft-tempered creature, like him, and consequently what he much loved.

As the elections are now almost over, people will begin to think of something else, or at least will consider what they intend to think about next winter—no matter what! Let us sheathe the sword, and fight about what we will. Adieu!

746. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, April 10, 1761.

If Prince Ferdinand had studied how to please me, I don't know any method he could have lighted upon so likely to gain my heart, as being beaten out of the field before you joined him. I delight in a hero that is driven so far that nobody can follow him. He is as well at Paderborn, as where I have long wished the King of Prussia, the other world. You may frown if you please at my imprudence, you who are gone with all the disposition in the world to be well with your commander; the Peace is in a manner made, and the anger of generals will not be worth sixpence these ten years. We peaceable folks are now to govern the world, and you warriors must in your turn tremble at our subjects the mob, as we have done before your hussars and court-martials.

I am glad you had so pleasant a passage[1]. My Lord Lyttelton would say that Lady Mary Coke, like Venus, smiled over the waves, *et mare praestabat eunti.* In truth, when she could tame me, she must have had little trouble

[3] Sarah, second daughter of Galfridus Mann.

Letter 746.—[1] From Harwich to Helvoetsluys. *Walpole.*

with the ocean. Tell me how many burgomasters she has subdued, or how many would have fallen in love with her if they had not fallen asleep? Come, has she saved twopence by her charms? Have they abated a farthing of their impositions for her being handsomer than anything in the seven provinces? Does she know how political her journey is thought? Nay, my Lady Ailesbury, you are not out of the scrape; you are both reckoned *des Maréchales de Guébriant*[2], going to fetch, and *consequently* govern the young Queen. There are more jealousies about your voyage, than the Duke of Newcastle would feel if Dr. Shaw had prescribed a little ipecacuanha to my Lord Bute.

I am sorry I must adjourn my mirth, to give Lady Ailesbury a pang; poor Sir Harry Ballendene[3] is dead; he made a great dinner at Almack's[4] for the house of Drummond, drank very hard, caught a violent fever, and died in a very few days. Perhaps you will have heard this before; I shall wish so; I do not like, even innocently, to be the cause of sorrow.

I do not at all lament Lord Granby's leaving the army, and your immediate succession. There are persons in the world who would gladly ease you of this burden. As you are only to take the viceroyalty of a coop, and that for a few weeks, I shall but smile if you are terribly distressed. Don't let Lady Ailesbury proceed to Brunswick: you might have had a wife[5] who would not have thought it so terrible to fall into the hands (*arms*) of hussars; but as I don't take *that* to be your Countess's turn, leave her with the Dutch,

[2] The Maréchale de Guébriant was sent to the King of Poland with the character of Embassadress by Louis XIII to accompany the Princess Marie de Gonzague, who had been married by proxy to the King of Poland at Paris. *Walpole.*

[3] Uncle to the Countess of Ailesbury. *Walpole.*—Sir Harry Ballenden, Knight, Usher of the Black Rod.

[4] Almack's (afterwards Brooks's) Club in Pall Mall, founded by William Almack (d. 1781), a former valet of the Duke of Hamilton.

[5] The Countess of Harrington, with whom Conway was formerly in love.

who are not so boisterous as Cossacks or Chancellors of the Exchequer[6].

My love, my duty, my jealousy, to Lady Mary, if she is not sailed before you receive this—if she is, I shall deliver them myself. Good night! I write immediately on the receipt of your letter, but you see I have nothing yet new to tell you.

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

747. To SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.

SIR, Arlington Street, April 14, 1761.

I have deferred answering the favour of your last, till I could tell you that I had seen *Fingal*. Two journeys into Norfolk for my election, and other accidents, prevented my seeing any part of the poem till this last week, and I have yet only seen the first book. There are most beautiful images in it, and it surprises one how the bard could strike out so many shining ideas from a few so very simple objects, as the moon, the storm, the sea, and the heath, from whence he borrows almost all his allusions. The particularizing of persons, by 'he said,' 'he replied,' so much objected to Homer, is so wanted in *Fingal*, that it in some measure justifies the Grecian Highlander; I have even advised Mr. Macpherson[1] (to prevent confusion) to have the names prefixed to the speeches, as in a play. It is too obscure without some such aid. My doubts of the genuineness are all vanished.

I fear, Sir, from Dodsley's carelessness, you have not

[6] See note on letter to Montagu of March 17, 1761.

LETTER 747.—[1] James Macpherson (1736–1796), the 'editor' of *Fingal*, which had recently appeared in London. At a subsequent period Macpherson's historical writings and newspaper defences of Lord North's ministry made him the object of Horace Walpole's special dislike and contempt.

received the Lucan. A gentleman in Yorkshire, for whom I consigned another copy at the same time with yours, has got his but within this fortnight. I have the pleasure to find that the notes are allowed the best of Dr. Bentley's remarks on poetic authors. Lucan was muscular enough to bear his rough hand.

Next winter I hope to be able to send you Vertue's History of the Arts, as I have put it together from his collections. Two volumes are finished, the first almost printed and the third begun. There will be a fourth, I believe, relating solely to engravers. You will be surprised, Sir, how the industry of one man could at this late period amass so near a complete history of our artists. I have no share in it, but in arranging his materials. Adieu!

748. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, April 16, 1761.

You are a very mule—one offers you a handsome stall and manger in Berkeley Square, and you will not accept it.

I have chosen your coat, a claret colour, to suit the complexion of the country you are going to visit—but I have fixed nothing about the lace. Barret had none of gauze, but what were as broad as the Irish Channel. Your tailor found a very reputable one at another place, but I would not determine rashly; it will be two or three-and-twenty shillings the yard—you might have a very substantial real lace, and that would wear like your buffet, for twenty. The second order of gauzes are frippery, none above twelve shillings, and those tarnished, for the species is out of fashion. You will have time to sit in judgement upon these important points, for Hamilton[1], your secretary, told me at the Opera two nights ago, that he had taken a house near

Letter 748.—[1] William Gerard Hamilton, Chief Secretary for Ireland.

Bushy, and hoped to be in my neighbourhood for four months.

I was last night at your plump Countess's[2], who is so shrunk, that she does not seem to be composed of above a dozen hassocks. Lord Guildford rejoiced mightily over your preferment. The Duchess of Argyle was playing there, not knowing that the great Pan was just dead, to wit, her brother-in-law[3]. He was abroad in the morning, was seized with a palpitation after dinner, and was dead before the surgeon could arrive—there's the crown of Scotland too fallen upon my Lord Bute's head! Poor Lord Edgecumbe[4] is still alive, and may be so for some days; the physicians, who no longer ago than Friday se'nnight persisted that he had no dropsy, in order to prevent his having Ward, on Monday last proposed that Ward should be called in—and at night they owned they thought the mortification begun—it is not clear it is yet; at times he is in his senses, and entirely so, composed, clear, and most rational; talks of his death, and but yesterday, after such a conversation with his brother, asked for a pencil to amuse himself with drawing. What parts, genius, and agreeableness thrown away at a hazard table, and not permitted the chance of being saved by the villainy of physicians!

You will be pleased with the following anacreontic, written by Lord Middlesex upon Sir Harry Ballendine—I have not seen anything so antique for ages; it has all the fire, poetry, and simplicity of Horace.

> Ye sons of Bacchus, come and join
> In solemn dirge, while tapers shine
> Around the grape-embossed shrine
> Of honest Harry Bellendine.

[2] The Countess of Rockingham, Lord Guilford's third wife.

[3] Archibald Campbell, third Duke of Argyll.

[4] Richard Edgcumbe, second Baron Edgcumbe.

Pour the rich juice of Bourdeaux's wine,
Mix'd with your falling tears of brine,
In full libation o'er the shrine
Of honest Harry Bellendine.

Your brows let ivy chaplets twine,
While you push round the sparkling wine,
And let your table be the shrine
Of honest Harry Bellendine.

He died in his vocation, of a high fever, after the celebration of some orgies. Though but six hours in his senses, he gave a proof of his usual good humour, making it his last request to the sister Tuftons[5] to be reconciled—which they are. His pretty villa, in my neighbourhood, I fancy he has left to the new Lord Lorn[6]. I must tell you an admirable *bon mot* of George Selwyn, though not a new one; when there was a malicious report that the eldest Tufton was to marry Dr. Duncan, Selwyn said, 'How often will she repeat that line of Shakespear,

Wake Duncan with thy knocking—would thou couldst!'

I enclose the receipt from your lawyer. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

749. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, April 28, 1761.

I am glad you relish June for Strawberry. By that time I hope the weather will have recovered its temper. At present it is horridly cross and uncomfortable; I fear we

[5] The Ladies Mary and Charlotte Tufton, daughters of seventh Earl of Thanet. Lady Mary m. (1763) Dr., afterwards Sir William, Duncan, and died in 1806. Lady Charlotte died unmarried, 1803.

[6] General John Campbell, brother of the Countess of Ailesbury. He had become Marquis of Lorne in consequence of his father's succession to the Dukedom of Argyll.

shall have a cold season; we cannot eat our summer and have our summer.

There has been a terrible fire in the little traverse street, at the upper end of Sackville Street. Last Friday night[1] between eleven and twelve, I was sitting with Lord Digby[2] in the coffee-room at Arthur's. They told us there was a great fire somewhere about Burlington Gardens. I, who am as constant at a fire as George Selwyn at an execution, proposed to Lord Digby to go and see where it was. We found it within two doors of that pretty house of Fairfax, now General Waldegrave's. I sent for the latter, who was at Arthur's; and for the guard from St. James's. Four houses were in flames before they could find a drop of water; eight were burnt. I went to my Lady Suffolk, in Saville Row, and passed the whole night, till three in the morning, between her little hot bedchamber and the spot, up to my ankles in water, without catching cold. As the wind, which had sat towards Swallow Street, changed in the middle of the conflagration, I concluded the greatest part of Saville Row would be consumed. I persuaded her to prepare to transport her most valuable effects—*portantur avari Pygmalionis opes miserae.* She behaved with great composure, and observed to me herself how much worse her deafness grew with the alarm. Half the people of fashion in town were in the streets all night, as it happened in such a quarter of distinction. In the crowd, looking on with great tranquillity, I saw a Mr. Jackson, an Irish gentleman, with whom I had dined this winter at Lord Hertford's. He seemed rather grave—I said, 'Sir, I hope you don't live anywhere hereabouts.'—'Yes, Sir,' said he, 'I lodged in that house that is just burnt.'

LETTER 749.—[1] Friday, April 24. The fire broke out in some stables at the back of Swallow Street; fourteen houses were burnt.

[2] Henry Digby (1731–1793), seventh Baron Digby; cr. Earl Digby, 1790.

Last night there was a mighty ball at Bedford House; the royal Dukes and Princess Emily were there; your Lord-Lieut[en]ant, the great lawyer-lords, and old Newcastle, whose teeth are tumbled out, and his mouth tumbled in; hazard very deep; loo, beauties, and the Wilton Bridge in sugar, almost as big as the life. I am glad all these joys are near going out of town. The Graftons go abroad for the Duchess's health. Another climate may mend that—I will not answer for more. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

750. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 5, 1761.

We have lost a young genius, Sir William Williams[1]; an express from Belleisle, arrived this morning, brings nothing but his death. He was shot very unnecessarily, riding too near a battery: in sum, he is a sacrifice to his own rashness —and to ours—for what are we taking Belleisle[2]? I rejoiced at the little loss we had on landing—for the glory, I leave it [to] the Common Council. I am very willing to leave London to them too, and do pass half the week at Strawberry, where my two passions, lilacs and nightingales, are in full bloom. I spent Sunday as if it was Apollo's birthday; Gray and Mason were with me, and we listened to the nightingales till one o'clock in the morning. Gray has translated two noble incantations[3] from the Lord knows who, a Danish Gray, who lived the Lord knows when. They are to be

Letter 750.—[1] Sir William Peere Williams, fourth Baronet, M.P. for Shoreham, and captain in Burgoyne's Dragoons. At the request of his friend, Frederick Montagu, Gray wrote an epitaph on Williams.

[2] After a repulse on April 8, the English forces (under General Hodgson and Commodore Keppel) effected a landing on Belleisle on April 25, and finally took possession of the island on June 7.

[3] *The Fatal Sisters* and *The Descent of Odin*, paraphrases from the Icelandic.

enchased in a history of English bards, which Mason and he are writing, but of which the former has not writ a word yet, and of which the latter, if he rides Pegasus at his usual foot-pace, will finish the first page two years hence. But the true frantic *oestrus* resides at present with Mr. Hogarth; I went t'other morning to see a portrait he is painting of Mr. Fox—Hogarth told me he had promised, if Mr. Fox would sit as he liked, to make as good a picture as Vandyke or Rubens could. I was silent—'Why now,' said he, 'you think this very vain, but why should not one speak truth?' This *truth* was uttered in the face of his own Sigismonda, which is exactly a maudlin whore, tearing off the trinkets that her keeper had given her, to fling at his head. She has her father's picture in a bracelet on her arm, and her fingers are bloody with the heart, as if she had just bought a sheep's pluck in St. James's Market. As I was going, Hogarth put on a very grave face, and said, 'Mr. Walpole, I want to speak to you.' I sat down, and said I was ready to receive his commands. For shortness, I will mark this wonderful dialogue by initial letters.

H. I am told you are going to entertain the town with something in our way. W. Not very soon, Mr. Hogarth. H. I wish you would let me have it, to correct; I should be sorry to have you expose yourself to censure. We painters must know more of those things than other people. W. Do you think nobody understands painting but painters? H. Oh! so far from it, there's Reynolds, who certainly has genius; why, but t'other day he offered £100 for a picture that I would not hang in my cellar; and indeed, to say truth, I have generally found that persons who had studied painting least were the best judges of it—but what I particularly wanted to say to you was about Sir James Thornhill[4] (you know he married Sir James's daughter): I would not

[4] Sir James Thornhill, Knight (1675–1734), Sergeant-Painter to George I.

have you say anything against him; there was a book published some time ago, abusing him, and it gave great offence—he was the first that attempted history in England, and, I assure you, some Germans have said that he was a very great painter. W. My work will go no lower than the year 1700, and I really have not considered whether Sir J. Thornhill will come within my plan or not; if he does, I fear you and I shall not agree upon his merits. H. I wish you would let me correct it—besides, I am writing something of the same kind myself; I should be sorry we should clash. W. I believe it is not much known what my work is; very few persons have seen it. H. Why, it is a critical history of painting, is not it? W. No, it is an antiquarian history of it in England; I bought Mr. Vertue's MSS., and I believe the work will not give much offence. Besides, if it does, I cannot help it: when I publish anything, I give it to the world to think of it as they please. H. Oh! if it is an antiquarian work, we shall not clash. Mine is a critical work; I don't know whether I shall ever publish it—it is rather an apology for painters—I think it owing to the good sense of the English that they have not painted better. W. My dear Mr. Hogarth, I must take my leave of you, you now grow too wild—and I left him.—If I had stayed, there remained nothing but for him to bite me. I give you my honour this conversation is literal, and, perhaps, as long as you have known Englishmen and painters, you never met with anything so distracted. I had consecrated a line to his genius (I mean, for wit) in my Preface; I shall not erase it; but I hope nobody will ask me if he was not mad. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

751. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, May 14, 1761.

From your silence, I began to fear you was ill; but yesterday I received yours of the 25th of last month, with the account of your absence at Pisa. The little convulsions which surprised you so much in my letter of March 17th, subsided the moment they were settled; and if any factions design to form themselves, they will at least not bespeak their colours till next session of Parliament, or till the Peace. The latter is the present object, and the stocks at least give credit to the professions of France. The impertinent Bussy (who, I believe, will be a little more humble than formerly) is coming, exchanged with Mr. Stanley,—but with all the impatience of France to treat, they modestly proposed that Bussy[1] should come in the man-of-war that carried Stanley[2]. This was flatly refused; and an *Irish* arrangement is made; the one is to be at Dover, the other at Calais, on the 22nd, and if the same wind can blow contrary ways at once, they will sail at the same moment; if it cannot, I am persuaded the French weathercocks will not blow east till ours have been four-and-twenty hours in the west. I am not among the credulous, not conceiving why the court of Versailles should desire a peace at the beginning of a campaign, when they will have so much more in bank to treat with at the end of it. They will have Hesse and Hanover; shall we have the rock of Belleisle? That expedition engrosses as much attention as the Peace. Though I have no particular friends there, I tremble every day in expectation of bloody journals,

Letter 751.—[1] The Abbé de Bussy: he had been very insolent, even to the King, in a former negotiation for a neutrality for Hanover. *Walpole.*

[2] Hans Stanley, Esq. *Walpole.*

whether successful or disadvantageous. Sir William Williams, a young man much talked of, from his exceeding ambition, enterprising spirit, and some parts in Parliament, is already fallen there; and even he was too great a price for such a trumpery island—we have dozens as good in the north of Scotland, and of as much consequence. For the Empress Queen, she has marked her Christian disposition to peace sufficiently, by forbidding her Knights of Malta to assist their religion, lest it should offend the Turk, and take her off from pursuing the King of Prussia.

Your friend, Lord Huntingdon, is safe—at least till some new court earthquake. To Mr. Dodington you ask what you shall say? Nothing: but to my Lord Melcombe address as many lords and lordships as you please, and you cannot err: he is as fond of his title as his child could be, if he had one. Another of your friends, Lord Northampton, is named to return the compliment to Venice[3].

I rejoice that you have got Mr. Pitt[4]; make him a thousand speeches from me, and tell him how much I say you will like one another. You will be happy too in Sir Richard Lyttelton and his Duchess[5]; they are the best humoured people in the world. I promised you another Duchess, the famous beauty Duchess, she of Hamilton, but she is returning to England. In her room I announce her Grace of Grafton[6], a passion of mine—not a regular beauty, but one of the finest women you ever saw, and with more dignity and address. She is one of our first great ladies. She goes first to Genoa—an odd place for her health, but she is not very bad. The Duke goes with her, and as it is not much

[3] Lord Northampton had been appointed Ambassador to Venice.

[4] Thomas Pitt, of Boconnock. *Walpole.*

[5] Rachel, Duchess Dowager of Bridgwater, married to her second husband, Richard, brother of George, first Lord Lyttelton. *Walpole.*

[6] Anne Liddel, only child of Lord Ravensworth, was first married to Augustus Henry, Duke of Grafton, and, being divorced from him, secondly, to John Fitzpatrick, second Earl of Upper Ossory. *Walpole.*

from inclination that she goes, perhaps they will not agree whither they shall go next. He is a man of strict honour, and does not want sense, nor good-breeding; but is not particularly familiar, nor particularly good-humoured, nor at all particularly generous.

I sent your proposal to Dr. Dalton; the answer was, he was in Holland, but was expected in a week—neither the week nor he are arrived yet.

As we have a rage at present for burlettas, I wish you would send me the music of your present one, which you say is so charming. If pleasures can tempt people to stay in town, there will be a harvest all summer; operas at the little theatre in the Haymarket, and plays at Drury Lane.

I have lost one of the oldest friends I had in the world, Lord Edgecumbe; a martyr to gaming: with every quality to make himself agreeable, he did nothing but make himself miserable. I feel the loss much, though long expected; and it is the more sensible here, where I saw most of him. My towers rise, my galleries and cloisters extend—for what? For me to leave, or to inhabit by myself, when I have survived my friends! Yet, with these ungrateful reflections, how I wish once to see you here! And of what should we most talk?—of a dear friend we have both, alas! survived. Gal served me to talk to of you—now I can only talk to you of him! But I will not—I love to communicate my satisfactions—my melancholy I generally shut up in my own breast! Adieu!

752. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, May 14, 1761.

As I am here, and know nothing of our poor heroes at Belleisle, who are combating rocks, mines, famine, and Mr. Pitt's obstinacy, I will send you the victory of a

heroine—but must preface it with an apology, as it was gained over a sort of relation of yours. Jemmy Lumley[1] last week had a party of whisk at his own house; the combatants, Lucy Southwell[2], that curtseys like a bear, Mrs. Prujean, and a Mrs. Mackinsy. They played from six in the evening till twelve next day; Jemmy never winning one rubber, and rising a loser of two thousand pound. How it happened I know not, nor why his suspicions arrived so late, but he fancied himself cheated, and refused to pay. However, *the bear* had no share in his evil surmises. On the contrary, a day or two afterwards, he promised a dinner at Hampstead to Lucy and her virtuous sister[3]. As he went to the rendezvous his chaise was stopped by somebody, who advised him not to proceed. Yet no whit daunted, he advanced. In the garden he found the gentle conqueress, Mrs. Mackinsy, who accosted him in the most friendly manner. After a few compliments, she asked him if he did not intend to pay her—'No, indeed I shan't, I shan't; your servant, your servant.'—'Shan't you?' said the fair virago—and taking a horsewhip from beneath her hoop, she fell upon him with as much vehemence as the Empress-Queen would upon the King of Prussia, if she could catch him alone in the garden at Hampstead—Jemmy cried out murder; his servants rushed in, rescued him from the jaws of the lioness, and carried him off in his chaise to town. The Southwells, who were already arrived, and descended on the noise of the fray, finding nobody to pay for the dinner, and fearing they must, set out for London too, without it, though I suppose they had prepared tin pockets to carry off all that should be left. Mrs. Mackinsy is immortal, and in the Crown Office.

LETTER 752.—[1] Hon. James Lumley, son of first Earl of Scarborough; his sister married the Earl of Halifax, Montagu's uncle.

[2] Hon. Lucy Southwell, second daughter of first Baron Southwell.

[3] Hon. Frances Southwell.

I can tell you two more quarrels, that have not ended quite so bloodily. Long Herbert has lately made some alterations to his house in Berkeley Square: the workmen overturned three stone posts. Lady Mary Coke's servants disputed with his for the property, and she herself sent him a message about them. . . .[4]

The last battle in my military journal happened between the mother of the last-mentioned dame and Lord Vere. The Duchess, who always talks of puss and pug, and who, having lost her memory, forgets how often she tells the same story, had tired the company at Dorset House with the repetition of this narration; when the Duke's spaniel reached up into her lap, and placed his nose as critically . . .[5] 'See,' said she, 'see, how fond all creatures are of me.' Lord Vere, who was at cards, and could not attend to them from her gossipping, said peevishly, without turning round or seeing where the dog was, 'I suppose he smells puss.'—'What!' said the Duchess of Argyle, in a passion, 'do you think my puss stinks?'—I believe you have not three better stories in Northamptonshire.

Don't imagine that my gallery will be *prance-about-in-able*, as you expect, by the beginning of June; I do not propose to finish it till next year—but you will see some glimpse of it—and for the rest of Strawberry, it never was more beautiful. You must now begin to fix your motions: I go to Lord Dacre's the end of this month, and to Lord Ilchester's the end of the next—between those periods I expect you.

Saturday morning, Arl. Street.

I came to town yesterday for a party at Bedford House, made for Princess Emily; the garden was open, with French horns and clarionets, and would have been charming with one single zephyr that had not come from the north-east—

[4] Passage omitted.

[5] Passage omitted.

however, the young ladies found it delightful. There was limited loo for the Princess, unlimited for the Duchess of Grafton, to whom I belonged, a table of quinze, and another of quadrille. The Princess had heard of our having cold meat upon the loo-table, and would have some. A table was brought in, she was served so, others rose by turns and went to the cold meat; in the outward room were four little tables for the rest of the company. Think, if George the Second could have risen and seen his daughter supping pell-mell with men, as it were in a booth! The tables were removed, the young people began to dance to a tabor and pipe; the Princess sat down again, but to unlimited loo, we played till three, and I won enough to help on the gallery. I am going back to it, to give my nieces and their lords a dinner.

We were told there was a great victory come from Pondicherry[6], but it came from too far to divert us from liking our party better. Poor George Monson[7] has lost his leg there. You know that Sir W. Williams has made Fred Montagu heir to his debts. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

[6] *Gent. Mag.* 1761. 'Friday, May 15. Advice was received over land by the way of Bassora from the East Indies, that the garrison of Pondicherry had made a vigorous sally, but were repulsed with great loss, and that, on our side, Col. Monson had one of his legs shot off by a cannon ball. This account came by the Groine mail, and adds, that the English expected soon to be masters of the place, as they had learned by the prisoners that the garrison was in want of every necessary of life. Other accounts say, that the siege was obliged to be raised on account of the monsoons, but was to be resumed in Jan. (last).' Pondicherry surrendered to the English under Colonel (afterwards Sir Eyre) Coote and Admiral Stevens on Jan. 15, 1761.

[7] Colonel (afterwards Lieutenant-General) Hon. George Monson (1730–1776), third son of first Baron Monson, afterwards well known as an opponent of Warren Hastings.

753. To Lady Mary Coke.

Dear Madam, Strawberry Hill, June 3, 1761.

I will renounce my new vocation if my zeal hath eaten you up. I intended to laugh you out of danger, but I resign all the honour that has attended my preaching, if I have given you an uneasy moment or a disagreeable thought. You answer me too seriously upon the foot of looks; I wish I could always justify myself as well as I can on this chapter! Did ever any man tell a very pretty woman that she looked ill, but when it was in her power to look well, or when she was sure of looking well immediately? It is brutal—a behaviour I think your Ladyship cannot suspect me of—to tell a woman her beauty is gone; it is kind to warn her to preserve it, or to take care to recover it when it is clouded by sickness. I don't love to put myself too much in your power, but how are you sure that I was not jealous lest anybody should look better than you at the Birthday? I knew you would not borrow any bloom, I knew a little time would restore it; it is for the honour of my passion that you should never be seen without being admired, and it imported to my glory that Lady Mary Coke should rather be missed at the first Birthday of the King, than that a charm of hers should be missing. But I had a better reason than all these; I was seriously afraid of your hurting yourself, and my having staggered your resolution proves to me, that if our divines make no more converts, it is because they do not feel what they preach[1]. I was eloquent because I spoke from my heart.

I propose to be in town on Friday, and shall be happy to receive your commands for a visit from Strawberry—if Straw-

Letter 753.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. pp. xiv–xv.

[1] 'May 30. Wrote a mock sermon to dissuade Lady Mary Coke from going to the King's Birthday, as she had lately been ill.' (Horace Walpole, *Short Notes of my Life.*)

berry is not drowned. I have scarce been able to stir out of the house since Monday morning; my workmen are all at a stand, and the deluge seems to be arrived before my ark is half ready. Adieu! Madam.

Your most faithful
Humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

754. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Strawberry Hill, June 13, 1761.

I NEVER ate such good snuff, nor smelt such delightful bonbons, as your Ladyship has sent me. Every time you rob the Duke's dessert, does it cost you a pretty snuff-box? Do the pastors at the Hague[1] enjoin such expensive retributions? If a man steals a kiss there, I suppose he does penance in a sheet of Brussels lace. The comical part is, that you own the theft, and send it me, but say nothing of the vehicle of your repentance. In short, Madam, the box is the prettiest thing I ever saw, and I give you a thousand thanks for it.

When you comfort yourself about the operas, you don't know what you have lost; nay, nor I neither; for I was here, concluding that a serenata for a Birthday would be as dull and as vulgar as those festivities generally are: but I hear of nothing but the enchantment of it. There was a second orchestra in the footman's gallery, disguised by clouds, and filled with the music of the King's chapel. The choristers behaved like angels, and the harmony between the two bands was in the most exact time. Elisi piqued himself, and beat both heaven and earth. The joys of the year do not end there. The under-actors open at Drury Lane to-night with a new comedy by Murphy, called *All in the*

LETTER 754.—[1] Lady Ailesbury remained at the Hague while Mr. Conway was with the army during the campaign of 1761. *Berry.*

Wrong. At Ranelagh, all is fireworks and sky-rockets. The Birthday exceeded the splendour of Haroun Alraschid and the *Arabian Nights*, when people had nothing to do but to scour a lantern and send a genie for a hamper of diamonds and rubies. Do you remember one of those stories[2], where a prince has eight statues of diamonds, which he overlooks, because he fancies he wants a ninth; and to his great surprise the ninth proves to be pure flesh and blood, which he never thought of? Somehow or other, Lady Sarah is the ninth statue; and, you will allow, has better white and red than if she was made of pearls and rubies. Oh! I forgot, I was telling you of the Birthday: my Lord P—— had drunk the King's health so often at dinner, that at the ball he took Mrs. —— for a beautiful woman, and, as she says, 'made an improper use of his hands.' The proper use of hers, she thought, was to give him a box on the ear, though within the verge of the court. He returned it by a push, and she tumbled off the end of the bench; which his Majesty has accepted as sufficient punishment, and she is not to lose her right hand[3].

I enclose the list your Ladyship desired: you will see that the *plurality of Worlds* are Moore's[4], and of some I do not know the authors. There is a late edition with these names to them.

My Duchess[5] was to set out this morning. I saw her for the last time the day before yesterday at Lady Kildare's: never was a journey less a party of pleasure. She was so melancholy, that all Miss Pelham's oddness and my spirits could scarce make her smile. Towards the end of the

[2] The story of King Zeyn Alasnam.

[3] The old punishment for giving a blow in the King's presence. *Berry.*

[4] Edward Moore, author of sixty-one out of the two hundred and ten papers of the periodical called *The World*, which ceased to appear in 1757. A collected edition of the papers appeared in that year, and another in 1761. The mention of the *plurality of Worlds* is an allusion to Fontenelle's *Entretiens de la Pluralité des Mondes.*

[5] The Duchess of Grafton.

night, and that was three in the morning, I did divert her a little. I slipped Pam into her lap, and then taxed her with having it there. She was quite confounded; but taking it up, saw he had a telescope in his hand, which I had drawn, and that the card, which was split, and just waxed together, contained these lines:

> Ye simple astronomers, lay by your glasses;
> The transit of Venus[6] has proved you all asses:
> Your telescopes signify nothing to scan it;
> 'Tis not meant in the clouds, 'tis not meant of a planet:
> The seer who foretold it mistook or deceives us,
> For Venus's transit is when Grafton leaves us.

I don't send your Ladyship these verses as good, but to show you that all gallantry does not centre at the Hague.

I wish I could tell you that Stanley and Bussy, by crossing over and figuring in, had forwarded the Peace. It is no more made than Belleisle is taken. However, I flatter myself that you will not stay abroad till you return for the Coronation, which is ordered for the beginning of October. I don't care to tell you how lovely the season is; how my acacias are powdered with flowers, and my hay just in its picturesque moment. Do they ever make any other hay in Holland than bulrushes in ditches? My new buildings rise so swiftly, that I shall not have a shilling left, so far from giving commissions on Amsterdam. When I have made my house so big that I don't know what to do with it, and am entirely undone, I propose, like King Pyrrhus[7], who took such a roundabout way to a bowl of punch, to sit down and enjoy myself; but with this difference, that it is better

[6] The transit of Venus took place on June 6, 1761.

[7] A reference to an anecdote related by Plutarch in his Life of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus. Pyrrhus, when asked by his friend Cineas what he intended to do when he should have conquered the world, replied that he proposed to pass his time in feasting and pleasure; whereupon Cineas asked Pyrrhus why he did not take his ease at once, instead of first undergoing the toils and perils of war?

to ruin one's self than all the world. I am sure you would think as I do, though Pyrrhus were King of Prussia. I long to have you bring back the only hero[8] that ever I could endure. Adieu, Madam! I sent you just such another piece of tittle-tattle as this by General Waldegrave: you are very partial to me, or very fond of knowing everything that passes in your own country, if you can be amused so. If you can, 'tis surely my duty to divert you, though at the expense of my character; for I own I am ashamed when I look back and see four sides of paper scribbled over with nothings. Your Ladyship's most faithful servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

755. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, June 18, 1761.

I AM glad you will come on Monday, and hope you will arrive in a rainbow and pair, to signify that we are not to be totally drowned. It has rained incessantly, and floated all my new works; I seem rather to be building a pond than a gallery. My farm too is all under water, and what is vexatious, if Sunday had not thrust itself between, I could have got in my hay on Monday. As the parsons will let nobody else make hay on Sundays, I think they ought to make it on that day themselves.

By the papers I see Mrs. Trevor Hampden[1] is dead of the smallpox. Will he be much concerned?

If you stay with me a fortnight or three weeks, perhaps I may be able to carry you to a play of Mr. Bentley's—you stare—but I am in earnest—nay, and *de par le roy*. In short, here is the history of it. You know the passion he

[8] Her husband, General Conway.

LETTER 755.—[1] Constantia, daughter of Peter Antony de Huybert, Lord of Van-Kruyningen in Holland; m. (1743) Hon. Robert Trevor (1706–1783), third son of first Baron Trevor. He took the name of Hampden in 1754; succeeded his brother as fourth Baron Trevor, 1764; and was created Viscount Hampden, 1776.

always had for the Italian comedy. About two years ago he writ one, intending to get it offered to Rich—but without his name.—He would have died to be supposed an author, and writing for gain. I kept this a most inviolable secret. Judge then of my surprise, when about a fortnight or three weeks ago, I found my Lord Melcomb reading this very Bentleiad in a circle at my Lady Hervey's. Cumberland[2] had carried it to him with a recommendatory copy of verses, containing more incense to the King, and my Lord Bute, than the Magi brought in their portmanteaus to Jerusalem. The idols were propitious, and to do them justice, there is a great deal of wit in the piece, which is called *The Wishes, or Harlequin's Mouth Opened.* A bank-note of 200*l.* was sent from the *Treasury* to the author, and the play ordered to be performed by the summer company. Foote was summoned to Lord Melcomb's, where Parnassus was composed of the peer himself, who, like Apollo, as I am going to tell you, was dozing, the two chief justices, and Lord Bute. Bubo[3] read the play himself, 'with handkerchief and orange by his side.' But the curious part is a prologue, which I never saw. It represents the god of verse fast asleep by the side of Helicon. The race of modern bards try to wake him, but the more they repeat their works, the louder he snores. At last 'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King,' is heard, and the god starts from his trance. This is a good thought, but will offend the bards so much, that I think Dr. Bentley's son will be abused at least as much as his father was. The prologue concludes with young Augustus, and how much he excels the ancient one by the choice of his friend. Foote refused to act this prologue, and said it was too strong. 'Indeed,' said Augustus's friend, 'I think it is.' They have softened it

[2] Richard Cumberland (1732–1811), dramatist, nephew of Richard Bentley the younger.

[3] Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe, called 'Bubo' by Pope in the *Prologue to the Satires*, from which (line 228) the quotation in the next line is taken.

a little, and I suppose it will be performed. You may depend upon the truth of all this; but what is much more credible is, that the *comely young* author appears every night in the Mall in a milk-white coat with a blue cape, disclaims any benefit, and says he has done with the play now it is out of his own hands, and that Mrs. Hannah Clio, *alias* Bentley, writ the best scenes in it. He is going to write a tragedy, and she, I suppose, is going—to court.

You will smile when I tell you that t'other day a party went to Westminster Abbey, and among the rest saw the ragged regiment [4]. They inquired the names of the figures. 'I don't know them,' said the man, 'but if Mr. Walpole was here he could tell you every one.'

Adieu! I expect Mr. John and you with impatience.

Yours ever, H. W.

756. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 5, 1761.

You are a pretty sort of a person to come to one's house and get sick, only to have an excuse for not returning to it. Your departure is so abrupt, that I don't know but I may expect to find that Mrs. *Jane* Truebridge, whom you commend so much, and call Mrs. *Mary*, will prove Mrs. *Hannah*. Mrs. Clive is still more disappointed; she had proposed to play at quadrille with you from dinner to supper, and to sing old Purcell to you from supper to breakfast next morning. If you cannot trust yourself from Greatworth for a whole fortnight, how will you do in Ireland for six months? Remember all my preachments, and never be in spirits at supper. Seriously I am sorry you are out of order, but am alarmed for you at Dublin, and though all the bench of bishops should quaver Purcell's hymns, don't let them warble you into a pint of wine—I wish you was going

[4] The wax effigies formerly carried in funeral processions.

among Catholic prelates, who would deny you the cup. Think of me and resist temptation. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

757. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, July 5, 1761.

I cannot live at Twickenham and not think of you: I have long wanted to write, and had nothing to tell you. My Lady Denbigh seems to have lost her sting; she has neither blown up a house nor a quarrel since you departed. Her wall, contiguous to you, is built, but so precipitate and slanting, that it seems hurrying to take water. I hear she grows sick of her undertakings. We have been ruined by deluges; all the country was under water. Lord Holdernesse's new *fossé*[1] was beaten in for several yards: this tempest was a little beyond the dew of Hermon, that fell on the *Hill of Sion*. I have been in still more danger by water: my parroquet was on my shoulder as I was feeding my gold-fish, and flew into the middle of the pond: I was very near being the Nouvelle Éloïse[2], and tumbling in after him; but with much ado I ferried him out with my hat.

Lord Edgecumbe has had a fit of apoplexy; your brother Charles[3] a bad return of his old complaint; and Lord Melcombe has tumbled down the kitchen stairs, and—waked himself.

London is a desert; no soul in it but the King. Bussy has taken a temporary house. The world talks of peace—would I could believe it! every newspaper frightens me: Mr. Conway would be very angry if he knew how I dread the very name of the Prince de Soubise.

Letter 757.—[1] At Sion Hill, near Brentford. *Walpole.*

[2] Rousseau's *Julie, ou la Nouvelle Éloïse*, recently published.

[3] Charles Townshend, married to Lady Greenwich, eldest sister to Lady Strafford. *Walpole.*

We begin to perceive the tower of Kew[4] from Montpellier Row[5]; in a fortnight you will see it in Yorkshire.

The apostle Whitfield is come to some shame: he went to Lady Huntingdon lately, and asked for forty pounds for some distressed saint or other. She said she had not so much money in the house, but would give it him the first time she had. He was very pressing, but in vain. At last he said, 'There's your watch and trinkets, you don't want such vanities; I will have that.' She would have put him off: but he persisting, she said, 'Well, if you must have it you must.' About a fortnight afterwards, going to his house, and being carried into his wife's chamber, among the paraphernalia of the latter the Countess found her own offering. This has made a terrible schism: she tells the story herself—I had not it from Saint Frances[6], but I hope it is true. Adieu, my dear Lord!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. My gallery sends its humble duty to your new front, and all my creatures beg their respects to my Lady.

758. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 9, 1761.

WAS it worth while to write a letter on purpose to tell you that Belleisle was taken? I did not think the news deserved postage. I stayed, and hoped to send you peace. Yesterday I concluded I should. An extraordinary Privy Council of all the members in and near town was summoned by the King's own messengers, not by those of the Council, to meet *on the most urgent and important business.* To

[4] The pagoda in the royal garden at Kew. *Walpole.*

[5] In Twickenham.

[6] Lady Frances Shirley. *Walpole.*

sanctify or to reject the pacification, was concluded. Not at all—To declare a queen. *Urgent* business enough, I believe; I do not see how it was *important*. The handkerchief has been tossed a vast way; it is to a Charlotte[1], Princess of Mecklenbourg. Lord Harcourt is to be at her father's court—if he can find it—on the 1st of August, and the Coronation of both their Majesties is fixed for the 22nd of September. What food for newsmongers, tattle, solicitations, mantua-makers, jewellers, &c., for above two months to come!

Though exceedingly rejoiced that we are to have more young princes and princesses, I cannot help wishing the Council had met for a peace. It seems to be promised, but I hate delays, and dread the episode of a battle. Bussy has taken a temporary house, and is to be presented here as Stanley has been at Paris.

You will be pleased with a story from thence: Monsieur de Souvré[2], a man of wit, was at Madame Pompadour's, who is learning German. He said, 'Il me semble que depuis que Madame la Marquise apprenne l'Allemande, elle écorche le françois.' As the company laughed violently at this, the King came in, and would know what diverted them so much. They were forced to tell him. He was very angry, and said, 'Monsieur de Souvré, est-il longtems que vous n'avez pas été à vos terres?' 'Oui, Sire,' replied he; 'mais je compte d'y partir ce soir.' The frank *hardiesse* of the answer saved him.

Have you seen Voltaire's miserable imitation, or second part, or dregs, of his *Candide*? Have you seen his delightful ridicule of the *Nouvelle Éloïse*, called *Prédiction*?

I have often threatened you with a visit at Florence;

Letter 758.—[1] Charlotte Sophia (1744–1818), daughter of Charles Louis, Prince of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. She reached England on Sept. 7, 1761, and was married to George III in the evening of Sept. 8.

[2] The Chevalier de Souvré, afterwards Marquis de Louvois.

I believe I shall now be forced to make you one, for I am ruining myself; my gallery, cabinet, and round tower, will cost immensely. However, if you can, find me a pedestal; it will at least look well in my auction. The brocadella I shall postpone a little, not being too impatient for a commission of bankruptcy.

I have not connection enough with the Northumberlands to recommend a governor for their son. I don't even know that he is going abroad. The poor lad[3], who has a miserable constitution, has been very near taking a longer journey. His brother[4] has as flimsy a texture; and they have just lost their only daughter[5].

Adieu! We shall abound with news for three or four months, but it will all be of pageants.

759. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Friday night, July 10, 1761.

I did not notify the King's marriage to you yesterday, because I knew you would learn as much by the *Evening Post*, as I could tell you. The solemn manner of summoning the Council was very extraordinary: people little imagined that *the urgent and important business* in the rescript was to acquaint them that his Majesty was going to lose his maidenhead. You may choose what complexion you please for the new Queen: every colour under the sun is given to her. All I can tell you of truth, is, that Lord Harcourt goes to fetch her, and comes back her Master of Horse.

[3] Earl Percy, eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland. *Walpole.*—He succeeded his father in 1786 as second Duke, and died in 1817.

[4] Lord Algernon Percy. Lord Northumberland was not made a duke till after the period of the letter above. *Walpole.*—He was so created in 1766. His second son succeeded him as Baron Lovaine in 1786, was created Earl of Beverley in 1790, and died in 1830.

[5] Lady Elizabeth Anne Frances Percy; d. May 27, 1761.

Letter 759.—Wrongly dated by C. July 16.

She is to be here in August, and the Coronation certainly on the 22nd of September. Think of the joy the women feel—there is not a Scotch peer in the Fleet, that might not marry the greatest fortune in England between this and the 22nd of September. However, the ceremony will lose its two brightest luminaries, my niece Waldegrave for beauty, and the Duchess of Grafton for figure. The first will be lying-in, the latter at Geneva—but I think she will come, if she walks to it, as well as at it. I cannot recollect but Lady Kildare and Lady Pembroke of great beauties. Mrs. Bloodworth and Mrs. Robert Brudenel, Bedchamber Women; Miss Wrottesley[1] and Miss Meadows, Maids of Honour, go to receive the Princess at Helvoet; what Lady I do not hear. Your cousin's Grace of Manchester, they say, is to be Chamberlain, and Mr. Stone, Treasurer—the Duchess of Ancaster[2] and Lady Bolinbroke[3] of her Bedchamber: these I do not know are certain, but hitherto all seems well chosen. Miss Molly Howe, one of the pretty Bishops, and a daughter of Lady Harry Beauclerc, are talked of for Maids of Honour. The great apartment at St. James's is enlarging, and to be furnished with the pictures from Kensington: this does not portend a new palace.

In the midst of all this novelty and hurry, my mind is very differently employed. They expect every minute the news of a battle between Soubise and the Hereditary Prince. Mr. Conway is, I believe, in the latter's army; judge if I can be thinking much of espousals and coronations! It is terrible to be forced to sit still, expecting such an event—in

[1] Mary, eldest daughter of Rev. Sir Richard Wrottesley, seventh Baronet; d. 1769.

[2] Mary, daughter of Thomas Panton; m. (1750) Peregrine Bertie, third Duke of Ancaster.

[3] Lady Diana Spencer (1734–1808), eldest daughter of third Duke of Marlborough; m. 1. (1757) Frederick St. John, second Viscount Bolingbroke, from whom she was divorced in 1768; 2. (1768) Topham Beauclerk, grandson of first Duke of St. Albans. She had considerable artistic talent, and executed for Horace Walpole a series of designs in illustration of his tragedy *The Mysterious Mother*.

one's own room one is not obliged to be a hero; consequently, I tremble for one that is really a hero!

Mr. H.[4], your secretary, has been to see me to-day; I am quite ashamed not to have prevented him. I will go to-morrow with all the speeches I can muster.

I am sorry neither you nor your brother are quite well, but shall be content if my Pythagorean sermons have any weight with you. You go to Ireland to make the rest of your life happy—don't go to fling the rest of it away! Good night!

Yours most faithfully,

H. W.

Mr. Chute is gone to his Chutehood.

760. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, July 14, 1761.

My dearest Harry, how could you write me such a cold letter as I have just received from you, and beginning *Dear Sir*! Can you be angry with me, for can I be in fault to you? Blamable in ten thousand other respects, may not I almost say I am perfect with regard to you? Since I was fifteen have not I loved you unalterably? Since I was capable of knowing your merit, has not my admiration been veneration? For what could so much affection and esteem change? Have not your honour, your interest, your safety been ever my first objects? Oh, Harry! if you knew what I have felt and am feeling about you, would you charge me with neglect? If I have seen a person since you went, to whom my first question has not been, 'What do you hear of the Peace?' you would have reason to blame me. You say I write very seldom: I will tell you what, I should almost be sorry to have you see the anxiety I have expressed about

[4] William Gerard Hamilton.

you in letters to everybody else. No; I must except Lady Ailesbury, and there is not another on earth who loves you so well and is so attentive to whatever relates to you.

With regard to writing, this is exactly the case: I had nothing to tell you; nothing has happened; and where you are, I was cautious of writing. Having neither hopes nor fears, I always write the thoughts of the moment, and even laugh to divert the person I am writing to, without any ill-will on the subjects I mention. But in your situation that frankness might be prejudicial to you: and to write grave unmeaning letters, I trusted you was too secure of me either to like them or desire them. I knew no news, nor could I: I have lived quite alone at Strawberry; am connected with no court, ministers, or party; consequently heard nothing, and events there have been none. I have not even for this month heard my Lady Townshend's extempore gazette. All the morning I play with my workmen or animals, go regularly every evening to the meadows with Mrs. Clive, or sit with my Lady Suffolk[1], and at night scribble my *Painters*—what a journal to send you! I write more trifling letters than any man living; am ashamed of them, and yet they are expected of me. You, my Lady Ailesbury, your brother, Sir Horace Mann, George Montagu, Lord Strafford—all expect I should write—of what? I live less and less in the world, care for it less and less, and yet am thus obliged to inquire what it is doing. Do make these allowances for me, and remember half your letters go to my Lady Ailesbury. I writ to her of the King's marriage, concluding she would send it to you: tiresome as it would be, I will copy my own letters, if you expect it; for I will do anything rather than disoblige you. I will send you a diary of the Duke of York's balls and Ranelaghs, inform you of

Letter 760. — [1] Henrietta Hobart, Countess of Suffolk, then living at Marble Hill. *Walpole.*

how many children my Lady Berkeley is with child, and how many races my nephew goes to. No; I will not, you do not want *such* proofs of my friendship.

The papers tell us you are retiring, and I was glad. You seem to expect an action—can this give me spirits? Can I write to you joyfully, and fear? Or is it fit Prince Ferdinand should know you have a friend that is as great a coward about you as your wife? The only reason for my silence, that can *not* be true, is, that I forget you. When I am prudent or cautious, it is no symptom of my being indifferent. Indifference does not happen in friendships, as it does in passions; and if I was young enough or feeble enough to cease to love you, I would not for my own sake let it be known. Your virtues are my greatest pride; I have done myself so much honour by them, that I will not let it be known you have been peevish with me unreasonably. Pray God we may have peace, that I may scold you for it!

The King's marriage was kept the profoundest secret till last Wednesday, when the Privy Council was extraordinarily summoned, and it was notified to them. Since that, the new Queen's mother is dead, and will delay it a few days; but Lord Harcourt is to sail on the 27th, and the Coronation will certainly be on the 22nd of September. All that I know fixed, is, Lord Harcourt Master of the Horse, the Duke of Manchester Chamberlain, and Mr. Stone Treasurer. Lists there are in abundance; I don't know the authentic: those most talked of are Lady Bute Groom of the Stole, the Duchesses of Hamilton and Ancaster, Lady Northumberland, Bolingbroke, Weymouth[2], Scarborough[3], Abergavenny,

[2] Lady Elizabeth Cavendish-Bentinck, eldest daughter of second Duke of Portland; m. (1759) Thomas Thynne, third Viscount Weymouth, afterwards Marquis of Bath.

[3] Barbara, daughter of Sir George Savile, sixth Baronet; m. (1752) Richard Lumley-Saunderson, fourth Earl of Scarborough; d. 1797.

Effingham[4], for Ladies; you may choose any six of them you please; the four first are most probable. Misses, Henry Beauclerc, M. Howe, Meadows, Wrottesley, Bishop, &c., &c. Choose your Maids too. Bedchamber Women, Mrs. Bloodworth, Robert Brudenel, Charlotte Dives, Lady Erskine; in short, I repeat a mere newspaper.

We expect the final answer of France this week. Bussy[5] was in great pain on the fireworks for Quebec, lest he should be obliged to illuminate his house: you see I ransack my memory for something to tell you.

Adieu! I have more reason to be angry than you had; but I am not so hasty: you are of a *violent, impetuous, jealous* temper—I, *cool, sedate, reasonable.* I believe I must subscribe my name, or you will not know me by this description.

Yours unalterably,

Hor. Walpole.

761. To Grosvenor Bedford.

Dear Sir, Strawb. Sunday[1].

I will beg you to copy the following lines[2] for me, and bring or send them, whichever is most convenient to you, to my house in Arlington Street on Tuesday morning. Pray don't mention them to anybody.

Yours, &c.,

H. W.

I hope you did not suffer by all the trouble I gave you yesterday.

[4] Elizabeth, daughter of Peter Beckford, of Jamaica; m. 1. (1745) Thomas Howard, second Earl of Effingham; 2. (1776) Field-Marshal Sir George Howard, K.B.; d. 1791.

[5] The Abbé de Bussy, sent here with overtures of peace. Mr. Stanley was at the same time sent to Paris. *Walpole.*

Letter 761.—[1] Probably July 19, 1761, which fell on Sunday.

[2] 'July 16, 1761. Wrote *The Garland*, a poem on the King, and sent it to Lady Bute, but not in my own hand, nor with my name, nor did ever own it.' (Horace Walpole, *Short Notes of my Life.*)

THE GARLAND.

In private life, where Virtues safely bloom,
What flow'rs diffuse their favourite perfume?
Devotion first the Garland's front commands,
Like some fair Lily borne by Angel hands.
Next, Filial Love submissive warmth displays,
Like Heliotropes, that court their parent rays.
Friendship, that yields its fragrance but to those
That near approach it, like the tender Rose,
As royal Amaranths, unchanging Truth;
And Violet-like, the bashful blush of youth.
Chaste Purity by no loose heat misled,
Like virgin Snowdrops in a winter bed.
Prudence, the Sensitive, whose leaves remove
When hands, too curious, would their texture prove.
Bounty, full-flush'd at once with fruit and flower,
As Citrons give and promise ev'ry hour.
Soft Pity last, whose dews promiscuous fall,
Like lavish Eglantines, refreshing all.
How blest a cottage where such Virtues dwell!
To Heaven ascends the salutary smell:
But should such virtues round imperial state
Their cordial gales in balmy clouds dilate,
Nations a long-lost Paradise would own,
And Happiness reclaim her proper Throne.
Hate, Discord, War, and each foul ill would cease,
And laurel'd Conquest only lead to Peace.
'Ah! vain Idea!' cries the servile Bard,
Who lies for hire, and flatters for reward;
'Such I have sung of—such have never seen—
My Kings were visions and a dream my Queen.
Point out the charming Phantom.'—One there is
Un-nam'd—the world will own the Garland His:
Truth so exactly wove the wreath for one,
It must become his honest brow—or none.

762. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Strawberry Hill, July 20, 1761.

I blush, dear Madam, on observing that half my letters to your Ladyship are prefaced with thanks for presents:—

don't mistake; I am not ashamed of thanking you, but of having so many occasions for it. Monsieur Hop has sent me the piece of china: I admire it as much as possible, and intend to like him as much as ever I can; but hitherto I have not seen him, not having been in town since he arrived.

Could I have believed that the Hague would so easily compensate for England? nay, for Park Place! Adieu, all our agreeable suppers! Instead of Lady Cecilia's[1] French songs, we shall have Madame Welderen[2] quavering a confusion of d's and t's, b's and p's—*Bourquoi sçais du blaire*[3]*?* —Worse than that, I expect to meet all my mad relations at your house, and Sir Samson Gideon instead of Charles Townshend. You will laugh like Mrs. Tipkin[4] when a Dutch Jew tells you that he bought at two and a half per cent. and sold at four. Come back, if you have any taste left: you had better be here talking robes, ermine, and tissue, jewels and tresses, as all the world does, than own you are so corrupted. Did you receive my notification of the new Queen? Her mother is dead, and she will not be here before the end of August.

My mind is much more at peace about Mr. Conway than it was. Nobody thinks there will be a battle, as the French did not attack them when both armies shifted camps; and since that, Soubise has entrenched himself up to the whiskers:—whiskers I think he has, I have been so afraid of him! Yet our hopes of meeting are still very distant: the Peace does not advance; and if Europe has a *stiver* left in its pockets, the war will continue; though happily all parties

LETTER 762.—[1] Lady Cecilia West, daughter of John, Earl of Delawar, afterwards married to General James Johnston. *Walpole.*

[2] Anne (d. 1796), second daughter of William Whitwell, of Oundle, Northamptonshire, by Hon. Anne Griffin, second daughter of second Baron Griffin, and wife of Count Welderen, Envoy Extraordinary from the States General.

[3] The first words of a favourite French air. *Walpole.*

[4] A character in the *Tender Husband, or the Accomplished Fools. Walpole.*

have been so scratched, that they only sit and look anger at one another, like a dog and cat that don't care to begin again.

We are in danger of losing our sociable box at the Opera. The new Queen is very musical, and if Mr. Deputy Hodges and the City don't exert their veto, will probably go to the Haymarket. . . . George Pitt, in imitation of the Adonises in Tanzaï's[5] retinue, has asked to be her Majesty's grand harper. *Dieu sçait quelle râclerie il y aura*[6]*!* All the guitars are untuned; and if Miss Conway[7] has a mind to be in fashion at her return, she must take some David or other to teach her the new twing twang, twing twing twang. As I am still desirous of being in fashion with your Ladyship, and am, over and above, very grateful, I keep no company but my Lady Denbigh and Lady Blandford[8], and learn every evening, for two hours, to mash my English. Already I am tolerably fluent in saying *she* for *he*[9].

Good night, Madam! I have no news to send you: one cannot announce a royal wedding and a coronation every post. Your most faithful and obliged servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. Pray, Madam, do the gnats bite your legs? Mine are swelled as big as *one*, which is saying a deal for me.

July 22.

I had writ this, and was not time enough for the mail, when I received your charming note, and this magnificent

[5] *Tanzaï et Néadarmé*, a novel by the younger Crébillon.

[6] 'Ce Francisque venait de faire une sarabande qui charmait ou désolait tout le monde; . . . toute la guitarerie de la cour se mit à l'apprendre, et Dieu sait la râclerie universelle que c'était.' (Grammont, *Mémoires*, ch. ix.)

[7] The Honourable Anne Damer. *Walpole.*

[8] Maria Catherina, daughter of Peter de Jonge, of Utrecht; m. 1. (1729) William Godolphin, Marquis of Blandford; 2. (1734), as his second wife, Sir William Wyndham, third Baronet. She was the sister of Lady Denbigh. She died in 1779.

[9] A mistake which these ladies, who were both Dutch women, constantly made. *Berry.*

victory[10]! Oh! my dear Madam, how I thank you, how I congratulate you, how I feel for you, how I have felt for you and for myself! But I bought it by two terrible hours to-day—I heard of the battle two hours before I could learn a word of Mr. Conway—I sent all round the world, and went half round it myself. I have cried and laughed, trembled and danced, as you bid me. If you had sent me as much old china as King Augustus gave two regiments for[11], I should not be half so much obliged to you as for your note. How could you think of me, when you had so much reason to think of nothing but yourself?—And then they say virtue is not rewarded in this world. I will preach at Paul's Cross, and quote you and Mr. Conway; no two persons were ever so good and so happy. In short, I am serious in the height of all my joy. God is very good to you, my dear Madam; I thank him for you; I thank him for myself: it is very unalloyed pleasure we taste at this moment!—Good night! My heart is so expanded, I could write to the last scrap of my paper; but I won't.

Yours most entirely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

763. To the Earl of Strafford.

MY DEAR LORD, Strawberry Hill, July 22, 1761.

I love to be able to contribute to your satisfaction, and I think few things would make you happier than to hear

[10] Of Kirckdenkirck. *Walpole.*—Kirch-Denkern, in Westphalia, where, on July 16, 1761, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick defeated the French under Broglie. Conway commanded the centre of the allied forces.

[11] The following extract from the unpublished Journal of Captain John Floyd, of the Fifteenth Light Dragoons (afterwards General Sir John Floyd, first Baronet), explains Horace Walpole's allusion: — 'Dresden — Monday, 22nd September, 1777. *China-ware.* "Saw the collection of Dresden and Indian China, curious enough to Conoisseurs, of which I am not, it contained, however, the progress of the Dresden or Meissen Manufactory and 22 jars of Indian china which the late King of Prussia gave the King of Poland for eight hundred Dragoons mounted and equipped."'

that we have totally defeated the French combined armies, and that Mr. Conway is safe. The account came this morning: I had a short note from poor Lady Ailesbury, who was waked with the good news before she had heard there had been a battle. I don't pretend to send you circumstances, no more than I do of the wedding and Coronation, because you have relations and friends in town nearer and better informed. Indeed, only the blossom of victory is come yet. Fitzroy is expected, and another fuller courier after him. Lord Granby, to the mob's heart's content, has the chief honour of the day—rather, of the two days[1]. The French behaved to the mob's content too, that is, shamefully: and all this glory cheaply bought on our side. Lieutenant-Colonel Keith[2] killed, and Colonel Marlay and Harry Townshend wounded. If it produces a peace, I shall be happy for mankind—if not, shall content myself with the single but pure joy of Mr. Conway's being safe.

Well! my Lord, when do you come? You don't like the question, but kings will be married and must be crowned—and if people will be earls, they must now and then give up castles and new fronts for processions and ermine. By the way, the number of peeresses that propose to excuse themselves makes great noise; especially as so many are breeding, or trying to breed, by commoners, that they cannot walk. I hear that my Lord Delawar, concluding all women would not dislike the ceremony, is negotiating his peerage in the City, and trying if any great fortune will give fifty thousand pounds for one day, as they often do for one night. I saw Miss —— this evening at my Lady Suffolk's, and fancy she does not think my Lord —— quite so ugly as she

LETTER 763.—[1] Broglie attacked the English troops on July 15, but retired after a few hours' cannonade. [2] Keith was not killed.

did two months ago. Adieu, my Lord! This is a splendid year!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

764. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 22, 1761.

For my part, I believe Mademoiselle Scudéri drew the plan of this year—it is all royal marriages, coronations, and victories; they come tumbling so over one another from distant parts of the globe, that it looks just like the handiwork of a lady romance writer, whom it costs nothing but a little false geography to make the Great Mogul in love with a Princess of Mecklemburg, and defeat two marshals of France as he rides post on an elephant to his nuptials. I don't know where I am! I had scarce found Mecklemburg-Strelitz with a magnifying-glass before I am whisked to Pondicherri[1]—well, I take it, and raze it—I begin to grow acquainted with Colonel Coote[2], and to figure him packing up chests of diamonds, and sending them to his wife against the King's wedding—thunder go the Tower guns, and behold, Broglio and Soubise are totally defeated—if the mob have not a much stronger head and quicker conceptions than I have, they will conclude my Lord Granby is become nabob. How the deuce in two days can one digest all this? Why, is not Pondicherri in Westphalia? I don't know how the Romans did, but I cannot support two victories every week. Well, but you will want to know the particulars. Broglio and Soubise being united, attacked our army on the 15th, but were repulsed—the next day,

Letter 764.—[1] Pondicherry surrendered to the English, under Admiral Stevens and Colonel Coote, on January 15, 1761.

[2] Lieutenant-Colonel Eyre Coote (1726–1783); K.B., 1771; Commander-in-Chief in India, 1777; Lieutenant-General, 1777.

the Prince Mahomet Alli Cawn[3]—no, no, I mean Prince Ferdinand, returned the attack, and the French threw down their arms and fled, run over my Lord Harcourt, who was going to fetch the new Queen—in short, I don't know how it was, but Mr. Conway is safe, and I am as happy as Mr. Pitt himself. We have only lost a Lieutenant-Colonel Keith—a Colonel Marlay and Harry Townshend are wounded.

I could beat myself for not having a flag ready to display on my round tower, and guns mounted on all my battlements. Instead of that, I have been foolishly trying on my pictures upon my gallery—However, the oratory of our Lady of Strawberries shall be dedicated next year on the anniversary of Mr. Conway's safety—think with his intrepidity, and delicacy of honour wounded, what I had to apprehend! You shall absolutely be here on the sixteenth of next July. Mr. Hamilton tells me your King[4] does not set out for his new dominions till the day after the Coronation—if you will come to it, I can give you a very good place for the procession—where[5], is a profound secret, because, if known, I should be teased to death, and none but my first friends shall be admitted. I dined with your secretary[6] yesterday; there were Garrick and a young Mr. Burk[7], who wrote a book in the style of Lord Bolinbroke, that was much admired. He is a sensible man, but has not worn off his authorism yet—and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers, and to be one—he will know better one of these days. I like Hamilton's little

[3] Mahomed Ali, Nawab of the Carnatic.

[4] The Earl of Halifax, Viceroy of Ireland.

[5] At Horace Walpole's official residence (as Usher of the Exchequer) in New Palace Yard, Westminster. It was occupied by his deputy, Grosvenor Bedford.

[6] William Gerard Hamilton.

[7] Edmund Burke (1729–1797), at this time private secretary to Gerard Hamilton, Chief Secretary for Ireland. The book 'in the style of Lord Bolinbroke' was the *Vindication of Natural Society*, published in 1756.

Marly—we walked in the great *allée*, and drank tea in the arbour of *treillage*; they talked of Shakespear and Booth[8], of Swift and my Lord Bath, and I was thinking of *Madame Sévigné*. Good night—I have a dozen other letters to write; I must tell my friends how happy I am—not as an Englishman, but as a cousin.

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

765. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 23, 1761.

One cannot take the trouble of sending every victory by itself; I stay till I have enough to make a packet, and then write to you. On Monday last we learned the conquest of Pondicherry, and away went a courier to Mr. Stanley to raise our terms. Before the man could get halfway, comes an account of the entire defeat of Broglio and Soubise. I don't know what Mr. Stanley will be to ask now. We have been pretty well accustomed to victories of late, and yet this last is as much as we know how to bear decently; it is heightened by the extreme distress our army had suffered, and by the little hopes we had of even keeping our ground against such superior force. It seals all our other conquests; we have nothing to restore for Germany. The King may be crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, like Charlemagne, if he pleases, and receive the diadems of half the world. Of all our glories, none ever gave me such joy as this last. Mr. Conway, you know, is with Prince Ferdinand, and is safe—indeed everybody is; we lost but one officer of rank, a Lieutenant-Colonel Keith; and two are wounded, a Lieutenant-Colonel Marlay and Captain Harry Townshend[1].

[8] Barton Booth, tragedian (1681–1733).

Letter 765. — [1] Third son of Thomas Townshend, Teller of the

No particulars are come yet; if I hear any before this goes away, you shall.

You will see the history of Pondicherry in the *Gazette*. Pray like Monsieur Lally's[2] spirited insolence in the crisis of his misfortune. His intercepted letter[3] shows it was not mere impertinence, but that he had tried and attempted everything upon earth to save his charge. We have got another little windfall in the West Indies, the Isle of Dominique[4]; but one does not stoop to pick up such diminutive countries, unless they are absolutely of no use, like Belleisle, and then it is heroic obstinacy to insist on having them.

How all this must sound to the Princess of Mecklenburg!

Exchequer, who was second son of Charles, Viscount Townshend, Secretary of State. *Walpole.*

[2] Thomas Arthur (1702–1766), Baron de Tollendal, Comte de Lally, appointed in 1756 Commander-in-Chief of the French forces in India. After a chequered career, he surrendered Pondicherry to the English (Jan. 15, 1761), and was brought to England a prisoner of war. In Oct. 1761 he returned to France on parole to reply to accusations brought against his administration. After a protracted trial, conducted by the Parliament of Paris with closed doors, he was declared guilty of betraying the king's interests in India, and was executed three days later, under peculiarly odious circumstances. His son, Lally Tollendal, ably seconded by Voltaire, devoted half his life to the rehabilitation of his father's memory.

Lally's 'spirited insolence' led him to decline to offer any terms of surrender. 'He sent out a paper full of invectives against the English, for the breach of treaties relative to India; he alleged that those breaches disqualified him from proposing any terms; and, in consequence, he rather suffered our troops to take possession of the place, than formally surrendered it.' (*Ann. Reg.* 1761, p. 56.)

[3] 'Translation of an intercepted letter from General Lally to Mr. Raymond, French resident at Pullicat, dated Pondicherry, the 2nd of January, 1761:—

'Mr. Raymond,

'The English squadron is no more, Sir; out of the twelve ships they had in our road, seven are lost, crews and all; the four others dismasted; and it appears there is no more than one frigate that hath escaped, therefore don't lose an instant to send us chelingoes upon chelingoes loaded with rice: the Dutch have nothing to fear now; besides (according to the law of nations) they are only to send us no provisions themselves, and we are no more blocked up by sea. The saving of Pondicherry hath been in your power once already; if you miss the present opportunity, it will be entirely your fault: do not forget also some small chelingoes; offer great rewards; I expect seventeen thousand Morattoes within these four days. In short, risque all, attempt all, force all, and send us some rice, should it be but half a garse at a time.

'Signed, Lally.'

(*Ann. Reg.* 1761, p. 56.)

[4] Dominica was surrendered by the French to Lord Rollo and Commodore Sir James Douglas on June 6, 1761.

To be sure, she thinks herself coming to marry Alexander the Great. There is a Lady Statira Lenox[5] that had like to have stood a little in her way, or, rather, I believe, helped her a little on her way. The Mother-Duchess is dead, and retards the nuptials, but the Princess is expected, however, by the end of August.

Is Sir Richard Lyttelton with you, and Mr. Pitt?—the latter's father[6] was just married again; but to make his son some amends for giving away a jointure of 600*l.* a year, is just dead—very happily for his family.

The new Queen's family[7] consists of Lord Harcourt, Master of the Horse; Duke of Manchester, Chamberlain; Mr. Stone, Treasurer; the Duchess of Ancaster, Mistress of the Robes, and First Lady of the Bedchamber; the others are, the Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Effingham, Lady Northumberland, Lady Weymouth, and Lady Bolingbroke. Bedchamber Women and Maids of Honour, I could tell you some too; but what can you care about the names of girls whose parents were not married when you was in England? This is not the only circumstance in which you would not know your own country again. You left it a private little island, living upon its means. You would find it the capital of the world; and, to talk with the arrogance of a Roman, St. James's Street crowded with nabobs and American chiefs, and Mr. Pitt attended in his Sabine farm by Eastern monarchs and Borealian electors, waiting, till the gout is gone out of his foot, for an audience. The City

[5] Lady Sarah Lenox, sister of the Duke of Richmond, with whom the King was thought to be in love. *Walpole.*—Statira and Roxana are the rival queens in Lee's play *Alexander the Great.*

[6] Thomas Pitt, elder brother of the famous William Pitt. *Walpole.*

[7] Simon, first Earl of Harcourt; Robert Montagu, Duke of Manchester; Andrew Stone; Mary Panton, Duchess of Ancaster; Eliz. Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton; Eliz. Beckford, Countess of Effingham; Eliz. Seymour, Countess of Northumberland; Eliz. Bentinck, Viscountess Weymouth; Diana Spencer, Viscountess Bolingbroke; and Alicia Carpenter, Countess of Egremont, omitted above. *Walpole.*

of London is so elated, that I think it very lucky some alderman did not insist on—

Matching his daughter with the King[8].

Adieu! I shall be in town to-morrow; and, perhaps, able to wrap up and send you half a dozen French standards in my postscript.

Arlington Street, Friday, 24th.

Alack! I do not find our total victory so total as it was. It is true we have taken three thousand prisoners; but we have lost two thousand, and the French army is still so superior as to be able to afford it. The Broglians thought themselves betrayed by the Soubisians, whose centre did not attack. Some say it was impossible—that is not your business or mine; there are certainly great jarrings in their army—but the worst is (I mean to me) there is likely to be another battle. I wish they would be beaten once for all, and have done!

766. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, July 23, 1761.

Well, *mon biau cousin!* you may be as cross as you please now: when you beat two marshals of France and cut their armies to pieces[1], I don't mind your pouting; but in good truth, it was a little vexatious to have you quarrelling with me, when I was in greater pain about you than I can express. I will say no more; make a peace, under the walls of Paris if you please, and I will forgive you all—but no more battles: consider, as Dr. Hay said, it is cowardly to beat the French now.

[8] 'A senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a king.'
Addison, *Cato*, v. 4.

Letter 766.—[1] The victory obtained by Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick over the Maréchal de Broglio and the Prince de Soubise at Kirk Denckirk. *Walpole.*

Don't look upon yourselves as the only conquerors in the world. Pondicherry is ours, as well as the field of Kirk Denckirk. The Park guns never have time to cool; we ruin ourselves in gunpowder and sky-rockets. If you have a mind to do the gallantest thing in the world after the greatest, you must escort the Princess of Mecklenburg[2] through France. You see what a bully I am; the moment the French run away, I am sending you on expeditions. I forgot to tell you that the King has got the isle of Dominique and the chicken-pox, two trifles that don't count in the midst of all these festivities. No more does your letter of the 8th, which I received yesterday: it is the one that is to come after the 16th, that I shall receive graciously.

Friday, 24th.

Not satisfied with the rays of glory that reached Twickenham, I came to town to bask in your success; but am most disagreeably disappointed to find you must beat the French once more, who seem to love to treat the English mob with subjects for bonfires. I had got over such an alarm, that I foolishly ran into the other extreme, and concluded there was not a French battalion left entire upon the face of Germany. Do write to me; don't be out of humour, but tell me every motion you make: I assure you I have deserved you should. Would you were out of the question, if it were only that I might feel a little humanity! There is not a blacksmith or link-boy in London that exults more than I do, upon any good news, since you went abroad. What have I to do to hate people I never saw, and to rejoice in their calamities? Heaven send us peace, and you home! Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

[2] Her present Majesty. *Walpole.*

767. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, July 28, 1761.

No, I shall never cease being a dupe, till I have been undeceived round by everything that calls itself a virtue. I came to town yesterday, through clouds of dust, to see *The Wishes*[1], and went actually feeling for Mr. Bentley, and full of the emotions he must be suffering. What do [you] think, in a house crowded, was the first thing I saw? Mr. and Madam Bentley, perked up in the front boxes, and acting audience at his own play—no, all the impudence of false patriotism never came up to it! Did one ever hear of an author that had courage to see his own first night in public? I don't believe Fielding or Foote himself ever did—and this was the modest, bashful Mr. Bentley, that died at the thought of being known for an author even by his own acquaintance! In the stage-box was Lady Bute, Lord Halifax, and Lord Melcomb—I must say the two last entertained the house as much as the play—your King[2] was prompter, and called out to the actors every minute to speak louder—the other went backwards and forwards behind the scenes, fetched the actors into the box, and was busier than Harlequin. The *curious* prologue was not spoken, the whole very ill acted. It turned out just what I remembered it, the good parts extremely good, the rest very flat and vulgar—the genteel dialogue, I believe, might be written by Mrs. Hannah[3]. The audience were extremely fair. The first act they bore with patience, though it promised very ill—the second is admirable, and was much applauded—so was the third—the fourth woful—the beginning of the fifth it seemed expiring, but was revived

Letter 767.—[1] Produced at Drury Lane.
[2] The Earl of Halifax, Viceroy of Ireland
[3] Mrs. Bentley. See p. 70.

by a delightful burlesque of the ancient chorus—which was followed by two dismal scenes, at which people yawned—but were awakened on a sudden by Harlequin's being drawn up to a gibbet, nobody knew why or wherefore—this raised a prodigious and continued hiss, Harlequin all the while suspended in the air—at last they were suffered to finish the play, but nobody attended to the conclusion—Modesty and his lady all the while sat with the utmost indifference—I suppose Lord Melcomb had fallen asleep before he came to this scene, and had never read it. The epilogue was about the King and new Queen, and ended with a personal satire on Garrick—not very kind on his own stage—to add to the judgement of this conduct, Cumberland two days ago published a pamphlet to abuse him. It was given out for to-night with more claps than hisses, but I think will not do unless they reduce it to three acts.

I am sorry you will not come to the Coronation—the place I offered you I am not sure I can get for anybody else—I cannot explain it to you, because I am engaged to secrecy—if I can get it for your brother John I will, but don't tell him of it, because it is not sure. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

768. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill.

This is the 5th of August, and I just receive your letter of the 17th of last month by Fitzroy [1]. I heard he had lost his pocket-book with all his dispatches, but had found it again. He was a long time finding the letter for me.

Letter 768.—[1] George Fitzroy, afterwards created Lord Southampton. *Walpole.*

You do nothing but reproach me; I declare I will bear it no longer, though you should beat forty more marshals of France. I have already writ you two letters that would fully justify me if you receive them; if you do not, it is not I that am in fault for not writing, but the post offices for reading my letters, content if they would forward them when they have done with them. They seem to think, like you, that I know more news than anybody. What is to be known in the dead of summer, when all the world is dispersed? Would you know who won the sweepstakes at Huntingdon? what parties are at Woburn? what officers upon guard in Betty's fruit-shop? whether the peeresses are to wear long or short tresses at the Coronation? how many jewels Lady Harrington borrows of actresses? All this is your light summer wear for conversation; and if my memory were as much stuffed with it as my ears, I might have sent you volumes last week. My nieces, Lady Waldegrave and Mrs. Keppel, were here five days, and discussed the claim or disappointment of every miss in the kingdom for Maid of Honour. Unfortunately this new generation is not at all my affair. I cannot attend to what concerns them—not that their trifles are less important than those of one's own time, but my mould has taken all its impressions, and can receive no more. I must grow old upon the stock I have. I, that was so impatient at all their chat, the moment they were gone, flew to my Lady Suffolk, and heard her talk with great satisfaction of the late Queen's coronation-petticoat. The preceding age always appears respectable to us (I mean as one advances in years), one's own age interesting, the coming age neither one nor t'other.

You may judge by this account that I have writ *all* my letters, or ought to have written them; and yet, for occasion to blame me, you draw a very pretty picture of my situation: all which tends to prove that I ought to write to you every

day, whether I have anything to say or not. I am writing, I am building—both *works that will outlast the memory of battles and heroes!* Truly, I believe, the one will as much as t'other. My buildings are paper, like my writings, and both will be blown away in ten years after I am dead; if they had not the substantial use of amusing me while I live, they would be worth little indeed. I will give you one instance that will sum up the vanity of great men, learned men, and buildings altogether. I heard lately, that Dr. Pearce[2], a very learned personage, had consented to let the tomb of Aylmer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, a very great personage, be removed for Wolfe's monument[3]; that at first he had objected, but was wrought upon by being told that *hight* Aylmer was a Knight Templar, a very wicked set of people, as his Lordship had heard, though he knew nothing of them, as they are not mentioned by Longinus. I own I thought this a made story, and wrote to his Lordship, expressing my concern that one of the finest and most ancient monuments in the Abbey should be removed, and begging, if it was removed, that he would bestow it on me, who would erect and preserve it here. After a fortnight's deliberation, the bishop sent me an answer, civil indeed, and commending my zeal for antiquity! but avowing the story under his own hand. He said that at first they had taken Pembroke's tomb for a Knight Templar's. Observe, that not only the man who shows the tombs names it every day, but that there is a draught of it at large in Dart's *Westminster*; that upon discovering whose it was, he had been very unwilling to consent to the removal, and at last had obliged Wilton to engage to set it up within ten feet of where it stands at present. His Lordship concluded with congratulating me on publishing learned authors at my

[2] Zachary Pearce, Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Rochester; editor of Longinus.

[3] This was not done.

press. I don't wonder that a man who thinks Lucan a *learned* author should mistake a tomb in his own cathedral. If I had a mind to be angry, I could complain with reason; as, having paid forty pounds for ground for my mother's tomb, that the Chapter of Westminster sell their church over and over again; the ancient monuments tumble upon one's head through their neglect, as one of them did, and killed a man at Lady Elizabeth Percy's[4] funeral; and they erect new waxen dolls of Queen Elizabeth, &c., to draw visits and money from the mob. I hope all this history is applicable to some part or other of my letter; but letters you will have, and so I send you one, very like your own stories that you tell your daughter: There was a King, and he had three daughters, and they all went to see the tombs; and the youngest, who was in love with Aylmer de Valence, &c.

Thank you for your account of the battle; thank Prince Ferdinand for giving you a very honourable post, which, in spite of his teeth and yours, proved a very safe one; and above all, thank Prince Soubise, whom I love better than all the German princes in the universe. Peace, I think, we must have at last, if you beat the French, or at least hinder them from beating you, and afterwards starve them. Bussy's last *last* courier is expected; but as he may have a last last *last* courier, I trust no more to this than to all the others. He was complaining t'other day to Mr. Pitt of our haughtiness, and said it would drive the French to some desperate effort; 'Thirty thousand men,' continued he, 'would embarrass you a little, I believe!' 'Yes, truly,' replied Pitt, 'for I am so embarrassed with those we have already, I don't know what to do with them.'

Adieu! Don't fancy that the more you scold, the more I will write: it has answered three times, but the next cross

[4] Daughter of the Earl of Northumberland. She was buried in the Abbey on June 5, 1761, in her eighteenth year.

word you give me shall put an end to our correspondence. Sir Horace Mann's father used to say, 'Talk, Horace, you have been abroad:'—You cry, 'Write, Horace, you are at home.' No, Sir, you can beat an hundred and twenty thousand French, but you cannot get the better of me. I will not write such foolish letters as this every day, when I have nothing to say.

Yours as you behave,
HOR. WALPOLE.

769. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Aug. 17, 1761.

You must now quit Mr. Dalton; you are saved from dunning him, and I from doing an awkward thing. The last time I was in town, I found a big picture, which I saw clearly was by Castiglione: the maid told me it came from Mr. Dalton. As you had not explained the nature of your transaction, I concluded it was a debt, and that money was what he was to send me for you. This was so fixed in my head, that supposing he wanted to pay you with a picture, I was at first going to send it back to him. However, I thought it best to wait a little, and see if he did not come or send me some message; and having just writ to you, I determined to stay till I wrote to you again. Your letter has explained the affair, and I certainly shall not deliver yours to him. Do but observe; when I sent to him by your order, he was at Mecklenburg—not thinking of detaining your picture, but drawing queens—pray respect your brother minister! the picture is undoubtedly the true one and safe—but now, my dear child, here ends my commission—don't imagine I will rob you of your picture—you are very kind, and I equally obliged to you, but you shall not make me a bailiff to seize your goods, and then have

the sole benefit of the seizure. Tell me what you would have done with it. The altar pleases me extremely, and I hope will arrive safe. Draw upon your brother James for all expenses relating to it—and say no more. He and I have so many money transactions, that there is no trouble that way, and then I shall never scruple teasing you with commissions, when they cost you nothing but kind services.

I am come to town to-day to prepare my wedding garments. The new Queen may be here by this day se'nnight, but scarce will before the 28th, and if the winds are not in hymeneal humour, it may be the Lord knows how long. There will be as great magnificence as people can put upon their backs—nothing more; no shows, no ceremonies. Six Drawing-rooms and one ball—that is all; and then the honeymoon in private till the Coronation. They told me the painting of the *Charlotte* yatch[1] would certainly turn the Queen's stomach. I said if her head is not turned, she may compound for anything else. Think of the crown of England and a handsome young King dropping out of the clouds into Strelitz! The crowds, the multitudes, the millions, that are to stare at her; the swarms to kiss her hand, the pomp of the Coronation. She need be but seventeen to bear it.

In the meantime, adieu peace! France has refused to submit to our terms. They own themselves undone, but depend on the continuation of the war for revenging them —not by arms, but by exhausting us. I can tell you our terms pretty exactly. All Canada, but letting them fish on Newfoundland; Goree and Senegal, but with a promise of helping them somehow or other in their black trade; the

LETTER 769.—[1] *Gent. Mag.* 1761, Friday, July 31. 'The *Charlotte* yacht is the most superbly and elegantly decorated as can be conceived, the pillars and every other ornament on board being finely gilt, even the blocks and carriages for the guns are not excepted; and there is the finest bed on board that ever was seen.'

neutral islands to be divided; Hesse and Hanover restored, and Minorca: Guadaloupe and Belleisle to return to them. The East Indies postponed to the Congress; Dunkirk to be demolished, *à la* Utrecht; at least, *à l'*Aix-la-Chapelle[2]. The last article is particularly offered to glory. If they have no fleet, Dunkirk will not hurt us; when they have, twenty other places will do the business, especially if they have Nieuport and Ostend, on which, notwithstanding all reports, I hear we have been silent. Our terms are lofty; yet, could they expect that we would undo them and ourselves for nothing? We shall be like the late Duke of Marlborough, have a vast landed estate, and want a guinea.

The great prince of the coalpits, Sir James Lowther, marries the eldest infanta of the adjoining coalpits, Lord Bute's daughter[3]. You will allow this Earl is a fortunate man; the late King, old Wortley, and the Duke of Argyle[4], all dying in a year, and his daughter married to such an immense fortune! He certainly behaves with great moderation, and nobody has had reason to complain of him.

I return you your letter to Stosch; he writ to me a fortnight ago that he was embarking for Italy; I sent yesterday to his lodgings; the answer, he was sailed for Spain—I suppose the ship touches there—but you will see him soon. Adieu!

770. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 20, 1761.

A few lines before you go. Your resolutions are good, and give me great pleasure; bring them back unbroken. I have no mind to lose you—we have been acquainted these

[2] Viz. in the manner stipulated in those treaties.

[3] Lady Mary Stuart, eldest daughter of third Earl of Bute; m. (Sept. 7, 1761) Sir James Lowther, fifth Baronet, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale; d. 1824.

[4] By whose death Lord Bute obtained the chief power in Scotland. *Walpole.*

thirty years, and to give the devil his due, in all that time I never knew a bad, a false, a mean or ill-natured thing in the devil—but don't tell him I say so—especially as I cannot say the same of myself. I am now doing a dirty thing, flattering you to preface a commission. Dicky Bateman[1] has picked up a whole cloister full of old chairs in Herefordshire—he bought them one by one, here and there in farm-houses, for three-and-sixpence and a crown apiece. They are of wood, the seats triangular, the backs, arms, and legs loaded with turnery. A thousand to one but there are plenty up and down Cheshire too—if Mr. or Mrs. Wetenhall, as they ride or drive out, would now and then put up such a chair, it would oblige me greatly. Take notice, no two need be of the same pattern.

Keep it as the secret of your life, but if your brother John addresses himself to me a day or two before the Coronation, I can place him well to see the procession—when it is over, I will give you a particular reason why this must be such a mystery. I was extremely diverted t'other day with my mother's and my old milliner. She said she had a petition to me—'What is it, Mrs. Burton?'—'It is in behalf of two poor orphans.'—I began to feel for my purse.—'What can I do for them, Mrs. Burton?'—'Only, if your honour would be so compassionate as to get them tickets for the Coronation.'—I could not keep my countenance—and these distressed *orphans* are two and three-and-twenty!—Did you ever hear a more melancholy case?

The Queen is expected on Monday, I go to town on Sunday—would these shows and your Irish journey were over, and neither of us a day the poorer!

I am expecting Mr. Chute to hold a chapter on the

Letter 770.—[1] Richard (d. 1773), son of Sir James Bateman, Knight, and brother of first Viscount Bateman.

cabinet—a barge-load of niches, window-frames, and ribs, is arrived. The cloister is paving, the privy-garden making, painted glass adjusting to the windows on the back stairs—with so many irons in the fire, you may imagine I have not much time to write. I wish you a safe and pleasant voyage.

Yours faithfully,
H. W.

771. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, Tuesday morning.

Nothing was ever equal to the bustle and uncertainty of the town for these three days. The Queen was seen off the coast of Sussex on Saturday last, and is not arrived yet—nay, last night at ten o'clock it was neither certain when she landed, nor when she would be in town. I forgive history for knowing nothing when so public an event as the arrival of a new Queen is a mystery even at the very moment in St. James's Street. The messenger that brought the letter yesterday morning said she *arrived* at half an hour after four at Harwich. This was immediately translated into *landing*, and notified in those words to the ministers. Six hours afterwards it proved no such thing, and that she was only in the Harwich Road: and they recollected that *half an hour after four* happens twice in twenty-four hours, and the letter did not specify which of the *twices* it was. Well! the bridemaids whipped on their virginity; the new road and the parks were thronged; the guns were choking with impatience to go off; and Sir James Lowther, who was to pledge his Majesty, was actually married to Lady Mary Stuart. Five, six, seven, eight o'clock came, and no Queen—she lay at Witham[1], at Lord Abercorn's, who was most tranquilly in town: and it

Letter 771.—[1] In Essex, eight miles from Chelmsford.

is not certain even whether she will be composed enough to be in town to-night. She has been sick but half an hour: sung and played on the harpsichord all the voyage, and been cheerful the whole time. The Coronation will now certainly not be put off—so I shall have the pleasure of seeing you on the 15th. The weather is close and sultry; and if the wedding is to-night, we shall all die.

They have made an admirable speech for the Tripoline ambassador—that he said he heard the King had sent his *first eunuch* to fetch the Princess. I should think he meaned Lord Anson.

You will find the town over head and ears in disputes about rank, precedence, processions, *entrées*, &c. One point, that of the Irish peers, has been excellently liquidated: Lord Halifax has stuck up a paper in the coffee-room at Arthur's, importing, 'That his Majesty, not having leisure to determine a point of such great consequence, permits for this time such Irish peers as shall be at the marriage to walk in the procession.' Everybody concludes those personages will understand this order, as it is drawn up in their *own* language; otherwise it is not very clear how they are to walk *to* the marriage, if they are *at* it before they come *to* it.

Strawberry returns its duty and thanks for all your Lordship's goodness to it, and though it has not got its wedding-clothes yet, will be happy to see you. Lady Betty Mackenzie is the individual woman she was—she seems to have been gone three years, like the Sultan in the Persian tales, who popped his head into a tub of water, pulled it up again, and fancied he had been a dozen years in bondage in the interim. She is not altered in a tittle. Adieu, my dear Lord!

Your most faithful servant,

Hor. Walpole.

Twenty minutes past three in the afternoon, not in the middle of the night.

Madame Charlotte is this instant arrived. The noise of coaches, chaises, horsemen, mob, that have been to see her pass through the parks, is so prodigious that I cannot distinguish the guns. I am going to be dressed, and before seven shall launch into the crowd. Pray for me!

772. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Sept. 9, 1761.

The date of my promise is now arrived, and I fulfil it—fulfil it with great satisfaction, for the Queen is come; I have seen her, have been presented to her—and may go back to Strawberry. For this fortnight I have lived upon the road between Twickenham and London: I came, grew impatient, returned; came again, still to no purpose. The yachts made the coast of Suffolk last Saturday, on Sunday entered the road of Harwich, and on Monday morning the King's chief eunuch, as the Tripoline ambassador calls Lord Anson, landed the Princess. She lay that night at Lord Abercorn's at Witham, the palace of silence; and yesterday at a quarter after three arrived at St. James's. In half an hour one heard of nothing but proclamations of her beauty: everybody was content, everybody pleased. At seven one went to court. The night was sultry. About ten the procession began to move towards the chapel, and at eleven they all came up into the drawing-room. She looks very sensible, cheerful, and is remarkably genteel. Her tiara of diamonds was very pretty, her stomacher sumptuous; her violet velvet mantle and ermine so heavy, that the spectators knew as much of her upper half as the King himself. You will have no doubts of her sense by what I shall tell you. On the road they wanted her to curl her toupet: she said

she thought it looked as well as that of any of the ladies sent to fetch her; if the King bid her, she would wear a periwig, otherwise she would remain as she was. When she caught the first glimpse of the palace, she grew frightened and turned pale; the Duchess of Hamilton smiled—the Princess said, 'My dear Duchess, you may laugh, you have been married twice, but it is no joke to me.' Her lips trembled as the coach stopped, but she jumped out with spirit, and has done nothing but with good-humour and cheerfulness. She talks a great deal—is easy, civil, and not disconcerted. At first, when the bridemaids and the court were introduced to her, she said, 'Mon Dieu, il y en a tant, il y en a tant!' She was pleased when she was to kiss the peeresses; but Lady Augusta was forced to take her hand and give it to those that were to kiss it, which was prettily humble and good-natured. While they waited for supper, she sat down, sung, and played. Her French is tolerable, she exchanged much both of that and German with the King, the Duke, and the Duke of York. They did not get to bed till two. To-day was a Drawing-room: everybody was presented to her; but she spoke to nobody, as she could not know a soul. The crowd was much less than at a Birthday, the magnificence very little more. The King looked very handsome, and talked to her continually with great good-humour. It does not promise as if they two would be the two most unhappy persons in England, from this event. The bridemaids, especially Lady Caroline Russel, Lady Sarah Lenox, and Lady Elizabeth Keppel, were beautiful figures. With neither features nor air, Lady Sarah was by far the chief angel. The Duchess of Hamilton was almost in possession of her former beauty to-day; and your other Duchess[1], your daughter, was much better dressed than ever I saw her. Except a pretty Lady Suther-

LETTER 772.—[1] The Duchess of Richmond. *Walpole.*

land[2], and a most perfect beauty, an Irish Miss Smith[3], I don't think the Queen saw much else to discourage her: my niece, Lady Kildare, Mrs. Fitzroy, were none of them there. There is a ball to-night, and two more Drawing-rooms; but I have done with them. The Duchess of Queensbury and Lady Westmoreland[4] were in the procession, and did credit to the ancient nobility.

You don't presume to suppose, I hope, that we are thinking of you, and wars, and misfortunes, and distresses, in these festival times. Mr. Pitt himself would be mobbed if he talked of anything but clothes, and diamonds, and bridemaids. Oh yes, we have wars, civil wars; there is a campaign opened in the Bedchamber. Everybody is excluded but the ministers; even the Lords of the Bedchamber, cabinet counsellors, and foreign ministers: but it has given such offence that I don't know whether Lord Huntingdon[5] must not be the scapegoat. Adieu! I am going to transcribe most of this letter to your Countess.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

773. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Sept. 10, 1761.

When we least expected the Queen, she came, after being ten days at sea, but without sickness for above half an hour. She was gay the whole voyage, sung to her harpsichord, and left the door of her cabin open. They made the coast of

[2] Mary, eldest daughter and coheir of William Maxwell, of Preston, Kirkcudbright; m. (1761) William Sutherland, eighteenth Earl of Sutherland; d. 1766.

[3] Afterwards married to Mr. Matthew, now Lord Landaff. *Walpole.* — Ellis, daughter of James Smyth, of Tinney Park, Wicklow; d. 1781.

[4] Mary, daughter and heiress of Lord Henry Cavendish, second son of first Duke of Devonshire; m. John Fane, seventh Earl of Westmorland; d. 1778.

[5] As Groom of the Stole.

Suffolk last Saturday, and on Monday morning she landed at Harwich; so prosperously has his Majesty's chief eunuch, as they have made the Tripoline ambassador call Lord Anson, executed his commission. She lay that night at your old friend Lord Abercorn's, at Witham; and, if she judged by her host, must have thought she was coming to reign in the realm of taciturnity. She arrived at St. James's a quarter after three on Tuesday the 8th. When she first saw the palace she turned pale: the Duchess of Hamilton smiled. 'My dear Duchess,' said the Princess, '*you* may laugh; you have been married twice; but it is no joke to me.' Is this a bad proof of her sense? On the journey they wanted her to curl her toupet. 'No, indeed,' said she, 'I think it looks as well as those of the ladies that have been sent for me: if the King would have me wear a periwig, I will; otherwise I shall let myself alone.' The Duke of York gave her his hand at the garden-gate: her lips trembled, but she jumped out with spirit. In the garden the King met her; she would have fallen at his feet; he prevented and embraced her, and led her into the apartments, where she was received by the Princess of Wales and Lady Augusta: these three Princesses only dined with the King. At ten the procession went to chapel, preceded by unmarried daughters of peers, peers, and peeresses in plenty. The new Princess was led by the Duke of York and Prince William[1]; the Archbishop married them; the King talked to her the whole time with great good-humour, and the Duke of Cumberland gave her away. She is not tall, nor a beauty; pale, and very thin; but looks sensible, and is genteel. Her hair is darkish and fine; her forehead low, her nose very well, except the nostrils spreading too wide; her mouth has the same fault, but her teeth are good. She talks a good deal, and French tolerably; possesses her-

LETTER 773.—[1] Afterwards Duke of Gloucester. *Walpole.*

self, is frank, but with great respect to the King. After the ceremony, the whole company came into the drawing-room for about ten minutes, but nobody was presented that night. The Queen was in white and silver; an endless mantle of violet-coloured velvet, lined with ermine, and attempted to be fastened on her shoulder by a bunch of large pearls, dragged itself and almost the rest of her clothes halfway down her waist. On her head was a beautiful little tiara of diamonds; a diamond necklace, and a stomacher of diamonds, worth threescore thousand pounds, which she is to wear at the Coronation too. Her train was borne by the ten bridemaids, Lady Sarah Lenox, Lady Caroline Russell, Lady Caroline Montagu[2], Lady Harriot Bentinck[3], Lady Anne Hamilton[4], Lady Essex Kerr[5] (daughters of Dukes of Richmond, Bedford, Manchester, Portland, Hamilton, and Roxburgh); and four daughters of the Earls of Albemarle, Brook, Harcourt, and Ilchester,—Lady Elizabeth Keppel, Louisa Greville[6], Elizabeth Harcourt[7], and Susan Fox Strangways: their heads crowned with diamonds, and in robes of white and silver. Lady Caroline Russell[8] is extremely handsome; Lady Elizabeth Keppel[9] very pretty; but with neither features nor air, nothing ever looked so charming as Lady Sarah Lenox[10]; she has all the glow of beauty peculiar to her family. As supper was not ready,

[2] Eldest daughter of third Duke of Manchester; m. (1775) Captain Charles Herbert, son of Major-General Hon. William Herbert, and brother of first Earl of Carnarvon.

[3] Lady Henrietta Cavendish-Bentinck, second daughter of second Duke of Portland; m. (1763) George Harry Grey, fifth Earl of Stamford; d. 1827.

[4] Fifth daughter of fifth Duke of Hamilton; m. (1761) Arthur Chichester, fifth Earl (afterwards first Marquis) of Donegal.

[5] Eldest daughter of Robert Kerr (d. 1755), second Duke of Roxburgh; d. unmarried, 1819.

[6] Eldest daughter of first Earl of Warwick; m. (1770) William Churchill, of Henbury, Dorsetshire.

[7] Eldest daughter of first Earl Harcourt; m. (1763) Sir William Lee, fourth Baronet, of Hartwell, Buckinghamshire.

[8] Afterwards Duchess of Marlborough. *Walpole.*

[9] Afterwards Marchioness of Tavistock. *Walpole.*

[10] Lady Sarah Lenox was married to Sir Charles Bunbury, and, being divorced from him, to Captain Napier. *Walpole.*

the Queen sat down, sung, and played on the harpsichord to the royal family, who all supped with her in private. They talked of the different German dialects; the King asked if the Hanoverian was not pure—'Oh no, sir,' said the Queen; 'it is the worst of all.'—She will not be unpopular.

The Duke of Cumberland told the King that himself and Lady Augusta were sleepy. The Queen was very averse to going to bed, and at last articled that nobody should retire with her but the Princess of Wales and her own two German women, and that nobody should be admitted afterwards but the King—they did not get to bed till between two and three. The Princess Dowager wanted to sit a little at table, and pressed the Duke of Cumberland to stay; he pleaded being tired—'and besides, Madam,' said he, 'what should I stay for? if she cries out, I cannot help her.'

The next morning the King had a levee. He said to Lord Hardwicke, 'It is a very fine day:' that old gossip replied, 'Yes, Sir, and it was a very fine night.' Lord Bute had told the King that Lord Orford had betted his having a child before Sir James Lowther, who had been married the night before to Lord Bute's eldest daughter; the King told Lord Orford he should be glad to go his halves. The bet was made with Mr. Rigby[11]. Somebody asked the latter how he could be so bad a courtier as to bet against the King? He replied, 'Not at all a bad courtier; I betted Lord Bute's daughter against him.'

After the King's levee there was a Drawing-room; the Queen stood under the throne: the women were presented to her by the Duchess of Hamilton, and then the men by the Duke of Manchester; but as she knew nobody, she was not to speak. At night there was a ball, Drawing-rooms yesterday and to-day, and then a cessation of ceremony till

[11] Richard Rigby, afterwards Paymaster of the Forces. *Walpole.*

the Coronation, except next Monday, when she is to receive the address of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, sitting on the throne attended by the bridemaids. There was a ridiculous circumstance happened yesterday; Lord Westmoreland, not very young nor clear-sighted, mistook Lady Sarah Lenox for the Queen, kneeled to her, and would have kissed her hand if she had not prevented him. People think that a Chancellor of Oxford was naturally attracted by the blood of Stuart. It is as comical to see Kitty Dashwood[12], the famous old beauty of the Oxfordshire Jacobites, living in the palace as duenna to the Queen. She and Mrs. Boughton[13], Lord Lyttelton's ancient Delia, are revived again in a young court that never heard of them. There, I think you could not have had a more circumstantial account of a royal wedding from the Heralds' Office. Adieu!

Yours to serve you,

HORACE SANDFORD[14].

Mecklenburgh King-at-Arms.

774. To GROSVENOR BEDFORD.

MY DEAR SIR, Sept. 23, 1761.

Ten thousand thanks to you for all your goodness and all your trouble; I can never say enough to you for the obliging kindness you have shown me, I fear you will suffer by it; tell me how you do to-day and if you have got a good night's rest. Compose yourself till you are perfectly recovered. Pray make my thanks too to Miss

[12] Mrs. Catherine Dashwood, on whom Mr. Hammond wrote many poems. *Walpole.*

[13] Mary (d. 1786), eldest daughter of Hon. Algernon Greville, second son of fifth Baron Brooke; m. Shuckburgh, third son of Sir William Boughton, fourth Baronet. She was sister of Fulke Greville, author of *Maxims and Characters.*

[14] An allusion to Francis Sandford (1630–1694), Lancaster Herald, and author (amongst other works) of *The History of the Coronation of James II.*

Bedford and your sons, who have had nothing but plague with me. Adieu! Your much obliged

And sincere friend,

Ho. Walpole.

Don't wonder I was so impatient to get away; I was fatigued to death; but got home perfectly well and am quite so[1].

775. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Sept. 24, 1761.

I am glad you arrived safe in Dublin, and hitherto like it so well; but your trial is not begun yet; when your King comes, the ploughshares will be put into the fire. Bless your stars that your King is not to be married or crowned: all the vines of Bourdeaux and all the fumes of Irish brains cannot make a town so drunk as a royal wedding and coronation. I am going to let London cool, and will not venture myself into it again this fortnight. Oh! the buzz, the prattle, the crowds, the noise, the hurry! Nay, people are so little come to their senses, that though the Coronation was but the day before yesterday, the Duke of Devonshire had forty messages yesterday, desiring tickets for a ball that they fancied was to be at court last night—people had sat up a night and a day—and yet wanted to see a dance. If I was to entitle ages, I would call this the *century of crowds*. For the Coronation, if a puppet-show could be worth a million, that is. The multitudes, balconies, guards, and processions, made Palace Yard the liveliest spectacle in the world; the Hall was the most glorious.

Letter 774.—[1] Note by Mr. Bedford.—'Mr. Walpole's friends invited by Mr. Grosvr. Bedford to his house in Palace Yard to see the Coronation in 1761:—Lady Hervey, Lady Hertford, Lady Anne Conway, Mr. Chute, Mrs. Clive, Mr. Raftor, Lady Townshend and Master, Miss Hotham and her maid.'

The blaze of lights, the richness and variety of habits, the ceremonial, the benches of peers and peeresses, *frequent and full*, was as awful as a pageant can be—and yet for the King's sake—and my own, I never wish to see another; nor am impatient to have my Lord Effingham's promise fulfilled—the King complained that so few precedents were kept for their proceedings; Lord Effingham owned the Earl Marshal's office had been strangely neglected; but he had taken such care for the future, that the *next Coronation* would be regulated in the most exact manner imaginable. The number of peers and peeresses present was not very great—some of the latter, with no excuse in the world, appeared in Lord Lincoln's gallery, and even walked about the Hall indecently in the intervals of the procession. My Lady Harrington, covered with all the diamonds she could borrow, hire, or seize, and with the air of Roxana, was the finest figure at a distance; she complained to George Selwyn that she was to walk with Lady Portsmouth[1], who would have a wig and a stick—'Pho,' said he, 'you will only look as if you was taken up by the constable'—she told this everywhere, thinking the reflection was on my Lady Portsmouth. Lady Pembroke, alone at the head of the countesses, was the picture of majestic modesty; the Duchess of Richmond, as pretty as nature and dress, with no pains of her own, could make her; Lady Spencer[2], Lady Sutherland, and Lady Northampton, very pretty figures—Lady Kildare, still beauty itself, if not a little too large. The ancient peeresses were by no means the worst party—Lady Westmorland, still handsome, and with more dignity than all; the Duchess of Queensberry looked well, though her locks milk-

LETTER 775. — [1] Hon. Elizabeth Griffin, daughter of second Baron Griffin; m. (1741) John Wallop, Viscount Lymington, who was created Earl of Portsmouth in 1743; d. 1762.

[2] Margaret Georgiana (d. 1814), eldest daughter of Stephen Poyntz; m. (1755) John Spencer, created Viscount Spencer in 1761, and Earl Spencer in 1765.

white; Lady Albemarle very genteel; nay, the middle-aged had some good representatives in Lady Holderness, Lady Rochford, and Lady Strafford, the perfectest little figure of all. My Lady Suffolk ordered her robes, and I dressed part of her head, as I made some of my Lord Hertford's dress; for you know, no profession comes amiss to me, from a tribune of the people to a habit-maker. Don't imagine that there were not figures as excellent on the other side: old Exeter, who told the King he was the handsomest young man she ever saw, old Effingham[3], and a Lady Say and Seal[4], with her hair powdered and her tresses black, were an excellent contrast to the handsome. Lord Bolinbroke put on rouge upon his wife and the Duchess of Bedford in the Painted Chamber; the Duchess of Queensberry told me of the latter, that she looked like an orange-peach, half red and half yellow. The coronets of the peers and their robes disguised them strangely; it required all the beauty of the Dukes of Richmond and Marlborough to make them noticed. One there was, though of another species, the noblest figure I ever saw, the High-Constable of Scotland, Lord Errol[5]—as one saw him in a space capable of containing him, one admired him. At the wedding, dressed in tissue, he looked like one of the Giants in Guildhall, new gilt. It added to the energy of his person, that one considered him acting so considerable a part in that very Hall, where so few years ago one saw his father, Lord Kilmarnock, condemned to the block. The Champion acted his part admirably, and dashed down his gauntlet with proud defiance. His associates, Lord Effingham, Lord Talbot, and the Duke

[3] Anne (d. 1774), daughter of Robert Bristow; m. (1728) Hon. Francis Howard, who succeeded his brother as eighth Baron Howard of Effingham in 1725, and was created Earl of Effingham in 1731.

[4] Christobella, daughter of Sir Thomas Tyrel, second Baronet; m. (1753), as her third husband, Richard Fiennes, sixth Viscount Saye and Sele; d. 1789.

[5] James Hay (1726–1778), fifteenth Earl of Erroll.

of Bedford[6], were woful, yet the last the least ridiculous of the three. Lord Talbot piqued himself on backing his horse down the Hall, and not turning its rump towards the King, but he had taken such pains to dress it to that duty, that it entered backwards; and at his retreat the spectators clapped, a terrible indecorum, but suitable to such Bartholomew Fair doings. He put me in mind of some King's fool, that would not give his right hand to the King of Spain, because he wiped his backside with it. He had twenty *démêlés*, and came out of none creditably. He had taken away the table of the Knights of the Bath, and was forced to admit two in their old place, and dine the others in the Court of Requests. Sir William Stanhope said, 'We are ill-treated, for *some of us* are gentlemen.' Beckford told the Earl, it was hard to refuse a table to the City of London, whom it would cost ten thousand pounds to banquet the King, and that his Lordship would repent it, if they had not a table in the Hall—they had. To the Barons of the Cinque Ports, who made the same complaint, he said, 'If you come to me as Lord Steward, I tell you it is impossible; if as Lord Talbot, I am a match for any of you'; and then he said to Lord Bute, 'If I was a minister, thus I would talk to France, to Spain, to the Dutch—none of your half-measures.' This has brought me to a melancholy topic—Bussy goes to-morrow, a Spanish war is hanging[7] in the air, destruction is taking a new lease of mankind—of the remnant of mankind—I have no prospect of seeing

[6] As Deputy Earl Marshal, Lord High Steward, and Lord High Constable of England respectively.

[7] The Spanish court, at the instigation of Choiseul, the French Minister for War, demanded that certain Spanish grievances against the English should be considered in the negotiations between England and France. This demand was indignantly refused by Pitt. Shortly afterwards Pitt became aware of the existence of the 'Family Compact' between France and Spain (signed Aug. 15, 1761). He was thus assured of Spain's hostile intentions, and wished to declare war immediately, but was opposed by all his colleagues except Temple; he consequently resigned in Oct. 1761.

Mr. Conway! Adieu! I will not disturb you with my forebodings. You I shall see again in spite of war, and, I trust, in spite of Ireland. Yours ever,

H. W.

I was much disappointed at not seeing your brother John: I kept a place for him to the last minute, but have heard nothing of him.

776. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Sept. 25, 1761.

This is the most unhappy day I have known of years: Bussy goes away! Mankind is again given up to the sword! Peace and you are far from England!

Strawberry Hill.

I was interrupted this morning, just as I had begun my letter, by Lord Waldegrave; and then the Duke of Devonshire sent for me to Burlington House to meet the Duchess of Bedford, and see the old pictures from Hardwicke. If my letter reaches you three days later, at least you are saved from a lamentation. Bussy has put off his journey to Monday (to be sure, you know this is Friday): he says this is a strange country, he can get no waggoner to carry his goods on a Sunday. I am glad a Spanish war waits for a conveyance, and that a waggoner's *veto* is as good as a tribune's of Rome, and can stop Mr. Pitt on his career to Mexico. He was going post to conquer it—and Beckford, I suppose, would have had a contract for remitting all the gold, of which Mr. Pitt never thinks, unless to serve a City friend. It is serious that we have discussions with Spain, who says France is humbled enough, but must not be ruined: Spanish gold is actually coining in frontier towns

of France; and the privilege which Biscay and two other provinces have of fishing on the coast of Newfoundland, has been demanded for all Spain. It was refused peremptorily; and Mr. Secretary Cortez[1] insisted yesterday se'nnight on recalling Lord Bristol[2]. The rest of the council, who are content with the world they have to govern, without conquering others, prevailed to defer this impetuosity. However, if France or Spain are the least untractable, a war is inevitable: nay, if they don't submit by the first day of the session, I have no doubt but Mr. Pitt will declare it himself on the Address. I have no opinion of Spain intending it: they give France money to protract a war, from which they reap such advantages in their peaceful capacity; and I should think would not give their money if they were on the point of having occasion for it themselves. In spite of you, and all the old barons our ancestors, I pray that we may have done with glory, and would willingly burn every Roman and Greek historian who have done nothing but transmit precedents for cutting throats.

The Coronation is over: 'tis even a more gorgeous sight than I imagined. I saw the procession and the Hall; but the return was in the dark. In the morning they had forgot the Sword of State, the chairs for King and Queen, and their canopies. They used the Lord Mayor's for the first, and made the last in the Hall: so they did not set forth till noon; and then, by a childish compliment to the King, reserved the illumination of the Hall till his entry; by which means they arrived like a funeral, nothing being discernible but the plumes of the Knights of the Bath, which seemed the hearse. Lady Kildare, the Duchess of Richmond, and Lady Pembroke were the capital beauties. Lady Harrington, the finest figure at a distance; old West-

LETTER 776.—[1] Mr. Pitt, then Secretary of State. *Walpole.* [2] The English Embassador at the court of Madrid. *Walpole.*

moreland, the most majestic. Lady Hertford could not walk, and indeed I think is in a way to give us great anxiety. She is going to Ragley to ride. Lord Beauchamp was one of the King's train-bearers. Of all the incidents of the day, the most diverting was what happened to the Queen. She had a retiring-chamber, with *all* conveniences, prepared behind the altar. She went thither—in the *most convenient* what found she but—the Duke of Newcastle! Lady Hardwicke died three days before the ceremony, which kept away the whole house of Yorke. Some of the peeresses were dressed overnight, slept in armchairs, and were waked if they tumbled their heads. Your sister Harris's maid, Lady Peterborough[3], was a comely figure. My Lady Cowper refused, but was forced to walk with Lady Macclesfield. Lady Falmouth was not there; on which George Selwyn said, 'that those peeresses who were most used to *walk*, did not.' I carried my Lady Townshend, Lady Hertford, Lady Anne Connolly, my Lady Hervey, and Mrs. Clive, to my deputy's house at the gate of Westminster Hall. My Lady Townshend said she should be very glad to see a Coronation, as she never had seen one. 'Why,' said I, 'Madam, you walked at the last?' 'Yes, child,' said she, 'but I saw nothing of it: I only looked to see who looked at me.' The Duchess of Queensbury walked! her affectation that day was to do nothing preposterous. The Queen has been at the Opera, and says she will go once a week. This is a fresh disaster to our box, where we have lived so harmoniously for three years. We can get no alternative but that over Miss Chudleigh's; and Lord Strafford and Lady Mary Coke will not subscribe, unless we can. The Duke of Devonshire and I are negotiating with all our art to keep our party together. The crowds at the Opera and

[3] Robiniana, daughter of Colonel Browne; m. (1755) Charles Mordaunt, fourth Earl of Peterborough; d. 1794.

play when the King and Queen go, are a little greater than what I remember. The late Royalties went to the Haymarket, when it was the fashion to frequent the other Opera in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Lord Chesterfield one night came into the latter, and was asked, if he had been at the other house? 'Yes,' said he, 'but there was nobody but the King and Queen; and as I thought they might be talking business, I came away.'

Thank you for your journals: the best route you can send me would be of your journey homewards. Adieu!

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. If you ever hear from, or write to, such a person as Lady Ailesbury, pray tell her she is worse to me in point of correspondence than ever you said I was to you, and that she sends me everything but letters!

777. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 27, 1761.

You are a mean, mercenary woman. If you did not want histories of weddings and coronations, and had not jobs to be executed about muslins, and a bit of china, and counterband goods, one should never hear of you. When you don't want a body, you can frisk about with greffiers and burgomasters, and be as merry in a dyke as my lady frog herself. The moment your curiosity is agog, or your cambric seized, you recollect a good cousin in England, and, as folks said two hundred years ago, begin to write *upon the knees of your heart.* Well! I am a sweet-tempered creature, I forgive you. I have already writ to a little friend in the Custom House, and will try what can be done; though, by Mr. Amyand's report to the Duchess of

Richmond, I fear your case is desperate. For the genealogies, I have turned over all my books to no purpose; I can meet with no Lady Howard that married a Carey, nor a Lady Seymour that married a Caufield. Lettice Caufield, who married Francis Staunton, was daughter of Dr. James (not George) Caufield, younger brother of the first Lord Charlemont. This is all that I can ascertain. For the other pedigree; I can inform your friend that there was a Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who married an Anne Carew, daughter of Sir Nicholas Carew, Knight of the Garter, not Carey.—But this Sir Nicholas Carew married Joan Courtney—not a Howard: and besides, the Careys and Throckmortons you wot of were just the reverse: your Carey was the cock, and Throckmorton the hen—mine are vice versa:—otherwise, let me tell your friend, Carews and Courtneys are worth Howards any day of the week, and of ancienter blood;—so, if descent is all he wants, I advise him to take up with the pedigree as I have refitted it. However, I will cast a figure once more, and try if I can conjure up the dames Howard and Seymour that he wants.

My heraldry was much more offended at the Coronation with the ladies that did walk, than with those that walked out of their place; yet I was not so *perilously* angry as my Lady Cowper, who refused to set a foot with my Lady Macclesfield; and when she was at last obliged to associate with her, set out on a round trot, as if she designed to prove the antiquity of her family by marching as lustily as a Maid of Honour of Queen Gwiniver. It was in truth a brave sight. The sea of heads in Palace Yard, the guards, horse and foot, the scaffolds, balconies, and procession, exceeded imagination. The Hall, when once illuminated, was noble; but they suffered the whole parade to return into it in the dark, that his Majesty might be surprised

with the quickness with which the sconces catched fire. The Champion acted well; the other paladins had neither the grace nor alertness of Rinaldo. Lord Effingham and the Duke of Bedford were but untoward knights errant; and Lord Talbot had not much more dignity than the figure of General Monk in the Abbey. The habit of the peers is unbecoming to the last degree; but the peeresses made amends for all defects. Your daughter Richmond, Lady Kildare, and Lady Pembroke were as handsome as the Graces. Lady Rochford, Lady Holdernesse, and Lady Lyttelton looked exceedingly well in that their day; and for those of the day before, the Duchess of Queensbury, Lady Westmoreland, and Lady Albemarle were surprising. Lady Harrington was noble at a distance, and so covered with diamonds, that you would have thought she had bid somebody or other, like Falstaff, *rob me the Exchequer*[1]. Lady Northampton was very magnificent too, and looked prettier than I have seen her of late. Lady Spencer and Lady Bolingbroke were not the worst figures there. The Duchess of Ancaster marched alone after the Queen with much majesty; and there were two new Scotch peeresses that pleased everybody, Lady Sutherland and Lady Dunmore[2]. *Per contra*, were Lady P——, who had put a wig on, and old E——, who had scratched hers off; Lady S——, the Dowager E——, and a Lady Say and Sele, with her tresses coal-black, and her hair coal-white. Well! it was all delightful, but not half so charming as its being over. The gabble one heard about it for six weeks before, and the fatigue of the day, could not well be compensated by a mere puppet-show; for puppet-show it was, though it cost a million. The Queen is so gay that we shall not want

LETTER 777.—[1] See p. 39, note 1.
[2] Lady Charlotte Stewart (d. 1818), sixth daughter of sixth Earl of Galloway; m. (1759) John Murray, fourth Earl of Dunmore.

sights; she has been at the Opera, the *Beggar's Opera* and the *Rehearsal*, and two nights ago carried the King to Ranelagh. In short, I am so miserable with losing my Duchess[3], and you and Mr. Conway, that I believe, if you should be another six weeks without writing to me, I should come to the Hague and scold you in person—for, alas! my dear lady, I have no hopes of seeing you here. Stanley is recalled, is expected every hour. Bussy goes to-morrow; and Mr. Pitt is so impatient to conquer Mexico, that I don't believe he will stay till my Lord Bristol can be ordered to leave Madrid. I tremble lest Mr. Conway should not get leave to come—nay, are we sure he would like to ask it? He was so impatient to get to the army, that I should not be surprised if he stayed there till every suttler and woman that follows the camp was come away. You ask me if we are not in admiration of Prince Ferdinand. In truth, we have thought very little of him. He may outwit Broglio ten times, and not be half so much talked of as Lord Talbot's backing his horse down Westminster Hall. The generality are not struck with anything under a complete victory. If you have a mind to be well with the mob of England, you must be knocked on the head like Wolfe, or bring home as many diamonds as Clive. We live in a country where so many follies or novelties start forth every day, that we have not time to try a general's capacity by the rules of Polybius.

I have hardly left room for my obligations—to your Ladyship, for my commissions at Amsterdam; to Mrs. Sally[4], for her teapots, which are likely to stay so long at the Hague, that I fear they will have begot a whole set of china; and to Miss Conway and Lady George[5], for thinking

[3] The Duchess of Grafton, who was abroad. *Walpole.*
[4] Lady Ailesbury's woman. *Walpole.*
[5] Lady George Lennox, whose husband was with the army.

of me. Pray assure them of my *re-thinking*. Adieu, dear Madam! Don't you think we had better write oftener and shorter?

Yours most faithfully,
Hor. Walpole.

778. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 28, 1761.

What is the finest sight in the world? A Coronation. What do people talk most about? A Coronation. What is delightful to have passed? A Coronation. Indeed, one had need be a handsome young peeress not to be fatigued to death with it. After being exceeded with hearing of nothing else for six weeks, and having every cranny of my ideas stuffed with velvet and ermine, and tresses, and jewels, I thought I was very cunning in going to lie in Palace Yard, that I might not sit up all night in order to seize a place. The consequence of this wise scheme was, that I did not get a wink of sleep all night; hammering of scaffolds, shouting of people, relieving guards, and jangling of bells, was the concert I heard from twelve to six, when I rose; and it was noon before the procession was ready to set forth, and night before it returned from the Abbey. I then saw the Hall, the dinner, and the Champion, a gloriously illuminated chamber, a wretched banquet, and a foolish puppet-show. A trial of a peer, though by no means so sumptuous, is a preferable sight, for the latter is interesting. At a Coronation one sees the peerage as exalted as they like to be, and at a trial as much humbled as a plebeian wishes them. I tell you nothing of who looked well; you know them no more than if I told you of the next Coronation. Yes, two ancient dames that you remember were still ornaments of the show,—the Duchess

of Queensbury[1] and Lady Westmoreland[2]. There was one very entertaining circumstance; in the Abbey behind the altar the Queen had a retiring chamber. She had occasion to go thither—in the privatest spot, where she certainly did not want company, she found the Duke of Newcastle. Some of the peeresses were so fond of their robes, that they graciously exhibited themselves for a whole day before to all the company their servants could invite to see them. A maid from Richmond begged leave to stay in town because the Duchess of Montrose[3] was only to be seen from two to four. The Heralds were so ignorant of their business, that, though pensioned for nothing but to register lords and ladies, and what belongs to them, they advertised in the newspaper for the Christian names and places of abode of the peeresses. The King complained of such omissions and of the want of precedents; Lord Effingham[4], the Earl Marshal, told him, it was true there had been great neglect in that office, but he had now taken such care of registering directions, that *next Coronation* would be conducted with the greatest order imaginable. The King was so diverted with this *flattering* speech that he made the Earl repeat it several times.

On this occasion one saw to how high-watermark extravagance is risen in England. At the Coronation of George II my mother gave forty guineas for a dining-room, scaffold, and bedchamber. An exactly parallel apartment, only with rather a worse view, was this time set at three hundred and fifty guineas—a tolerable rise in thirty-three years! The platform from St. Margaret's Roundhouse to the church-door, which formerly let for forty pounds, went this time

LETTER 778.—[1] Catherine Hyde, Duchess of Queensberry. *Walpole.*
[2] Mary Cavendish, Countess of Westmoreland. *Walpole.*
[3] Lucy Manners, Duchess of Montrose. *Walpole.*
[4] Thomas Howard, second Earl of Effingham, Deputy Earl Marshal. *Walpole.*

for two thousand four hundred pounds. Still more was given for the inside of the Abbey. The prebends would like a Coronation every year. The King paid nine thousand pounds for the hire of jewels; indeed, last time, it cost my father fourteen hundred to bejewel my Lady Orford[5]. A single shop now sold six hundred pounds' sterling worth of nails—but nails are risen—so is everything, and everything adulterated. If we conquer Spain, as we have done France, I expect to be poisoned. Alas! we *are* going to conquer Spain. They have taken France by the hand, and bully for her. Mr. Pitt, who desires nothing better than to bid upon anybody's haughtiness, has recalled Mr. Stanley, and would willingly have recalled my Lord Bristol too. If the Turks don't know what to do with their armament, Mr. Pitt will be obliged to them if they will be a little impertinent too. If all this did but starve us I should not much mind it: I should look as well as other people in haughty rags, and while one's dunghill is the first dunghill in Europe, one is content. But the lives! the lives it will cost! to wade through blood to dignity! I had rather be a worm than a vulture. Besides, I am no gamester; I do not love doubling the bet, but would realize something.

The Duchess of Grafton is drawing nearer to you; you will see her by the end of the winter; they leave Geneva the 10th of next month, and go to Turin. I believe I liked the Coronation the less for wanting the principal figure. Good night!

[5] Margaret Rolle, wife of Robert, Lord Walpole, eldest son of Sir Robert Walpole, and afterwards Earl of Orford. *Walpole.*

779. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 6, 1761.

I wrote to you but last week. You will conclude I have a victory to tell you, by following that letter with another so soon. Oh no! you may bid adieu to victories. It is not that Spain or we have declared war, but Mr. Pitt has resigned. The Cabinet Council were for temporizing. This is not *his* style.

Without entering into discussions of which side is in the right, you will easily see how fatal this event must be, even from its creating two sides. What saved us, and then what lifted us so high, but union? What could France, what could your old friend the Empress Queen, desire so ardently as divisions amongst us? They will have their wish to satiety. I foresee nothing but confusion. Nor shall we have a war the less: if Spain bullied while Mr. Pitt was minister, I don't believe she will tremble more at his successors. Who they will be I cannot imagine. It required all his daring to retrieve our affairs. Who will dare for him, nay, and against him? Next to pitying our country and ourselves, I feel for the young King. It is hard to have so bright a dawn so soon overcast! I fear he is going to taste as bitter a cup as ever his grandfather swallowed! This happened but yesterday. It is not an event to lie dormant long without consequences.

In answer to your letter of September 12, which I have received since I wrote, I must thank you again about the Castiglione, and reprove you too: you speak of it as if I thought it not worth accepting—my difficulty was because it is too fine to accept. I don't like *your* giving *me* anything but your affection. At the same time you shall not think I don't value whatever you persist in giving me.

With regard to a picture of Lord Royston[1], you will excuse me from troubling myself about it. I have no connection with that family.

The bills of lading came safe, and I have given them to your brother, and thank you for the prints. Adieu! my dear child; this is an unpleasant letter, and I don't care how soon I finish it. Squabbles of ministers are entertaining in time of peace; they are a little too serious now. Adieu!

780. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Oct. 8, 1761.

I cannot swear I wrote to you again to offer your brother the place for the Coronation; but I was confident I did, nay, I think so still—my proofs are, the place remained empty, and I sent to old Richard to inquire if Mr. John was not arrived. He had no great loss, as the procession returned in the dark.

Your King will have heard that Mr. Pitt resigned last Monday. Greater pains have been taken to recover him than were used to drive him out. He is inflexible, but mighty peaceable. Lord Egremont is to have the Seals to-morrow. It is a most unhappy event – France and Spain will soon let us know we ought to think so. For your part, you will be invaded; a blacker Rod than you will be sent to Ireland. Would you believe that the town is a desert? The wedding filled it, the Coronation crammed it; Mr. Pitt's resignation has not brought six people to London. As they could not hire a window and crowd one another to death to see him give up the Seals, it seems a matter of perfect indifference. If he will accuse a single man of checking our career of glory, all the world will come to see him

Letter 779.—[1] Eldest son of the Earl of Hardwicke.

hanged—but what signifies the ruin of a nation, if no particular man ruins it?

The Duchess of Marlborough[1] died the night before last.

Thank you for your descriptions; pray continue them. Mrs. Delany[2] I know a little. Lord Charlemont's[3] villa is in Chambers's book.

I have nothing new to tell you; but the grain of mustard-seed sown on Monday will soon produce as large a tree as you can find in any prophecy. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. Lady Mary Wortley is arrived. If you could meet with ever a large print[4] very cheap, you would make your court to her by it.

781. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 8, 1761.

I WRITE to you so often, you will think I have succeeded Mr. Pitt as Secretary of State. The truth is, I want to overtake my last letter. I fear I was peevish in it—my answer about the picture for which you have a commission was too squab.—I own I was out of humour, I was

So odd, my country's ruin made me grave.

And imagining the people[1] you wot of might have contributed a little to throw us into confusion, it made me

LETTER 780.—[1] The widow of the third Duke.

[2] Mary (1700–1788), daughter of Bernard Granville; m. 1. (1718) Alexander Pendarves; 2. (1743) Patrick Delany, Dean of Down. She was at this time living near Dublin.

[3] James Caulfield (1728–1799), fourth Viscount (afterwards first Earl of) Charlemont. His villa, 'Marino,' near Dublin, was designed by Chambers. The latter's book was presumably his *Treatise on Civil Architecture.*

[4] So apparently in MS.; the word is almost obliterated.

LETTER 781.—[1] The Earl of Hardwicke and the Duke of Newcastle had united with Lord Bute against Mr. Pitt. *Walpole.*

eager even to you, with whom I certainly had no cause of displeasure. Forgive me; it was an air of departing haughtiness. We have been used of late to triumph; it felt unpleasant to relinquish glory; and I am exactly that sort of philosopher to be angry if I am not prepared to keep my temper.

Spain tells us to-day that she means us no harm. She has only made a defensive and *offensive* league [2] with France to keep the *peace*. When she hears Mr. Pitt is out, I suppose she will make a neutrality, that she may invade Ireland. If she does, pray hold your militia ready to attack Naples.

Great attempts, great offers have been made to recover Mr. Pitt. He waives them, goes to court, bows, and goes to Bath. In the City it was proposed at first to go into mourning on his resignation; as yet they have come to no resolution. It will perhaps depend on some trifle to set fire to the train—should it not be lighted up now, that will insure nothing. It cannot be indifferent whether he is in place or out. Your new master is to be Lord Egremont [3], who was to have gone to Augsburgh [4]: he is to have the Seals to-morrow. As Mr. Pitt declares against being hostile, I conclude nobody will resign with him.

I began, intending to tell you about the commission for the picture, and forgot it—not that I have anything to tell you. I went this morning to your brother, and he knows not a syllable more than the orders he delivered to you from your brother Ned. I only mention this, to prove to you that when my patriotism subsides, my friendship revives as strong as ever.

Lady Mary Wortley is arrived. I have not seen her yet,

[2] The Family Compact.

[3] Sir Charles Windham, first Earl of Egremont. *Walpole.*

[4] The negotiations for peace were to have been carried on there.

though they have not made her perform quarantine for her own dirt.

This short letter, and t'other short letter, make a long one. Adieu!

Stop, I have told you a monstrous lie; Lady Mary is not arrived; it was a Dutch blunder of Lady Denbigh[5], who confounded Lady Mary Wrottesley[6] and Lady Mary Wortley.

Lord Talbot, on Mr. Pitt's resignation, advised the Duke of Newcastle not to die for joy on the Monday, nor for fear on Tuesday.

782. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 10, 1761.

Am not I an old fool? at my years to be a dupe to virtue and patriotism; I, who have seen all the virtue of England sold six times over! . . . Here have I fallen in love with my father's enemies, and because they served my country, believed they were the most virtuous men upon earth. I adored Mr. Pitt, as if I was just come from school and reading Livy's lies of Brutus and Camillus, and Fabius; and romance knows whom. Alack! alack! Mr. Pitt loves an estate as well as my Lord Bath! The Conqueror of Canada, of Afric, of India, would, if he had been in the latter, have brought my Lady Esther as many diamonds as General Clive took. Spain assures us she is still very pacific, and what if France would have been so too, if Mr. Pitt would have suffered her! one day or other we shall know. In the meantime, as the mob have not pulled the King out of St. James's, nor Mr. Pitt into it again, the latter has contented himself with a barony for Lady Esther[1],

[5] Isabella de Jonghe, of Utrecht, wife of William Fielding, Earl of Denbigh. *Walpole.*

[6] Lady Mary Leveson-Gower (d. 1771), second daughter of first Earl Gower; m. Rev. Sir Richard Wrottesley, seventh Baronet, afterwards (1765) Dean of Worcester.

Letter 782.—[1] Lady Esther, wife of Mr. Pitt, and sister of Lord Temple. *Walpole.*

and three thousand pounds a year for three lives. Lord Temple has resigned; I don't understand that. Mr. George Grenville is to be representing minister in the House of Commons, and not Speaker; Lord Egremont is Secretary of State; and Lord Hardwicke, I suppose, Privy Seal[2]. You will like your new master the Secretary, who is extremely well bred.

Don't be frightened at this torrent of letters; I will send you no more this age; and when I do, I shall only talk to you of assemblies, plays, operas, balls, &c., which are subjects of dignity compared to politics.

Is Sir Richard Lyttelton[3] with you still, or in your neighbourhood? You need not read my opinion to him of this transaction. Confess, however, that I send you quick intelligence,—three letters in a week.

783. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 10, 1761.

Pray, Sir, how does virtue sell in Ireland now? I think for a province they have now and then given large prices. Have you a mind to know what the biggest virtue in the world is worth? If Cicero had been a Drawcansir instead of a coward, and had carried the glory of Rome to as lofty a height as he did their eloquence, for how much do you think he would have sold all that reputation?—Oh! sold it! you will cry, vanity was his predominant passion; he would have trampled on sesterces like dirt, and provided the tribes did but erect statues enough for him, he was content with a bit of Sabine mutton, and would have preferred his little Tusculan villa, or the flattery of Caius and Allenius Atticus at Baiæ, to the wealth of Crassus, or to

[2] The Duke of Bedford succeeded Lord Temple as Privy Seal.

[3] Cousin of Lady Esther, and attached to Mr. Pitt. *Walpole.*

the luxurious banquets of Lucullus—Take care, there is not a Tory gentleman, if there is one left, who would not have laid the same wager twenty years ago on the disinterestedness of my Lord Bath—Come, you tremble; you are so incorrupt yourself, you would give the world Mr. Pitt was so too—You adore him for what he has done for us; you bless him for placing England at the head of Europe, and you don't hate him for infusing as much spirit into us, as if a Montagu, Earl of Salisbury[1], was still at the head of our armies—nothing could be more just. We owe the recovery of our affairs to him, the splendour of our country, the conquest of Canada, Louisbourg, Guardaloupe, Africa, and the East—nothing is too much for such services—accordingly, I hope you will not think the barony of Chatham and three thousand pounds a year for three lives too much for my Lady Esther. She has this pittance. Good night!

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

P.S. I told you falsely in my last that Lady Mary Wortley was arrived—I cannot help it if my Lady Denbigh cannot read English in all these years, but mistakes Wrottesley for Wortley.

784. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 10, 1761.

I don't know what business I had, Madam, to be an economist: it was out of character. I wished for a thousand more drawings in that sale at Amsterdam, but concluded they would be very dear; and not having seen

Letter 783.—[1] John Montacute (*circ.* 1350–1400), third Earl of Salisbury, beheaded by the mob for conspiring against Henry IV.

them, I thought it too rash to trouble your Ladyship with a large commission.

I wish I could give you as good an account of your commission; but it is absolutely impracticable. I employed one of the most sensible and experienced men in the Custom House; and all the result was, he could only recommend me to Mr. Amyand as the newest, and consequently the most polite of the commissioners—but the Duchess of Richmond had tried him before—to no purpose. There is no way of recovering any of your goods, but purchasing them again at the sale.

What am I doing, to be talking to you of drawings and chintzes, when the world is all turned topsy-turvy? Peace, as the poets would say, is not only returned to heaven, but has carried her sister Virtue along with her!—Oh no! Peace will keep no such company—Virtue is an errant strumpet, and loves diamonds as well as my Lady Harrington, and is as fond of a coronet as my Lord Melcombe. Worse! worse! She will set men to cutting throats, and pick their pockets at the same time. I am in such a passion, I cannot tell you what I am angry about—why, about Virtue and Mr. Pitt; two errant cheats, gipsies! I believe he was a comrade of Elizabeth Canning[1], when he lived at Enfield Wash. In short, the council were for making peace;

> But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
> Evades them with a bombast circumstance,
> Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war,
> And in conclusion—nonsuits my mediators[2].

He insisted on a war with Spain, was resisted, and last Monday resigned. The City breathed vengeance on his

LETTER 784.—[1] See note on letter to Bentley of May 18, 1754. Elizabeth Canning asserted that she had been detained at Enfield Wash; Pitt lived for some years at the Southbailey lodge in Enfield Chase.

[2] *Othello*, i. 1.

opposers, the Council quaked, and the Lord knows what would have happened; but yesterday, which was only Friday, as this giant was stalking to seize the Tower of London, he stumbled over a silver penny, picked it up, carried it home to Lady Hester, and they are now as quiet, good sort of people, as my Lord and Lady Bath who lived in the vinegar-bottle[3]. In fact, Madam, this immaculate man has accepted the barony of Chatham for his wife, with a pension of three thousand pounds a year for three lives; and though he has not quitted the House of Commons, I think my Lord Anson would now be as formidable there. The pension he has left *us*, is a war for three thousand lives! perhaps, for twenty times three thousand lives!—But—

> Does this become a soldier? *this* become
> Whom armies follow'd, and a people loved?

What! to sneak out of the scrape, prevent peace, and avoid the war! blast one's character, and all for the comfort of a paltry annuity, a long-necked peeress, and a couple of Grenvilles! The City looks mighty foolish, I believe, and possibly even Beckford may blush. Lord Temple resigned yesterday: I suppose his virtue pants for a dukedom. Lord Egremont has the Seals; Lord Hardwicke, I fancy, the Privy Seal; and George Grenville, no longer Speaker, is to be the cabinet minister in the House of Commons. Oh! Madam, I am glad you are inconstant to Mr. Conway, though it is only with a barbette[4]! If you piqued yourself on your virtue, I should expect you would sell it to the master of a trechscoot.

I told you a lie about the King's going to Ranelagh—no matter; there is no such thing as truth. Garrick exhibits the Coronation, and, opening the end of the stage, discovers

[3] An allusion to the west-country tale of Mr. and Mrs. Vinegar 'who lived in a vinegar-bottle.'

[4] A barbet, a little dog with long curly hair.

a real bonfire and real mob: the houses in Drury Lane let their windows at threepence a head. Rich is going to produce a finer Coronation, nay, than the real one; for there is to be a dinner for the Knights of the Bath and the Barons of the Cinque Ports, which Lord Talbot refused them.

I put your Caufields and Stauntons into the hands of one of the first heralds upon earth, and who has the entire pedigree of the Careys; but he cannot find a drop of Howard or Seymour blood in the least artery about them. Good night, Madam!

Yours most faithfully,
HOR. WALPOLE.

785. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Oct. 12, 1761.

It is very lucky that you did not succeed in the expedition to Rochfort. Perhaps you might have been made a peer; and as *Chatham* is a naval title, it might have fallen to your share. But it was reserved to crown greater glory: and lest it should not be substantial pay enough, three thousand pounds a year for three lives go along with it. Not to Mr. Pitt—you can't suppose it. Why truly, not the title, but the annuity does, and Lady Hester is the baroness; that, if he should please, he may earn an earldom himself. Don't believe me, if you have not a mind. I know I did not believe those who told me. But ask the *Gazette* that swears it—ask the King, who has kissed Lady Hester —ask the City of London, who are ready to tear Mr. Pitt to pieces—ask forty people I can name, who are overjoyed at it—and then ask me again, who am mortified, and who have been the dupe of his disinterestedness. Oh, my dear Harry! I beg you on my knees, keep your virtue: do let me think there is still one man upon earth who despises

money. I wrote you an account last week of his resignation. Could you have believed that in four days he would have tumbled from the conquest of Spain to receiving a quarter's pension from Mr. West[1]? To-day he has advertised his seven coach-horses to be sold—three thousand a year for three lives, and fifty thousand pounds of his own, will not keep a coach and six. I protest I believe he is mad, and Lord Temple thinks so too; for he resigned the same morning that Pitt accepted the pension. George Grenville is minister in the House of Commons. I don't know who will be Speaker. They talk of Prowse, Hussey[2], Bacon[3], and even of old Sir John Rushout. Delaval has said an admirable thing: he blames Pitt—not as you and I do; but calls him fool; and says, if he had gone into the City, told them he had a poor wife and children unprovided for, and had opened a subscription, he would have got five hundred thousand pounds, instead of three thousand pounds a year. In the meantime the good man has saddled us with a war which we can neither carry on nor carry off. 'Tis pitiful! 'tis wondrous pitiful! Is the communication stopped, that we never hear from you? I own 'tis an Irish question. I am out of humour: my visions are dispelled, and you are still abroad. As I cannot put Mr. Pitt to death, at least I have buried him: here is his epitaph:

> Admire his eloquence—it mounted higher
> Than Attic purity or Roman fire:
> Adore his services—our lions view
> Ranging, where Roman eagles never flew:
> Copy his soul supreme o'er Lucre's sphere;
> —But oh! beware three thousand pounds a year!

LETTER 785.—[1] Secretary to the Treasury. *Walpole.*

[2] Richard Hussey, M.P. for St. Mawes; d. 1770.

[3] Edward Bacon (d. 1786), of Earlham Hall, Norfolk; M.P. for Norwich; Lord of Trade, 1759–65.

Oct. 13.

Jemmy Grenville resigned[4] yesterday. Lord Temple is all hostility; and goes to the Drawing-room to tell everybody how angry he is with the court—but what is Sir Joseph Wittol, when Nol Bluff[5] is pacific? They talk of erecting a tavern in the City, called The Salutation: the sign to represent Lord Bath and Mr. Pitt embracing. These are shameful times. Adieu!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

786. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 24, 1761.

I have got two letters from you, and am sensibly pleased with your satisfaction. I love your cousin for his behaviour to you; he will never place his friendship better. His parts and dignity, I did not doubt, would bear him out. I fear nothing but your spirits, and the frank openness of your heart; keep them within bounds, and you will return in health, and with the serenity I wish you long to enjoy.

You have heard our politics—they do not mend. Sick of glory, without being tired of war, and surfeited with unanimity before it had finished its work, we are running into all kind of confusion. The City have bethought themselves, and have voted that they will still admire Mr. Pitt—consequently, he, without the check of seeming virtue, may do what he pleases. An address of thanks to him has been carried by 109 against 15, and the City are to instruct their members—that is, because we are disappointed of a Spanish war, we must have one at home—Merciful! how old I am grown! Here am I, not liking

[4] He was Cofferer of the Household.

[5] Characters in Congreve's *Old Bachelor*.

a civil war! Do you know me? I am no longer that Gracchus, who, when Mr. Bentley told him something or other, I don't know what, would make a sect, answered quick, 'Will it make a party?' in short, I think I am always to be in contradiction; now I am loving my country!

Worksop is burnt down—I don't know the circumstances; the Duke and Duchess[1] are at Bath: it has not been finished a month; the last furniture was brought in for the Duke of York. I have some comfort that I had seen it, and except the bare chambers, in which the Queen of Scots was lodged, nothing remained of ancient time.

I am much obliged to Mr. Hamilton's civilities; but I don't take too much to myself; yet it is no drawback to think that he sees and compliments your friendship for me. I shall use his permission of sending you anything that I think will bear the sea; but how must I send it? by what conveyance to the sea, and where deliver it? Pamphlets swarm already; none very good, and chiefly grave; you would not have them. Mr. Glover has published his long-hoarded *Medea*, as an introduction to the House of Commons[2]—it had been more proper to usher him from school to the university. There are a few good lines, not much conduct, and a quantity of English iambics, and trochaics, that scarce speak English, and yet have no rhyme to keep one another in countenance. If his chariot is stopped at Temple Bar, I suppose he will take it for the Straits of Thermopylæ, and be delivered of his first speech before its time.

The catalogue of the Duke of Devonshire's collection is only in the six volumes of the Description of London. I did print about a dozen, and gave them all away so

LETTER 786.—[1] Of Norfolk.
[2] He had been elected for Weymouth at the recent general election.

totally, that on searching, I find I had not reserved one for myself. When we are at leisure, I will reprint a few more, and you shall have one for your Speaker. I don't know who is to be ours: Prowse, they say, has refused; Sir J. Cust[3] was the last I heard named—but I am here and know nothing; sorry that I shall hear anything on Tuesday se'nnight.

Pray pick me up any prints of lord-lieutenants, Irish bishops, ladies—nay, or Patriots: but I will not trouble you for a snuff-box or toothpick-case, made of a bit of the Giant's Causey.

My *Anecdotes of Painting* will scarcely appear before Christmas. My gallery and cabinet are at a full stop till spring—but I shall be sorry to leave it all in ten days; October, that scarce ever deceived one before, has exhibited a deluge; but it has recovered, and promised to behave well as long as it lives, like a dying sinner. Good night! Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. My niece lost the Coronation for only a daughter[4]. It makes me smile, when I reflect that you are come into the world again, and that I have above half left it.

787. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 26, 1761.

How strange it seems! You are talking to me of the King's wedding, while we are thinking of a civil war. Why, the King's wedding was a century ago, almost two months; even the Coronation that happened half an age ago, is quite forgot. The post to Germany cannot keep

[3] Sir John Cust (1718–1770), third Baronet, of Belton, Lincolnshire; M.P. for Grantham; Speaker of the House of Commons, 1761–70.

[4] Lady Charlotte Maria Waldegrave, afterwards Countess of Euston.

pace with our revolutions. Who knows but you may still be thinking that Mr. Pitt is the most disinterested man in the world? Truly, as far as the votes of a Common Council can make him so, he is. Like Cromwell, he has always promoted the Self-Denying Ordinance, and has contrived to be excused from it himself. The City could no longer choose who should be their man of virtue; there was not one left: by all rules they ought next to have pitched upon one who was the oldest offender: instead of that, they have re-elected the most recent; and, as if virtue was a borough, Mr. Pitt is re-chosen for it, on vacating his seat. Well, but all this is very serious: I shall offer you a prophetic picture, and shall be very glad if I am not a true soothsayer. The City have voted an address of thanks to Mr. Pitt, and given instructions to their members; the chief articles of which are, to promote an inquiry into the disposal of the money that has been granted, and to consent to no peace, unless we are to retain all, or very near all, our conquests. Thus the City of London usurp the right of making peace and war. But is the government to be dictated to by one town? By no means. But suppose they are not—what is the consequence? How will the money be raised? If it cannot be raised without them, Mr. Pitt must again be minister: that you think would easily be accommodated. Stay, stay; he and Lord Temple have declared against the whole Cabinet Council. Why, that they have done before now, and yet have acted with them again. It is very true; but a little word has escaped Mr. Pitt, which never entered into his former declarations; nay, nor into Cromwell's, nor Hugh Capet's, nor Julius Cæsar's, nor any reformer's of ancient time. He has happened to say, he will *guide*[1].

LETTER 787.—[1] Horace Walpole here misrepresented Pitt, who in his letter to Beckford of Oct. 15, 1761, wrote:—'I resigned the Seals on

Now, though the Cabinet Council are mighty willing to be guided, when they cannot help it, yet they wish to have appearances saved: they cannot be fond of being told they are to be guided; still less, that other people should be told so. Here, then, is Mr. Pitt and the Common Council on one hand, the great lords on the other. I protest, I do not see but it will come to this. Will it allay the confusion, if Mr. Fox is retained on the side of the court? Here are no Whigs and Tories, harmless people, that are content with worrying one another for a hundred and fifty years together. The new parties are, *I will*, and *You shall not*; and their principles do not admit delay. However, this age is of suppler mould than some of its predecessors; and this may come round again, by a *coup de baguette*, when one least expects it. If it should not, the honestest part one can take is to look on, and try if one can do any good if matters go too far.

I am charmed with the Castle of Hercules[2]; it is the boldest pile I have seen since I travelled in fairyland. You ought to have delivered a princess imprisoned by enchanters in his club: she, in gratitude, should have fallen in love with you: your constancy should have been immaculate. The devil knows how it would have ended—I don't—and so I break off my romance.

You need not beat the French any more this year: it cannot be ascribed to Mr. Pitt; and the mob won't thank you. If we are to have a warm campaign in Parliament, I hope you will be sent for. Adieu! We take the field to-morrow se'nnight.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Monday, the 5th of this month, in order not to remain responsible for measures which I was no longer allowed to guide.'

[2] Alluding to a description of a building in Hesse-Cassel, given by Mr. Conway in one of his letters. *Walpole.*

P.S. You will be sorry to hear that Worksop is burned. My Lady Waldegrave has got a daughter, and your brother an ague.

788. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 7, 1761.

You will rejoice to hear that your friend Mr. Amyand is going to marry the dowager Lady Northampton[1]; she has two thousand pounds a year, and twenty thousand in money. Old Dunch[2] is dead, and Mrs. Felton Hervey[3] was given over last night, but is still alive.

Sir John Cust is Speaker, and bating his nose, the chair seems well filled. There are so many new faces in this Parliament, that I am not at all acquainted with it.

The enclosed print[4] will divert you, especially the baroness in the right-hand corner—so ugly, and so satisfied! The Athenian head was intended for Stewart[5], but was so like, that Hogarth was forced to cut off the nose. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

789. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 14, 1761.

If my share in our correspondence was all considered, I could willingly break it off; it is wearisome to pursue the thread of folly for so many years, and with the same personages on the scene. Patriotism, prostitution, power,

Letter 788.—[1] Frances (d. 1801), daughter of Rev. Thomas Payne; m. 1. (1748) Hon. George Compton, afterwards sixth Earl of Northampton.

[2] Elizabeth, widow of Edmund Dunch; d. Nov. 4, 1761.

[3] Dorothy, daughter of Solomon Ashley; m. 1. Charles Pitfield; 2. Hon. Felton Hervey, ninth son of first Earl of Bristol; d. Nov. 8, 1761.

[4] *The Five Orders of Periwigs*, by Hogarth, published on Oct. 15, 1761.

[5] James Stuart (1713–1788), painter and architect, known as 'Athenian Stuart.'

patriotism again—one ought to be new to it all, to see it in an amusing light—but I recollect that you wish to hear it, and I submit to run through a recapitulation of what moves little more than my contempt!

The Common Council (calling themselves the City of London) have given Mr. Pitt a dispensation for taking a pension, on his writing them a letter, in which he acquainted them, that as he could not be monarch for their sakes, he would content himself, like them, with a private station, and with giving all the disturbance he could. You have seen his letters in the papers—my paraphrase is not stronger than his own commentary on his behaviour. They thanked him, and instructed their members to tread in his steps. Hitherto this flame has had much ado to spread. Exeter, and Stirling, and at last York, are the only towns that have copied the example.

In the midst of this came over the negotiation for peace published in France—a melancholy volume to any feeling heart! You may see what a beneficial, what a splendid peace we might have had; you will not so easily find the reason why we rejected it. You will see nothing but facility on their side, nothing but haughtiness on ours; yet the eyes that the pension and peerage could not open are not purged by this memorial. There are men who wish for more than the world we have conquered!

Well! the Parliament opened; and the first production of the rebaptized Patriots, was a *constitutional* proposal from Lord Temple for a *First Minister*. Patriots used to attack such officers, though they intended to be in their place; this is the first time they ever demanded such a post for the good of their country. This was on the Address, and was answered by the Duke of Bedford.

A week afterwards the King, Queen, and royal family dined with the Lord Mayor; but a young King, and a new

Queen, were by no means the principal objects of attention. A chariot and pair, containing Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple, formed the chief part of the triumph. The reception, acclamation, and distinction paid to Mr. Pitt through the streets, and the observance of him in Guildhall, were equal to anything you can imagine. You will call his appearance there arrogant,—I do not think it was very well bred. Since that—for pensions stop the mouths only of courtiers, not of the virtuous—he has harangued in the House with exceeding applause; it was fine, guarded, artful—very inflammatory. Don't think I am paying court by censuring a *late* minister. He is too near being minister again for mine to be interested conduct. It never was my turn, nor do the examples I see make me more in love with the practice. Nor think me changed lightly about Mr. Pitt —nobody admired him more—you saw it. When he preferred haughtiness to humanity, glory to peaceful glory,—when his disinterestedness could not resist a pension, nor a pension make him grateful—he changed, not I. When he courts a mob, I certainly change; and whoever does court the mob, whether an orator or a mountebank, whether Mr. Pitt or Dr. Rock, are equally contemptible in my eyes. Could I now decide by a wish, he should have remained in place, or have been ruined by his pension. When he would not do all the good in his power, I would leave him no power to do harm,—would that were always the case! Alas! I am a speculatist and he is a statesman; but I have that advantage, or disadvantage, over others of my profession, I have seen too much to flatter myself with visions!

George Pitt, whom you must well remember, is coming to you to Turin[1], with his lovely wife[2], all loveliness

LETTER 789.—[1] As English Envoy. [2] Penelope, sister of Sir Richard Atkins, wife of George Pitt, afterwards Lord Rivers. She is cele-

within and without. If you see my Duchess[3] soon, tell her I trust my letter of thanks for the *découpure*[4] she sent me of herself did not miscarry. We hear your neighbour Sir Richard[5] thinks of resigning the Jewel Office. Adieu!

Nov. 16th.

I have just received yours of the 31st of last month, but can tell you no more than I have already said. We don't know the particulars of the treaty between Spain and France: Lord Bristol[6] is certainly coming home; Lord Temple says, has *demanded* to come, and insinuates, from political reasons; the court calls it asking to come for his health; he certainly has wished to come before these broils. You may expect new events every day in politics. I don't see how we can make peace, or another war; even in Germany it is not over for this campaign. Lord Granby and Mr. Conway have been successful in some fresh skirmishes, when I thought the latter gone to Pyrmont for his amusement, and the rest of our generals coming home. As he went abroad last, he does not return this winter. When the officers do come I expect a new scene; we hear of nothing but hardships and abuses; the German war was already become unpopular, and had Mr. Pitt sunk entirely, would not have supported itself. It will require all the compromising spirit of the age to bring things back into a settled channel. I am not shining in prophecy, so I shall foretell nothing; while we have a shilling left, it will quiet somebody or other. Good night.

P.S. I have forgot to answer one of your questions, that

brated in Mr. Walpole's poem on *The Beauties*. *Walpole.*

[3] The Duchess of Grafton. *Walpole.*

[4] Her figure cut out in card by Monsieur Hubert, of Geneva, who was famous in that art. *Walpole.*

[5] Sir R. Lyttelton. *Walpole.*

[6] George William Hervey, Earl of Bristol, Ambassador at Madrid. *Walpole.*

I can answer: you ask if the City had not rather part with Mr. Pitt than have a Spanish war? How *tramontane* you are! I believe the chief reason of their forgiving his pension, was his holding out Spanish plunder to them. Though they say they have ceased to be Jacobites, they have not relinquished the principles of privateering, brokerage, insurance, contracts, and twenty other tenets, not to be found in the *Crusca*[7]. Perhaps, you do not know that merchants thrive by taxes, which ruin everybody else. Your own country is delightful, but you are not acquainted with half its virtues.

790. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 28, 1761.

I am much obliged for the notice of Sir Compton's[1] illness; if you could send me word of peace too, I should be completely satisfied on Mr. Conway's account. He has been in the late action, and escaped, at a time that I flattered myself the campaign was at an end. However, I trust it is now. You will have been concerned for young Courtney. The war, we hear, is to be transferred to these islands; most probably to yours—the Black Rod I hope, like a herald, is a sacred personage.

There has been no authentic account of the Coronation published; if there should be, I will send it. When I am at Strawberry, I believe I can make you out a list of those that walked; but I have no memorandums in town. If Mr. Bentley's play is printed in Ireland, I depend on your sending me two copies.

There has been a very private ball at court, consisting

[7] Alluding to the celebrated Dictionary of the *Academici della Crusca*. *Walpole.*

Letter 790.—[1] Sir Compton Domville, Baronet (d. 1768). He was Clerk of the Hanaper in Ireland, of which place General Conway had the reversion.

of not above twelve or thirteen couple; some of the Lords of the Bedchamber, most of the Ladies, the Maids of Honour, and six strangers, Lady Caroline Russel, Lady Jane Stewart[2], Lord Suffolk[3], Lord Northampton, Lord Mandeville, and Lord Grey[4]. Nobody sat by, but the Princess, the Duchess of Bedford, and Lady Bute. They began before seven, danced till one, and parted without a supper.

Lady Sarah Lenox has refused Lord Errol. The Duke of Bedford is Privy Seal; Lord Thomond Cofferer; Lord George Cavendish Comptroller; George Pitt goes minister to Turin; and Mrs. Speed must go thither[5], as she is marrying the Baron de Perrier, Count Virry's son. Adieu! Commend me to your brother.

Yours ever,
H. W.

791. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Dear Madam, Arlington Street, Nov. 28, 1761.

You are so bad and so good, that I don't know how to treat you. You give me every mark of kindness but letting me hear from you. You send me charming drawings the moment I trouble you with a commission, and you give Lady Cecilia[1] commissions for trifles of my writing, in the most obliging manner. I have taken the latter off her hands. The *Fugitive Pieces* and the *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors* shall be conveyed to you directly. Lady Cecilia and I agree how we lament the charming suppers

[2] Lady Jane Stuart, second daughter of third Earl of Bute; m. (1768) George Macartney, of Lissanoure, Antrim, afterwards K.B. and Earl Macartney; d. 1828.

[3] Henry Howard (1739–1779), twelfth Earl of Suffolk; Lord Privy Seal, Jan.–June, 1771; Secretary of State for the Northern Province, 1771; K.G., 1778.

[4] George Harry Grey (1737–1819), Lord Grey; eldest son of fourth Earl of Stamford, whom he succeeded in 1768.

[5] Count Viry was Minister to the King of Sardinia.

Letter 791.—[1] Lady Cecilia Johnston. *Walpole.*

there, every time we pass the corner of Warwick Street[2]! We have a little comfort for your sake and our own, in believing that the campaign is at an end, at least for this year—but they tell us, it is to recommence here or in Ireland. You have nothing to do with that. Our politics, I think, will soon be as warm as our war. Charles Townshend is to be lieutenant-general to Mr. Pitt. The Duke of Bedford is Privy Seal; Lord Thomond Cofferer; Lord George Cavendish Comptroller.

Diversions, you know, Madam, are never at high-water mark before Christmas: yet operas flourish pretty well: those on Tuesdays are removed to Mondays, because the Queen likes the burlettas, and the King cannot go on Tuesdays, his post-days. On those nights we have the middle front box, railed in, where Lady Mary[3] and I sit in triste state like a Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. The night before last there was a private ball at court, which began at half an hour after six, lasted till one, and finished without a supper. The King danced the whole time with the Queen,—Lady Augusta with her four younger brothers. The other performers were: the two Duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton, who danced little; Lady Effingham and Lady Egremont, who danced much; the six Maids of Honour; Lady Susan Stewart, as attending Lady Augusta; and Lady Caroline Russel, and Lady Jane Stuart, the only women not of the family. Lady Northumberland is at Bath; Lady Weymouth lies in; Lady Bolingbroke was there in waiting, but in black gloves, so did not dance. The men, besides the royals, were Lords March and Eglintoun, of the Bedchamber; Lord Cantelupe, Vice-Chamberlain; Lord Huntingdon; and four strangers, Lord Mandeville, Lord Northampton, Lord Suffolk, and Lord Grey. No

[2] General Conway's London house was 4 Little Warwick Street.
[3] Lady Mary Coke. *Walpole.*

sitters-by, but the Princess, the Duchess of Bedford, and Lady Bute.

If it had not been for this ball, I don't know how I should have furnished a decent letter. Pamphlets on Mr. Pitt are the whole conversation, and none of them worth sending 'cross the water: at least I, who am said to write some of them, think so; by which you may perceive I am not much flattered with the imputation. There must be new personages, at least, before I write on any side.—Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle! I should as soon think of informing the world that Miss Chudleigh is no vestal. You will like better to see some words which Mr. Gray has writ, at Miss Speed's request, to an old air of Geminiani: the thought is from the French.

I.

Thyrsis, when we parted, swore
  Ere the spring he would return.
Ah! what means yon violet flow'r,
  And the bud that decks the thorn!
'Twas the lark that upward sprung,
'Twas the nightingale that sung.

II.

Idle notes! untimely green!
  Why this unavailing haste!
Western gales and skies serene
  Speak not always winter past.
Cease my doubts, my fears to move;
Spare the honour of my love.

Adieu, Madam!

Your most faithful servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

792. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Nov. 30, 1761.

I am much obliged to you, Sir, for the specimen of letters[1] you have been so good as to send me. The composition is touching, and the printing very beautiful. I am still more pleased with the design of the work; nothing gives so just an idea of an age as genuine letters; nay, history waits for its last seal from them. I have an immense collection[2] in my hands, chiefly of the very time on which you are engaged; but they are not my own.

If I had received your commands in summer when I was at Strawberry Hill, and at leisure, I might have picked you out something to your purpose; at present I have not time, from Parliament and business, to examine them: yet to show you, Sir, that I have great desire to oblige you and contribute to your work, I send you the following singular paper, which I have obtained from Dr. Charles Lyttelton, Dean of Exeter, whose name I will beg you to mention in testimony of his kindness, and as evidence for the authenticity of the letter, which he copied from the original in the hands of Bishop Tanner[3], in the year 1733. It is from Anne of Denmark, to the Marquis of Buckingham.

ANNA R.

My kind dogge, if I have any power or credit with you, let me have a trial of it at this time, in dealing sincerely and earnestly with the King, that Sir Walter Raleigh's life may not be called in question. If you do it, so that the success answer my expectation, assure yourself that I will take it extraordinarily kindly at your hands, and rest one

Letter 792.—[1] *Memorials and Letters relating to the History of Britain in the reign of James I, published from the originals* (in 1762).

[2] The Conway Papers.

[3] Thomas Tanner, Bishop of St. Asaph, 1731-1736.

that wisheth you well, and desires you to continue still as you have been, a true servant to your master.

I have begun Mr. Hume's *History*[4], and got almost through the first volume. It is amusing to one who knows a little of his own country, but I fear would not teach much to a beginner; details are so much avoided by him, and the whole rather skimmed than elucidated. I cannot say I think it very carefully performed. Dr. Robertson's work I should expect would be more accurate.

P.S. There has lately appeared, in four little volumes, a Chinese tale, called *Hau Kiou Choaun*[5], not very entertaining from the incidents, but I think extremely so from the novelty of the manner and the genuine representation of their customs.

793. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Dec. 8, 1761.

I return you the list of prints, and shall be glad you will bring me all to which I have affixed this mark ×. The rest I have; yet the expense of the whole list would not ruin me. Lord Farnham, who, I believe, departed this morning, brings you the list of the Duke of Devonshire's pictures.

I had been told that Mr. Bourk's history was of England, not of Ireland—I am glad it is the latter, for I am now in Mr. Hume's England, and would fain read no more—I not only know what has been written, but what would be written. Our story is so exhausted, that to make it new, they really *make* it *new*. Mr. Hume has exalted Edward the Second, and depressed Edward the Third. The next

[4] Two volumes of his *History of England* 'containing the period from Julius Cæsar to Henry VII' (*D. N. B.*).

[5] Translated from a Portuguese MS. by Thomas Percy (1729-1811), afterwards Bishop of Dromore, and editor of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

historian, I suppose, will make James the First a hero, and geld Charles the Second.

Fingal is come out—I have not yet got through it—not but it is very fine—yet I cannot at once compass an epic poem now. It tires me to death to read how many ways a warrior is like the moon, or the sun, or a rock, or a lion, or the ocean. *Fingal* is a brave collection of similes, and will serve all the boys at Eton and Westminster for these twenty years. I will trust you with a secret, but you must not disclose it, I should be ruined with my Scotch friends—in short, I cannot believe it genuine—I cannot believe a regular poem of six books has been preserved, uncorrupted, by oral tradition, from times before Christianity was introduced into the island. What! preserved unadulterated by savages dispersed among mountains, and so often driven from their dens, so wasted by wars civil and foreign! Has one man ever got all by heart? I doubt it. Were parts preserved by some, other parts by others? Mighty lucky, that the tradition was never interrupted, nor any part lost—not a verse, not a measure, not the sense! luckier and luckier—I have been extremely qualified myself lately for this Scotch memory; we have had nothing but a coagulation of rains, fogs, and frosts, and though they have clouded all understanding, I suppose, if I had tried, I should have found that they thickened, and gave great consistence to my remembrance.

You want news—I must make it, if I send it. To change the dullness of the scene I went to the play, where I had not been this winter. They are so crowded, that though I went before six, I got no better place than a fifth row, where I heard very ill, and was pent for five hours without a soul near me that I knew. It was *Cymbeline*, and appeared to me as long as if everybody in it went really to Italy in every act, and came back again. With a few pretty passages

and a scene or two, it is so absurd and tiresome, that I am persuaded Garrick[1] . . .

794. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 12, 1761.

You may conclude, my dear Sir, that when my letters do not arrive so frequently as you expect, there have been no great events. I never fail you at a new epoch; nay, nor let you lose any considerable links of the political chain. My details, indeed, must be more barren than they were twenty years ago, when I came fresh from talking with you of the *dramatis personae*, and when your own acquaintance with them was recent. When I mention them now, I talk to you of Sevarambians[1], of unknown nations; or must enter into more explanations than could be packed up in a letter. The new opposition have not proceeded very briskly, considering the alertness of their leader: yet they have marked out a camp at the St. Alban's Tavern, and in a council of war determined that the chief effort of the campaign should be exerted in behalf of a *perpetual* militia: a measure most unwelcome to many of the great lords, and not peculiarly agreeable to all concerned in that service; yet difficult to be denied now, lest the officers should disband, in a moment when we have so few regulars at home, and are threatened with an invasion, if such a thing can be put in practice. This plan has waited for the arrival from Germany of General George Townshend[2], the restorer of militia, who is not yet landed; but Lord Strange[3] is to present the bill

Letter 793.—[1] The rest of the letter is missing in the Kimbolton MS.

Letter 794.—[1] There was a political French romance, called *L'Histoire des Sevarambes*. *Walpole.*

[2] Eldest son of Charles, Viscount Townshend, whom he succeeded in the title. *Walpole.*

[3] James Stanley, Lord Strange, only son of the Earl of Derby. *Walpole.*

two days hence. In the meantime, there have passed scenes, which make this attempt more necessary to Mr. Pitt, and which yet may relax the ardour of his half-ally, Charles Townshend[4], the Secretary at War, who is discontented with the precedence given to George Grenville, and has attended the assemblies at the St. Alban's. Last Wednesday the question of the war in Germany was agitated. The court support it, for they don't know how to desert it, nor care to be taxed with abatement of vigour; yet the temper of the House of Commons, and the tone even of the advocates for that war, were evidently repugnant to the measure; yet, as it was accorded unanimously, Mr. Pitt had rather matter of triumph. On Friday, his superiority declined strangely, his friends proposed calling for the memorials that have intervened between us and Spain on their late demands. He supported this proposition with great ability, but even his friends the Tories, who had been falling back to him, abandoned him on this motion, which was rejected with great spirit by the administration; and on putting the question, his numbers were so trifling, that he could not venture a division. If the militia produces no confusion, he must wait for some calamitous moment. The Spanish war is still ambiguous. We do not think they intend it openly; but as any repugnance to it on our side will encourage their flippancies, it is scarce probable but it will arrive, even without the direct intention of either court. This is the situation of the present minute: your own sagacity will tell you how soon it may be altered.

What an assembly of English dames at Naples! The Duchess of Grafton is at Turin; but, I should think, would soon be at Florence, on her way to Rome. Don't forget to ask her if she received my answer and thanks for her present; I should be vexed if they had not reached her.

[4] Brother of the foregoing George Townshend. *Walpole.*

The politics occasioned by Mr. Pitt are our only news. The court, the town, the theatres, produce no novelty. Mr. Conway will get a little into *Gazettes*, though not in a light worthy his name, as it will not be for action: Lord Granby is returning, and leaves the command to him. Lady Ailesbury passes the winter with him in quarters—I believe at Osnaburg.

I have told your brother to let me know when a ship sails. I shall send you the fashionable pamphlets, and prints of the King and Queen. His is like, but not so handsome; the Queen's, rather improved in the features, but with less agreeableness in the countenance than she deserves: yet both are sufficient resemblances. Adieu!

P.S. Pray, in the first person's pocket that is returning, send me a little box of pastils, such as they burn in churches; the very best you can get. I have a few left, black and in a pyramidal form, that are delicious. It is long, too, since you sent home any parcel of my letters.

Tuesday, 15th. I was surprised this morning with an article in the papers containing the death of your eldest brother—I immediately sent to your brother James, but it proves your uncle Edward at Chelsea, whom I believe you knew so little, that I need not even condole with you.

795. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Dec. 21, 1761.

Your specimen pleases me, and I give you many thanks for promising me the continuation. You will, I hope, find less trouble with printers than I have done. Just when my book was, I thought, ready to appear, my printer ran away, and has left it very imperfect. This is the fourth I have tried, and I own it discourages me. Our low people are so

corrupt and such knaves, that being cheated and disappointed are all the fruits of attempting to amuse oneself or others. Literature must struggle with many difficulties. They who print for profit print only for profit; we, who print to entertain or instruct others, are the bubbles of our designs. Defrauded, abused, pirated—don't you think, Sir, one need have resolution? Mine is very nearly exhausted.

796. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, past midnight, Dec. 23, 1761.

I am this minute come home, and find such a delightful letter from you, that I cannot help answering it, and telling you so before I sleep. You need not affirm, that your ancient wit and pleasantry are revived; your letter is but five and twenty, and I will forgive any vanity, that is so honest, and so well founded. Ireland I see produces wonders of more sorts than one—if my Lord Anson was to go lord-lieutenant, I suppose he would return a ravisher. How different am I from this state of revivification! Even such talents as I had are far from blooming again, and while my friends, or cotemporaries, or predecessors, are rising to preside over the fame of this age, I seem a mere antediluvian, must live upon what little stock of reputation I had acquired, and indeed grow so indifferent, that I can only wonder how those, whom I thought as old as myself, can interest themselves so much about a world, whose faces I hardly know. You recover your spirits and wit, Rigby is grown a speaker, Mr. Bentley a poet, while I am nursing one or two gouty friends, and sometimes lamenting that I am likely to survive the few I have left. Nothing tempts me to launch out again; every day teaches me how much I was mistaken in my own parts, and I am in no danger

Letter 796.—Wrongly dated by C. Dec. 3.

now but of thinking I am grown too wise; for every period of life has its mistake.

Mr. Bentley's relation to Lord Rochester by the St. Johns is not new to me, and you had more reason to doubt of their affinity by the former *marrying* his *whore*, than to ascribe their consanguinity to it. I shall be glad to see the epistle: are not *The Wishes* to be acted? remember me, if they are printed; and I shall thank you for this new list of prints.

I have mentioned names enough in this letter to lead me naturally to new ill usage I have received. Just when I thought my book finished, my printer ran away, and had left eighteen sheets in the middle of the book untouched, having amused me with sending proofs. He had got into debt, and two girls with child—being two, he could not marry both Hannahs. You see my luck; I had been kind to this fellow—in short, if the faults of my life had been punished as severely as my merits have been, I should be the most unhappy of beings!—but let us talk of something else.

I have picked up at Mrs. Dunch's auction the sweetest Petitot[1] in the world—the very picture of James the Second, that he gave Mrs. Godfrey—and I paid but six guineas and a half for it—I will not tell you how vast a commission I had given; but I will own, that about the hour of sale, I drove about the door to find what likely bidders there were—the first coach I saw was the Chudleighs'; could I help concluding that a Maid of Honour kept by a Duke would purchase the portrait of a Duke that kept a Maid of Honour?—but I was mistaken. The Oxendens[2] reserved the best pictures; the fine china, and even the diamonds, sold

[1] Jean Petitot (1607–1691), painter in enamel. Horace Walpole acquired a considerable number of his works.

[2] Mrs. Dunch's daughter married Sir George Oxenden.

for nothing—for nobody has a shilling—we shall be beggars if we don't conquer Peru within this half-year.

If you are acquainted with my Lady Barrimore[3], pray tell her that in less than two hours t'other night the Duke of Cumberland lost 450 pounds at loo; Miss Pelham won three hundred, and I the rest. However, in general, loo is extremely gone to decay; I am to play at Princess Emily's to-morrow for the first time this winter, and it is with difficulty she has made a party.

My Lady Pomfret[4] is dead on the road to Bath—and unless the deluge stops, and the fogs disperse, I think we shall all die. A few days ago, on the cannon firing for the King going to the House somebody asked what it was for? Monsieur de Choiseul[5] replied, 'Apparemment, c'est qu'on voit le soleil.'

Shall I fill up the rest of my paper with some extempore lines, that I wrote t'other night on Lady Mary Coke having St. Antony's fire in her cheek? You will find nothing in them to contradict what I have said in the former part of my letter—they rather confirm it.

> No rouge you wear, nor can a dart
> From Love's bright quiver wound your heart.
> And thought you, Cupid and his mother
> Would unrevenged their anger smother?
> No, no—from heaven they sent the fire
> That boasts St. Antony its sire;
> They pour'd it on one peccant part,
> Inflamed your cheek, if not your heart.
> In vain—for see the crimson rise,
> And dart fresh lustre through your eyes;

[3] Hon. Margaret Davys, daughter of first Viscount Mountcashell; m. (1738) James Barry, fifth Earl of Barrymore. She was an inveterate card-player.

[4] Henrietta Louisa, Countess of Pomfret, often mentioned in the former part of these letters. *Walpole.*

[5] Étienne François de Choiseul Stainville (1719–1785), Duc de Choiseul, Minister for War. He became Minister for Foreign Affairs in 1766, but was disgraced and exiled in 1770 in consequence of the intrigues of Madame du Barri.

Lady Mary Coke

From a mezzotint after Allan Ramsay

While ruddier drops and baffled pain
Enhance the white they meant to stain.
Ah! nymph, on that unfading face
With fruitless pencil Time shall trace
His lines malignant, since disease
But gives you mightier power to please.

Willes[6] is dead, and Pratt is to be Chief Justice; Mr. Yorke Attorney-General—Solicitor, I don't know who. Good night! the watchman cries, past one! Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. When you bring over the prints, pray roll them on a round stick, for the least crease is never to be effaced.

797. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 28, 1761.

Our correspondence is a register of events and æras, a chronicle of wars and revolutions in ministries: stay! Mr. Pitt is not restored, but the foundation is laid. The last courier is arrived from Spain; we demanded a sight of their treaty with France, or threatened war. They have refused the one, and defied us to the other. Lord Bristol is on the road home: Fuentes departs immediately. We did not dare to turn out war, as well as Mr. Pitt; and so, I conclude, we shall have both. Three weeks ago he was sunk to nothing; the first calamity will make the nation clamour for him. This will sound very well in his future Plutarch; but, if he had stooped to peace, and had confirmed his conquests, would not his character have been at least as amiable? A single life spared were worth Peru and Mexico, which to be sure he will subdue, the moment we are undone and he becomes necessary.

[6] Sir John Willes, Knight, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

I know nothing more; but a Spanish war[1] will make my letter as heavy as if it contained eight pages. Young Mr. Pitt[2] is arrived; we have exchanged visits, but have not met yet, as I have been the last four days at Strawberry. The Parliament is adjourned to the nineteenth of January. My gallery advances, and I push on the works there, for pictures, and baubles, and buildings look to me as if I realized something. I had rather have a bronze than a thousand pounds in the stocks; for, if Ireland or Jamaica are invaded, I shall still have my bronze: I would not answer so much for the funds, nor will I buy into the new loan of glory. If the Romans or the Greeks were beat, they were beat; they repaired their walls, and did as well as they could; but they did not lose every sesterce, every talent they had, by the defeat affecting their Change Alley. Crassus, the richest man on t'other side Temple Bar, lost his army and his life, and yet East India bonds did not fall an obolus under par. I like that system better than ours. If people would be heroes, they only suffered themselves by a miscarriage; they had a triumph, or a funeral oration, just as it happened; and private folk were entertained with the one or the other, and nobody was a farthing the richer or poorer; but it makes a strange confusion now that brokers are so much concerned in the events of war. How Scipio would have stared if he had been told that he must not demolish Carthage, as it would ruin several aldermen who had money in the Punic *actions*! Apropos, do you know what a *Bull*, and a *Bear*, and a *Lame Duck*, are? Nay, nor I neither; I only am certain that they are neither animals nor fowl, but are extremely interested in the new subscription. I don't believe I apply it right; but I feel as if

LETTER 797.—[1] War with Spain was declared on Jan. 4, 1762.
[2] Mr. Thomas Pitt. *Walpole.*

I should be a *lame duck* if the Spaniards take the vessel that has my altar on board.

Monday, at night.

I have been abroad, and have heard some particulars that are well worth adjoining to my letter. Fuentes last night delivered copies to the foreign ministers of his master's declaration. It is, properly, the declaration of the King of Spain against Mr. Pitt (a circumstance that will not lessen the dignity of the latter). It intimates that, if we had asked to see the treaty in a civil manner, we might have obtained it; and it pretends still to have no hostile intentions. Fuentes comments on this latter passage at large. You may judge of their pacific sentiments, by hearing that they have threatened the court of Portugal to march an army into that kingdom if they do not declare offensively against us. War was the only calamity left for the Portuguese to experience. When they have dethroned the royal family at Lisbon, I suppose, according to the tenderness of royal brotherhood, Don Carlos will afford his sister[3], her husband, and their race, an asylum in his own court. How much better he behaved when he was under your tuition at Naples! The same courier brought Fuentes the Toison d'Or, and carried another to the Duc de Choiseul; in return, the Cordon Bleu was given to Grimaldi[4] at Paris. Well, we *must* make our fortune now we have a monopoly of all the war in Europe!

My Lady Pomfret is dead, of a complication of distempers, on the road to Bath. Lady Mary Wortley is not yet arrived. Good night!

[3] Maria Anne, wife of Joseph, King of Portugal.

[4] The Spanish Ambassador at Paris, with whom Choiseul negotiated the 'Family Compact.'

798. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Dec. 30, 1761.

I have received two more letters from you since I wrote last week, and I like to find by them that you are so well and so happy. As nothing has happened of change in my situation but a few more months passed, I have nothing to tell you new of myself. Time does not sharpen my passions or pursuits, and the experience I have had by no means prompts me to make new connections. 'Tis a busy world, and well adapted to those who love to bustle in it—I loved it once, loved its very tempests—now I barely open my window, to view what course the storm takes. The town, who, like the devil, when one has once sold oneself to him, never permits one to have done playing the fool, believe I have a great hand in their amusements; but to write pamphlets, I mean as a volunteer, one must love or hate, and I have the satisfaction of doing neither. I would not be at the trouble of composing a distich to achieve a revolution. 'Tis equal to me what names are on the scene. In the general view, the prospect is very dark; the Spanish war, added to the load, almost oversets our most sanguine heroism; and now we have an opportunity of conquering all the world, by being at war with all the world, we seem to doubt a little of our abilities. On a survey of our situation, I comfort myself with saying, Well, what is it to me? A selfishness that is far from anxious, when it is the first thought in one's constitution—not so agreeable when it is the last, and adopted by necessity alone.

You drive your expectations much too fast, in thinking my *Anecdotes of Painting* are ready to appear, and in demanding *three* volumes. You will see but *two*, and it will be February first. True, I have written three, but I ques-

tion whether the third will be published at all; certainly not soon; it is not a work of merit enough to cloy the town with a great deal at once. My printer ran away, and left a third part of the two first volumes unfinished—I suppose he is writing a tragedy himself, or an epistle to my Lord Melcomb, or a panegyric on my Lord Bute.

Jemmy Pelham[1] is dead, and has left to his servants what little his servants had left him. Lord Legonier was killed by the newspapers, and wanted to prosecute them: his lawyer told him it was impossible—a tradesman indeed might prosecute, as such a report might affect his credit. 'Well, then,' said the old man, 'I may prosecute too, for I can prove I have been hurt by this report: I was going to marry a great fortune, who thought I was but seventy-four; the newspapers have said I am eighty, and she will not have me.'

Lord Charlemont's Queen Elizabeth I know perfectly; he outbid me for it. Is his villa finished? I am well pleased with the design in Chambers. I have been my *out-of-town* with Lord Waldgrave, Selwyn, and Williams; it was melancholy the missing poor Edgecumbe, who was constantly of the Christmas and Easter parties. Did you see the charming picture Reynolds painted for me of him, Selwyn, and Williams? It is by far one of the best things he has executed. He has just finished a pretty whole-length of Lady Elizabeth Keppel, in the bridemaid's habit, sacrificing to Hymen.

If the Spaniards land in Ireland, shall you make the campaign? No, no, come back to England; you and I will not be Patriots, till the Gauls are in the City, and we must take our great chairs and our fasces, and be knocked

LETTER 798.—[1] James Pelham, of Crowhurst, Sussex, son of Sir Thomas Pelham, second Baronet, of Laughton, Sussex, by his third wife; sometime secretary to the Duke of Grafton as Lord Chamberlain.

on the head with decorum in St. James's Market. Good night! Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. I am told that they bind in vellum better at Dublin than anywhere; pray bring me any one book of their binding as well as it can be done, and I will not mind the price. If Mr. Bourk's history appears before your return, let it be that.

799. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 4, 1762.

I WROTE to you but last week, just before I heard from you, so you must look on this only as a postscript. The Spanish war that I announced to you is a full and melancholy answer to your idea, if Sir James Grey[1] had gone to Spain—our sailors must go thither first, either as invaders or prisoners! The war was proclaimed this morning: the proclamation itself shows how little foundation for it. This war was conceived rashly, adopted timidly, carried into practice foolishly, and, I fear, will be executed weakly. But why prophesy, when one hopes to be mistaken?

Besides your letter, I have received one cargo, the burlettas and the residue of Medicean heads; I am much obliged to you for both. The latter are ill executed, but curious: by the Bianca Capello, one sees that the Electress[2] is dead. The *Uccellatorii*[3], it was, I think, that you told me was so pretty. It shall be performed, if they will take it.

LETTER 799.—[1] He had been Minister at Naples when Charles, King of Spain, was King there, with whom he had been a favourite. *Walpole.*

[2] The Electress Palatine Dowager, Anna Louisa, was the last of the House of Medici, and from the death of her husband had resided at Florence, where she died very aged. From family pride, she would suffer no print of Bianca Capello, who having been mistress of Duke Francis I, became his wife. *Walpole.*

[3] A comic opera. *Walpole.*

Mr. Robinson[4], whom I begin to know a little, tells me that a great discovery has been lately made in Tuscany, of quantities of Etrurian vases. If they are dispersed and sold, and sold cheap (for till I have taken an Acapulca[5] ship, I shall be very penurious), I should be glad of a few, if the forms are beautiful; for what they call the *erudition*, I am totally indifferent. A travelling college tutor may be struck with an uncouth fable, and fancy he unravels some point of mythology, that is not worth unravelling; I hate guessing at ugliness, and I know in general, that mysteries are built on the unskilfulness of the artists; the moment nations grew polished, they were always intelligible. Mr. Robinson tells me too, that the Duke of Marlborough has purchased most of Zanetti's[6] gems at Venice. I remember one (you will say there is no end of my memory) which he has not bought. It was a couchant tiger, in alto relievo, and had been Prince Eugene's. I wish you would inquire about it, and know what he would have for it. Mr. Murray[7] was a good deal an acquaintance of mine in England, and I should think would oblige me about it, but I must know the price first.

My Lady Pomfret has desired to be buried at Oxford[8]. It is of a piece with her life. I dare say she had treasured up some idea of the Countess Matilda[9], that gave St. Peter his patrimony. How your ghost and mine will laugh at hers, when posterity begins to consecrate her learning!

[4] Thomas, afterwards the second Lord Grantham. *Walpole.*—He succeeded his father in 1770; was Lord of Trade, 1766; Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, 1770–71; Ambassador at Madrid, 1771–79; President of the Board of Trade, 1780–82; Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, 1782–83; d. 1786.

[5] Acapulco, on the western coast of Mexico, the port whence a galleon sailed yearly for Manilla, returning laden with treasure. Anson captured the Acapulco ship in 1743.

[6] Antonio Maria Zanetti (1680–1778).

[7] Resident at Venice; he was of the Isle of Man. *Walpole.*

[8] Lady Pomfret had given her husband's collection of statues to the University of Oxford. *Walpole.*

[9] Matilda (1046–1115), Countess of Tuscany, who in 1077 made a gift of all her possessions to Pope Gregory VII.

The Parliament does not meet till the nineteenth; by that time people will have formed some opinion—at present there is much gloom. I don't know whither it will be directed. I have abundance of conjectures, but events so seldom correspond to foresight, that I believe it is as well to act like other soothsayers, and not broach one's visions till they have been fulfilled. Good night.

P.S. I should be glad Mr. Murray would not name *me*. Zanetti cheated my father outrageously; he will think we forgive, and have no objection to being cheated[10].

800. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Jan. 26, 1762.

We have had as many mails due from Ireland as you had from us. I have at last received a line from you; it tells me you are well, which I am always glad to hear; I cannot say you tell me much more. My health is so little subject to alteration, and so preserved by temperance, that it is not worth repetition; thank God you may conclude it good, if I do not say the contrary.

Here is nothing new but preparations for conquest, and approaches to bankruptcy; and the worst is, the former will advance the latter at least as much as impede it. You say the Irish will live and die with your cousin: I am glad they are so well disposed. I have lived long enough to doubt whether all who like to live with one would be so ready to die with one—I know it is not pleasant to have the time arrived when one looks about to see whether they would or not—but you are in a country of more sanguine complexion, and where I believe the clergy do not deny the laity the cup.

[10] Zanetti, a Venetian, had been employed by the Regent of France to buy pictures for him; and afterwards by Sir Robert Walpole. *Walpole.*

The Queen's brother arrived yesterday: your brother, Prince John, has been here about a week; I am to dine with him to-day at Lord Dacre's with the Chute.

Our burlettas are gone out of fashion; do the Amicis come hither next year, or go to Guadaloupe, as is said?

I have been told that a Lady Kingsland[1] at Dublin has a picture of Madame Grammont by Petitot—I don't know who Lady Kingsland is, whether rich or poor, but I know there is nothing I would not give for such a picture. I wish you would hunt it; and if the dame is above temptation, do try if you could obtain a copy in water-colours, if there is anybody at Dublin could execute it.

The Duchess of Portland has lately enriched me exceedingly—nine portraits of the court of Louis Quatorze! Lord Portland[2] brought them over; they hung in the nursery at Bulstrode, the children amused themselves with shooting at them—I have got them—but I will tell you no more; you don't deserve it—you write to me as if I was your godfather: 'Hond. Sir, I am brave and well, my cousin George is well, we drink your health every night, and beg your blessing.' This is the sum total of all your letters; I thought in a new country, and with your spirits and humour, you could have found something to tell me—I shall only ask you now when you return; but I declare I will not correspond with you; I don't write letters to divert myself, but in expectation of returns—in short, you are extremely in disgrace with me; I have measured my letters for some time, and for the future will answer you paragraph by paragraph. You yourself don't seem to find letter-writing so amusing as to pay itself. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

LETTER 800.—[1] Honora, daughter of Peter Daly; m. (1735) Henry Barnewall, fourth Viscount Barnewall of Kingsland.

[2] William Bentinck (d. 1709), first Earl of Portland.

801. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 29, 1762.

I wish you joy, sir minister; the Czarina[1] is dead. As *we conquered America in Germany*[2], I hope we shall overrun Spain by this burial at Petersburg. Yet, don't let us plume ourselves too fast; nothing is so like a queen as a king, nothing so like a predecessor as a successor. The favourites of the Prince Royal of Prussia, who had suffered so much for him, were wofully disappointed, when he became the present glorious monarch; they found the English maxim true, that the king never dies; that is, the dignity and passions of the crown never die. We were not much less defeated of our hopes on the decease of Philip V. The Grand Duke[3] has been proclaimed Czar at the army in Pomerania; he may love conquest like that army, or not know it is conquering, like his aunt. However, we cannot suffer more by this event. I would part with the Empress-Queen, on no better a prospect.

We have not yet taken the galleons, nor destroyed the Spanish fleet. Nor have they enslaved Portugal, nor you made a triumphant entry into Naples. My dear Sir, you see how lucky you was not to go thither; you don't envy Sir James Grey[4], do you? Pray don't make any categorical demands to Marshal Botta[5], and be obliged to retire to Leghorn, because they are not answered. We want allies; preserve us our friend the Great Duke of Tuscany. I like your answer to Botta exceedingly, but I fear the court of

Letter 801.—[1] The Czarina Elizabeth. *Walpole.*

[2] This phrase was first used by Pitt in the debate on the Address (Nov. 13, 1761).

[3] Peter III. *Walpole.* — He was strangled by Orloff and others in July, 1762, after having been forced to sign a renunciation of the throne.

[4] He had been appointed Minister to Spain, but the war prevented his going. *Walpole.*

[5] Commander in Tuscany. *Walpole.*

Vienna is shame-proof. The Apostolic and Religious Empress is not a whit a better Christian, not a jot less a woman, than the late Russian Empress, who gave such proofs of her being a *woman.*

We have a mighty expedition[6] on the point of sailing; the destination not disclosed. The German war loses ground daily; however, all is still in embryo. My subsequent letters are not likely to be so barren and indecisive. I write more to prove there is nothing, than to tell you anything.

You was mistaken, I believe, about the Graftons; they do not remove from Turin, till George Pitt[7] arrives to occupy their house there. I am really anxious about the fate of my letter to the Duchess; I should be hurt if it had miscarried; she would have reason to think me very ungrateful.

I have given your letter to Mr. T. Pitt; he has been very unfortunate since his arrival—has lost his favourite sister in child-bed. Lord Tavistock[8], I hear, has writ accounts of you that give me much pleasure.

I am ashamed to tell you that we are again dipped into an egregious scene of folly. The reigning fashion is a ghost[9]—a ghost, that would not pass muster in the paltriest convent in the Apennine. It only knocks and scratches; does not pretend to appear or to speak. The clergy give it their benediction; and all the world, whether believers or infidels, go to hear it. I, in which number you may guess, go to-morrow; for it is as much the mode to visit the ghost as the Prince of Mecklenburg[10], who is just arrived. I have not seen him yet, though I have left my name for him. But

[6] The expedition against Havana, which sailed on March 5, 1762, commanded by the Earl of Albemarle and Admiral Pocock.

[7] Appointed Minister to Turin; afterwards Lord Rivers. *Walpole.*

[8] Francis Russell, eldest son of the Duke of Bedford. *Walpole.*

[9] The Cock Lane Ghost.

[10] Prince Charles, brother of the Queen. *Walpole.*

I will tell you who is come too—Lady Mary Wortley. I went last night to visit her; I give you my honour, and you who know her would credit me without it, the following is a faithful description. I found her in a little miserable bed-chamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles, and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black-laced hood, wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair or want of hair. No handkerchief, but up to her chin a kind of horseman's riding-coat, calling itself a *pet-en-l'air*, made of a dark green (green I think it had been) brocade, with coloured and silver flowers, and lined with furs; boddice laced, a foul dimity petticoat sprig'd, velvet muffeteens on her arms, grey stockings and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years than I could have imagined; I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she needed have taken it for flattery, but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her languages as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater. She entertained me at first with nothing but the dearness of provisions at Helvoet. With nothing but an Italian, a French, and a Prussian, all men servants, and something she calls an *old* secretary, but whose age till he appears will be doubtful, she receives all the world, who go to homage her as Queen Mother[11], and crams them into this kennel. The Duchess of Hamilton, who came in just after me, was so astonished and diverted, that she could not speak to her for laughing. She says that she has left all her clothes at Venice. I really pity Lady Bute; what will the progress be of such a commencement!

The King of France has avowed a natural son[12], and given him the estate which came from Marshal Belleisle, with the title of Comte de Gisors. The mother I think is called

[11] She was mother of Lady Bute, wife of the Prime Minister. *Walpole.*

[12] This was a false report. *Walpole.*

Matignon or Maquignon. Madame Pompadour was the Bathsheba that introduced this Abishag. Adieu, my dear Sir!

802. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Feb. 2, 1762.

I SCOLDED you in my last, but I shall forgive you, if you return soon to England, as you talk of doing; for though you are an abominable correspondent, and only write to beg letters, you are good company, and I have a notion I shall still be glad to see you.

Lady Mary Wortley is arrived; I have seen her; I think her avarice, her dirt, and her vivacity, are all increased. Her dress, like her languages, is a *galimatias* of several countries; the groundwork, rags; and the embroidery, nastiness. She wears no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, no shoes. An old black-laced hood represents the first; the fur of a horseman's coat, which replaces the third, serves for the second; a dimity petticoat is deputy, and officiates for the fourth; and slippers act the part of the last. When I was at Florence, and she was expected there, we were drawing *Sortes Virgilianas*—for her; we literally drew

Insanam vatem aspicies.—

It would have been a stronger prophecy now, even than it was then.

You told me not a word of Mr. Mcnaghton[1], and I have a great mind to be as coolly indolent about our famous ghost in Cock Lane—why should one steal half an hour from one's amusements to tell a story to a friend in another island? I could send you volumes on the ghost, and I

LETTER 802.—[1] John Macnaughton, an Irishman of good position, executed on Dec. 15, 1761, for the murder of Miss Knox on the preceding Nov. 10.

believe if I was to stay a little, I might send you its *life*, dedicated to my Lord Dartmouth, by the Ordinary of Newgate, its two great patrons. A drunken parish clerk[2] set it on foot out of revenge, the Methodists have adopted it, and the whole town of London think of nothing else. Elizabeth Canning and the Rabbit-woman were modest impostors in comparison of this, which goes on without saving the least appearances. The Archbishop, who would not suffer *The Minor* to be acted in ridicule of the Methodists, permits this farce to be played every night, and I shall not be surprised if they perform in the great hall at Lambeth. I went to hear it—for it is not an *apparition*, but an *audition*.—We set out from the Opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland House, the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney coach, and drove to the spot; it rained torrents; yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in—at last they discovered it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets to make room for us. The house, which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable; when we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering there by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes—I asked, if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts?—we had nothing; they told us, as they would at a puppet-show, that it would not come that night till seven in the morning—that is, when there are only prentices and old women. We stayed, however, till half an hour after one. The Methodists have promised them contributions; provisions are sent in like forage, and all the

[2] William Parsons, parish clerk of St. Sepulchre's.

taverns and ale-houses in the neighbourhood make fortunes. The most diverting part is to hear people wondering *when it will be found out*—as if there was anything to find out—as if the actors would make their noises where they can be discovered. However, as this pantomime cannot last much longer, I hope Lady Fanny Shirley will set up a ghost of her own at Twickenham, and then you shall *hear* one. The Methodists, as Lord Aylsford assured Mr. Chute two nights ago at Lord Dacre's, have attempted ghosts three times in Warwickshire. There! how good I am!

Yours ever,
H. W.

803. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Feb. 6, 1762.

You must have thought me very negligent of your commissions; not only in buying your ruffles, but in never mentioning them—but my justification is most ample and verifiable. Your letter of Jan. 2nd arrived but yesterday with the papers of Dec. 29. These were the mails that have so long been missing, and were shipwrecked or something on the Isle of Man. Now you see it was impossible for me to buy you a pair of ruffles for the 18th of January, when I did not receive the orders till the 5th of February.

You don't tell me a word (but that is not new to you) of Mr. Hamilton's wonderful eloquence, which converted a whole House of Commons on the five regiments[1]. We have no such miracles here; five regiments might work such prodigies, but I never knew mere rhetoric gain above one or two proselytes at a time in all my practice.

We have a Prince Charles here, the Queen's brother; he is like her, but more like the Hows. Low, but well made,

Letter 803.—[1] On a motion for an increase of troops.

good eyes and teeth. Princess Emily is very ill, has been blistered, and been blooded four times.

My books appear on Monday se'nnight: if I can find any quick conveyance for them, you shall have them: if not, as you are returning soon, I may as well keep them for you. Adieu! I grudge every word I write to you.

Yours ever,

H. W.

804. To the Rev. William Cole[1].

Dear Sir, Tuesday, Feb. 7, 1762.

The little leisure I have to-day will, I trust, excuse my saying very few words in answer to your obliging letter, of which no part touches me more than what concerns your health, which, however, I rejoice to hear is re-establishing itself.

I am sorry I did not save your trouble of cataloguing Ames's[2] heads, by telling you, that another person has actually done it, and designs to publish a new edition ranged in a different method. I don't know the gentleman's name, but he is a friend of Sir William Musgrave, from whom I had this information some months ago.

You will oblige me much by the sight of the volume you mention. Don't mind the epigrams you transcribe on my father. I have been inured to abuse on him from my birth. It is not a quarter of an hour ago since, cutting the leaves of a new dab called *Anecdotes of Polite Literature*, I found

Letter 804.—[1] William Cole (1714–1782), antiquary, at this time Rector of Bletchley. He was a former schoolfellow at Eton of Horace Walpole, whose antiquarian tastes led him (in 1762) to open a correspondence with Cole, which was continued until Cole's death. Cole was a Tory and a High Churchman, with leanings to Roman Catholicism, but in spite of divergence of opinion he was always on good terms with Walpole. The latter found Cole's knowledge and industry of great use, while Cole was not insensible to the honour of being a correspondent of Walpole's. Walpole's letters to Cole are now, with Cole's MSS., in the British Museum.

[2] Joseph Ames (1689–1759), compiler of a *Catalogue of English Heads*.

myself abused for having defended my father. I don't know the author, and suppose I never shall, for I find Glover's *Leonidas* is one of the things he admires—and so I leave them to be forgotten together, *fortunati ambo*!

I sent your letter to Ducarel, who has promised me those poems—I accepted the promise to get rid of him t'other day, when he would have talked me to death. Adieu! dear Sir.

Yours very sincerely,
H. Walpole.

805. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Arlington Street, Feb. 13, 1762.

I should long ago have given myself the pleasure of writing to you, if I had not been constantly in hope of accompanying my letter with the *Anecdotes of Painting*, &c.; but the tediousness of engravers, and the roguery of a fourth printer, have delayed the publication week after week for months: truly I do not believe that there is such a being as an honest printer in the world.

I sent the books to Mr. Whiston, who, I think you told me, was employed by you: he answered, he knew nothing of the matter. Mr. Dodsley has undertaken now to convey them to you, and I beg your acceptance of them: it will be a very kind acceptance if you will tell me of any faults, blunders, omissions, &c., as you observe them. In a first sketch of this nature, I cannot hope the work is anything like complete. Excuse, Sir, the brevity of this. I am much hurried at this instant of publication, and have barely time to assure you how truly I am your humble servant.

806. To the Earl of Bute.

My Lord, Arlington Street, Feb. 15, 1762.

I am sensible how little time your Lordship can have to throw away on reading idle letters or letters of compliment; yet as it would be too great want of respect to your Lordship, not to make some sort of reply to the note[1] you have done me the honour to send me, I thought I could couch what I have to say in fewer words by writing, than in troubling you with a visit, which might come unseasonably, and a letter you may read at any moment when you are most idle. I had already, my Lord, detained you too long by sending you a book, which I could not flatter myself you would turn over in such a season of business: by the manner in which you have considered it, you have shown me that your very minutes of amusement you try to turn to the advantage of your country. It was this pleasing prospect of patronage to the arts that tempted me to offer you my pebble towards the new structure. I am flattered that you have taken notice of the only ambition I have: I should be more flattered if I could contribute to the least of your Lordship's designs for illustrating Britain.

The hint that your Lordship is so good as to give me for a work like Montfaucon's *Monumens de la Monarchie Françoise,*

Letter 806.—Collated with copy supplied by Mr. Simon Gratz, of Philadelphia, U.S.A., owner of the original letter.

[1] 'Lord Bute presents his compliments to Mr. Walpole, and returns him a thousand thanks for the very agreeable present he has made him. In looking over it, Lord Bute observes Mr. Walpole has mixed several curious remarks on the customs, &c. of the times he treats of; a thing much wanted, and that has never yet been executed, except in parts by Peck, &c. Such a general work would be not only very agreeable but instructive—the French have attempted it; the Russians are about it; and Lord Bute has been informed Mr. Walpole is well furnished with materials for such a noble work.

'Saturday.'

(*Works* of Lord Orford, ed. 1798, vol. ii. p. 378.)

Notes or Heads of Chapters compiled by Horace Walpole in view of a work of this kind are printed in his *Works* (ed. 1798, vol. v. pp. 400–2).

has long been a subject that I have wished to see executed, nor, in point of materials, do I think it would be a very difficult one. The chief impediment was the expense, too great for a private fortune. The extravagant prices extorted by English artists is a discouragement to all public undertakings. Drawings from paintings, tombs, &c., would be very dear. To have them engraved as they ought to be, would exceed the compass of a much ampler income than mine; which, though equal to my largest wish, cannot measure itself with the rapacity of our performers.

But, my Lord, if his Majesty was pleased to command such a work, on so laudable an idea as your Lordship's, nobody would be more ready than myself to give his assistance. I own I think I could be of use in it, in collecting or pointing out materials, and I would readily take any trouble in aiding, supervising, or directing such a plan. Pardon me, my Lord, if I offer no more; I mean, that I do not undertake the part of composition. I have already trespassed too much upon the indulgence of the public; I wish not to disgust them with hearing of me, and reading me. It is time for me to have done; and when I shall have completed, as I almost have, the History of the Arts on which I am now engaged, I did not purpose to tempt again the patience of mankind. But the case is very different with regard to my trouble. My whole fortune is from the bounty of the crown, and from the public: it would ill become me to spare any pains for the King's glory, or for the honour and satisfaction of my country; and give me leave to add, my Lord, it would be an ungrateful return for the distinction with which your Lordship has condescended to honour me, if I withheld such trifling aid as mine, when it might in the least tend to adorn your Lordship's administration. From me, my Lord, permit me to say, these are not words of course or of compliment, this

is not the language of flattery; your Lordship knows I have no views, perhaps knows that, insignificant as it is, my praise is never detached from my esteem: and when you have raised, as I trust you will, real monuments of glory, the most contemptible characters in the inscription dedicated by your country, may not be the testimony of,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's
Most obedient
Humble servant,
HORACE WALPOLE.

807. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, Feb. 22, 1762.

MY scolding does you so much good, that I will for the future lecture you for the most trifling peccadilla[1]. You have writ me a very entertaining letter, and wiped out several debts—not that I will forget one of them if you relapse.

As we have never had a rainbow to assure us that the world shall not be snowed to death, I thought last night was the general *connixation.* We had a tempest of wind and snow for two hours beyond anything I remember: chairs were blown to pieces, the streets covered with tassels and glasses and tiles, and coaches and chariots were filled like reservoirs. Lady Raymond's[2] house in Berkeley Square is totally unroofed; and Lord Robert Bertie, who is going to marry her, may descend into it like a Jupiter Pluvius. It is a week of wonders, and worthy the note of an almanac maker. Miss Draycott, within two days of matrimony, has

LETTER 807.—[1] So in MS.

[2] Mary, daughter of John Chetwynd, of Grendon, Warwickshire; m. 1. (1741) Robert Raymond, second Baron Raymond; 2. (1762) Lord Robert Bertie, third son of first Duke of Ancaster.

dismissed Mr. Beauclerc—but this is entirely forgot already in the amazement of a new elopement. In all your reading, true or false, have you ever heard of a young Earl, married to the most beautiful woman in the world, a Lord of the Bedchamber, a general officer, and with a great estate, quitting everything, resigning wife and world, and embarking for life in a packet-boat with a miss? I fear your connections will but too readily lead you to the name of the peer; it is Henry Earl of Pembroke—the nymph Kitty Hunter[3]. The town and Lady Pembroke were but too much witnesses to this intrigue, last Wednesday, at a great ball at Lord Middleton's—on Thursday they decamped. However, that the writer of their romance, or I, as he is a *noble author*, might not want materials, the Earl has left a bushel of letters behind him; to his mother, to Lord Bute, to Lord Legonier (the two last to resign his employments), and to Mr. Stopford, whom he acquits of all privity to his design. In none he justifies himself, unless this is a justification! that having long tried in vain to make his wife hate and dislike him, he had no way left but this—and it is to be hoped it will succeed; and then it may not be the worst event that could have happened to her. You may easily conceive the hubbub such an exploit must occasion. With ghosts, elopements, abortive motions[4], &c., we can amuse ourselves tolerably well, till the season arrives for taking the field, and conquering the Spanish West Indies.

I have sent you my books by a messenger; Lord Barrington was so good as to charge himself with them. They barely saved their distance; a week later, and no soul could have read a line in them, unless I had changed the title-page, and called them 'The Loves of the Earl of —— and Miss H——.'

[3] Catherine, daughter of Thomas Orby Hunter, Lord of the Admiralty.

[4] Against the war in Germany; see p. 180.

I am sorry Lady Kingsland is so rich. However, if the Papists should be likely to rise, pray disarm her of the enamel, and commit it to safe custody in the round tower at Strawberry. Good night! mine is a life of letter-writing; I pray for a peace, that I may sheathe my pen.

Yours ever,

H. W.

808. To Dr. Ducarel.

Feb. 24, 1762.

Sir,

I am glad my books have at all amused you, and am much obliged to you for your notes and communications. Your thought of an English Montfaucon accords perfectly with a design I have long had of attempting something of that kind, in which too I have been lately encouraged; and therefore I will beg you at your leisure, as they shall occur, to make little notes of customs, fashions, and portraits, relating to our history and manners. Your work on Vicarages, I am persuaded, will be very useful, as everything you undertake is, and curious.—After the medals I lent Mr. Perry[1], I have a little reason to take it ill, that he has entirely neglected me; he has published a number, and sent it to several persons, and never to me. I wanted to see him too, because I know of two very curious medals, which I could borrow for him. He does not deserve it at my hands, but I will not defraud the public of anything valuable; and therefore, if he will call on me any morning, but a Sunday or Monday, between eleven and twelve, I will speak to him of them.—With regard to one or two of your remarks, I have not said that *real* lions were originally leopards. I have said that lions in arms, that is, *painted* lions, were leopards; and it is fact, and no inaccuracy. Paint a leopard yellow, and it becomes a lion.—You say,

Letter 808.—[1] Francis Perry (d. 1765); he engraved a series of gold and silver British medals.

colours *rightly* prepared do not grow black. The art would be much obliged for such a preparation. I have not said that oil-colours would not endure with a glass; on the contrary, I believe they would last the longer.

I am much amazed at Vertue's blunder about my Marriage of Henry VII; and afterwards he said, 'Sykes, knowing how to give names to pictures to make them sell,' called this the Marriage of Henry VII; and afterwards, he said, Sykes had the figures inserted in an old picture of a church. He must have known little indeed, Sir, if he had not known how to name a picture that he had painted on purpose that he might call it so! That Vertue, on the strictest examination, could not be convinced that the man was Henry VII, not being like any of his pictures. Unluckily, he is extremely like the shilling, which is much more authentic than any picture of Henry VII. But here Sykes seems to have been extremely deficient in his tricks. Did he order the figure to be painted like Henry VII, and yet could not get it painted like him, which was the easiest part of the task? Yet how came he to get the Queen painted like, whose representations are much scarcer than those of her husband? and how came Sykes to have pomegranates painted on her robe, only to puzzle the cause? It is not worth adding, that I should much sooner believe the church was painted to the figures, than the figures to the church. They are hard and antique: the church in a better style, and at least more fresh. If Vertue had made no better criticisms than these, I would never have taken so much trouble with his MS. Adieu!

809. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 25, 1762.

We have not writ to one another a great while: nothing has happened here very particular of a public nature. Our

great expedition under Lord Albemarle is not yet sailed, but waits, I believe, for a card from Martinico[1], to know how it will be received there. We have another preparing for Lisbon; Lord Tyrawley is to command it, but goes first to see whether he shall want it. Dunn, a Jacobite Irishman, who married the daughter of Humphrey Parsons[2], the brewer, and much in favour at Versailles, is named to counterwork Lord Tyrawley at Lisbon. Just at present we have a distant vision of peace; every account speaks the new Czar disposed to Prussia,—I hope no farther than to help him to a treaty, not to more glory and blood.

We have had an odd kind of Parliamentary opposition, composed only of the King's own servants. In short, in the House of Lords the Duke of Bedford made a motion against the German war; but the previous question was put and carried by 105 to 16. Seven of the minority protested. Yet this stifled motion attempted to take root in our House. Young Bunbury[3], whom I sent to you, and whom you have lately sent us back, and who is enrolled in a club of chicken orators, notified a day on which he intended to move such a question as had appeared in the Lords. When the day came, no Mr. Bunbury came—till it was too late. However, he pretended to have designed it, and on the 15th appointed himself to make it on the 17th, but was again persuaded off, or repented, and told us he would reserve himself and his objections for the day of the subsidy to Prussia. Nothing was ever more childish than these scenes. To show himself more a man, he is going to marry Lady Sarah Lenox, who is very pretty, from exceeding bloom of youth: but, as she has no features, and her beauty is not

LETTER 809. — [1] An expedition under General Monckton and Admiral Rodney captured Martinique on Feb. 12, 1762.

[2] A well-known Jacobite Lord Mayor of London. Mr. Dunn, who married his eldest daughter, took the title of Count O'Dunn. *Walpole.*

[3] He was afterwards Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury. *Walpole.*

likely to last so long as her betrothed's, he will probably repent this step, like his motions.

We have one of the Queen's brothers here, Prince Charles; and she herself, I believe, is breeding—a secret that, during the life of old Cosimo Riccardi[4], would have given you great weight with him.

Our foolish ghost, though at last detected, lasted longer than it was in fashion: the girl made the noises herself; and the Methodists were glad to have such a key to the credulity of the mob. Our bishops, who do not discountenance an imposture, even in the subdivisions of their religion, looked mighty wise, and only took care not to say anything silly about it, which, I assure you, considering the capacities of most of them, was a good deal.

You have not sent word to your brother or me what the altar cost. I should much oftener plague you with commissions, if you would draw for them. If you will not, I must totally stop, concluding you had rather bestow your money than your trouble. I have at this moment a job, with which I will make the trial. I have been informed that at Leghorn, the palace (I suppose the Great Duke's) and the front of a church[5] (I don't know which) were designed by Inigo Jones. If you can discover them and ascertain the fact, or great probability of it, I should be glad to have drawings of them; but subject to the conclusion I have stated above. You know I never was at Leghorn, so know nothing of this myself.

I almost wish to stop here, and not relate the cruel story I am going to tell you; for though you are noways interested for any of the persons concerned, your tender nature will feel for some of them, and be shocked for all.

[4] An old Marquis Riccardi, at Florence, that was very inquisitive about pregnancies, christenings, &c. *Walpole.*

[5] The façade of the cathedral of Leghorn is attributed to Inigo Jones.

Lord Pembroke—Earl, Lord of the Bedchamber, Major-General, possessed of ten thousand pounds a year, master of Wilton, husband of one of the most beautiful creatures [6] in England, father of an only son [7], and himself but eight-and-twenty to enjoy this assemblage of good fortune—is gone off with Miss Hunter, daughter to one of the Lords of the Admiralty [8], a handsome girl with a fine person, but silly and in no degree lovely as his own wife, who has the face of a Madonna, and, with all the modesty of that idea, is dotingly fond of him. He left letters resigning all his employments, and one to witness to the virtue of Lady Pembroke, whom he says he has long tried in vain to make hate and dislike him. It is not yet known whither this foolish guilty couple have bent their course; but you may imagine the distress of the Earl's family, and the resentment of the house of Marlborough, who dote on their sister: Miss Helen's family too takes it for no honour. Her story is not so uncommon; but did ever one hear of an Earl running away from himself?

I have just published a new book, a sort of History of the Arts in England [9]; I will send it you on the first opportunity. Adieu!

810. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Feb. 25, 1762.

I SENT you my gazette but two days ago; I now write to answer a kind long letter I have received from you since.

I have heard of my brother's play several years ago; but I never understood that it was completed, or more than

[6] Lady Elizabeth Spencer, younger sister of George, Duke of Marlborough. *Walpole.*

[7] George Augustus Herbert (1759–1827), Lord Herbert; succeeded his father as eleventh Earl of Pembroke, 1794.

[8] Thomas Orby Hunter. Miss Hunter was afterwards married to a Captain Clarke. *Walpole.*

[9] *Anecdotes of Painting in England.* *Walpole.*

a few detached scenes. What is become of Mr. Bentley's play and Mr. Bentley's epistle?

When I go to Strawberry, I will look for where Lord Cutts was buried; I think I can find it.

I am disposed to prefer the younger picture of Madame Grammont by Lely—but I stumble at the price; twelve guineas for a copy in enamel is very dear. Mrs. Veezy[1] tells me his originals cost sixteen, and are not so good as his copies. I will certainly have none of his originals. *His*; what is his name? I would fain resist this copy; I would more fain excuse myself for having it. I say to myself, it would be rude not to have it, now Lady Kingsland and Mr. Montagu have had so much trouble—well—*I think I must have it*, as my Lady Wishfort[2] says, *why does not the fellow take me*? Do try if he will not take ten. Remember it is the younger picture—and, oh! now you are remembering, don't forget all my prints and a book bound in vellum. There is a thin folio too I want, called *Hibernica*[3]: it is a collection of curious papers, one a translation by Carew Earl of Totness—I had forgot that you have no books in Ireland—however, I must have this; and your pardon for all the trouble I give you.

No news yet of the runaways[4], but all that comes out antecedent to the escape is more and more extraordinary and absurd. The day of the elopement he had invited his wife's family and other folk to dinner with her, but said he must himself dine at a tavern—but he dined privately in his own dressing-room, put on a sailor's habit, and black wig, that he had brought home with him in a bundle, and

LETTER 810.—[1] Elizabeth (d. 1791), daughter of Sir Thomas Vesey, Baronet, Bishop of Ossory; m. 1. William Handcock; 2. Agmondesham Vesey. Her London parties were almost as famous as Mrs. Montagu's.

[2] A character in Congreve's *Way of the World*.

[3] *Hibernica, or some Ancient Pieces relating to the History of Ireland*, by Walter Harris.

[4] The Earl of Pembroke and Miss Hunter.

threatened the servants he would murder them if they mentioned it to his wife. He left a letter for her, which the Duke of Marlborough was afraid to deliver to her, and opened. It desired she would not write to him, as it would make him completely mad. The poor soul, after the first transport, seemed to bear it tolerably, but has been writing to him ever since. He desires the King would preserve his rank of Major-General, as some time or other he may serve again. Here is an indifferent epigram made on the occasion; I send it to you, though I wonder anybody could think it a subject to joke upon:

As Pembroke a horseman by most is accounted,
'Tis not strange that his Lordship a Hunter has mounted.

Adieu! yours ever, H. W.

811. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Madam, Strawberry Hill, March 5, 1762.

One of your slaves, a fine young officer, brought me two days ago a very pretty medal from your Ladyship. Amidst all your triumphs you do not, I see, forget your English friends, and it makes me extremely happy. He pleased me still more, by assuring me that you return to England when the campaign opens. I can pay this news by none so good as by telling you that we talk of nothing but peace. We are equally ready to give law to the world, or peace. Martinico has not made us intractable. We and the new Czar are the best sort of people upon earth: I am sure, Madam, you must adore him; he is willing to resign all his conquests, that you and Mr. Conway may be settled again at Park Place. My Lord Chesterfield, with the despondence of an old man and the wit of a young one, thinks the French and Spaniards must make some attempt upon these islands, and is frightened lest we should not be so well prepared to

repel invasions as to make them: he says, 'What will it avail us if we gain the whole world, and lose our own soul?'

I am here alone, Madam, and know nothing to tell you. I came from town on Saturday for the worst cold I ever had in my life, and, what I care less to own even to myself, a cough. I hope Lord Chesterfield will not speak more truth in what I have quoted, than in his assertion, that one need not cough if one did not please. It has pulled me extremely, and you may believe I do not look very plump, when I am more emaciated than usual. However, I have taken James's powder for four nights, and have found great benefit from it; and if Miss Conway does not come back with *soixante et douze quartiers*, and the hauteur of a landgravine, I think I shall still be able to run down the precipices at Park Place with her—this is to be understood, supposing that we have any summer. Yesterday was the first moment that did not feel like Thule: not a glimpse of spring or green, except a miserable almond-tree, half opening one bud, like my Lord Powerscourt's[1] eye.

It will be warmer, I hope, by the King's Birthday, or the old ladies will catch their deaths. There is a court dress to be instituted—(to thin the Drawing-rooms)—stiff-bodied gowns and bare shoulders. What dreadful discoveries will be made both on fat and lean! I recommend to you the idea of Mrs. Cavendish, when half-stark; and I might fill the rest of my paper with such images, but your imagination will supply them; and you shall excuse me, though I leave this a short letter: but I wrote merely to thank your Ladyship for the medal, and, as you perceive, have very little to say, besides that known and lasting truth, how much I am Mr. Conway's and your Ladyship's faithful humble servant, HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER 811.—[1] Edward Wingfield (1729–1764), second Viscount Powerscourt.

812. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, March 9, 1762.

I am glad you have received my books safe, and are content with them. I have little idea of Mr. Bentley's Odes; though his imagination is sufficiently Pindaric, nay, obscure, his numbers are not apt to be so tuneful as to excuse his flights. He should always give his wit, both in verse and prose, to somebody else to make up. If any of his things are printed at Dublin, let me have them—I have no quarrel to his talents.

Your cousin's[1] behaviour has been handsome, and so was his speech; which is printed in our papers.

Advice is arrived to-day, that our troops have made good their landing at Martinico. I don't know any of the incidents yet.

You ask me for an epitaph for Lord Cutts; I scratched out the following lines last night as I was going to bed; if they are not good enough, pray don't take them; they were written in a minute, and you are under no obligation to like them:

> Late does the Muse approach to Cutts's grave,
> But ne'er the grateful Muse forgets the brave;
> He gave her subjects for th' immortal lyre,
> And sought in idle hours the tuneful choir;
> Skilful to mount by either path to fame,
> And dear to mem'ry by a double name.
> Yet if ill-known amid th' Aonian groves,
> His shade a stranger and unnoticed roves,
> The dauntless chief a nobler band may join:
> They never die, who conquer'd at the Boyn.

The last line intends to be popular in Ireland; but you must take care to be certain that he was at the battle of the Boyn; I conclude so; and it should be specified the year,

Letter 812.—[1] Lord Halifax refused an addition to his salary as Viceroy, although he accepted it for his successors.

when you erect the monument. The latter lines mean to own his having been but a moderate poet, and to cover that mediocrity under his valour; all which is true. Make the sculptor observe the stops.

I have not been at Strawberry above a month, nor ever was so long absent; but the weather has been cruelly cold and disagreeable. We have not had a single dry week since the beginning of September; a great variety of weather, all bad. Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

813. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Arlington Street, March 20, 1762.

I am glad you are pleased, Sir, with my *Anecdotes of Painting*; but I doubt you praise me too much: it was an easy task when I had the materials collected, and I would not have the labours of forty years, which was Vertue's case, depreciated in compliment to the work of four months, which is almost my whole merit. Style is become, in a manner, a mechanical affair, and if to much ancient lore our antiquaries would add a little modern reading, to polish their language and correct their prejudices, I do not see why books of antiquities should not be made as amusing as writings on any other subject. If Tom Hearne had lived in the world, he might have writ an agreeable history of dancing; at least, I am sure that many modern volumes are read for no reason but for their being penned in the dialect of the age.

I am much beholden to you, dear Sir, for your remarks; they shall have their due place whenever the work proceeds to a second edition, for that the nature of it as a record will ensure to it. A few of your notes demand a present answer: the Bishop of Imola[1] pronounced the

Letter 813.—[1] The ecclesiastic represented in Mabuse's 'Marriage of Henry VII' was identified by Horace Walpole, in his *Anecdotes*, with that Bishop.

nuptial benediction at the marriage of Henry VII, which made me suppose him the person represented.

Burnet, who was more a judge of character than statues, mentions the resemblance between Tiberius and Charles II; but, as far as countenances went, there could not be a more ridiculous prepossession; Charles had a long face, with very strong lines, and a narrowish brow; Tiberius a very square face, and flat forehead, with features rather delicate in proportion. I have examined this imaginary likeness, and see no kind of foundation for it[2]. It is like Mr. Addison's *Travels*, of which it was so truly said, he might have composed them without stirring out of England. There are a kind of naturalists who have sorted out the qualities of the mind, and allotted particular turns of features and complexions to them. It would be much easier to prove that every form has been endowed with every vice. One has heard much of the vigour of Burnet himself; yet I dare to say, he did not think himself like Charles II.

I am grieved, Sir, to hear that your eyes suffer; take care of them; nothing can replace the satisfaction they afford: one should hoard them, as the only friend that will not be tired of one when one grows old, and when one should least choose to depend on others for entertainment. I most sincerely wish you happiness and health in that and every other instance.

[2] King Charles II's 'person and temper, his vices as well as his fortunes, did resemble the character that we have given us of Tiberius so much, that it were easy to draw the parallel between them. Tiberius his banishment, and his coming afterwards to reign, makes the comparison in that respect come pretty near. His hating of business, and his love of pleasures, his raising of favourites and trusting them entirely, and his pulling them down and hating them excessively, his art of covering deep designs, particularly of revenge, with an appearance of softness, brings them so near a likeness, that I did not wonder much to observe the resemblance of their face and person. At Rome I saw one of the last statues made for Tiberius, after he had lost his teeth; but bating the alteration which that made, it was so like King Charles, that Prince Borghese, and Signior Dominico to whom it belonged, did agree with me in thinking that it looked like a statue made for him.' (Burnet, *History of My Own Time*, ed. Airy, vol. ii. p. 470.)

814. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 22, 1762.

You have nothing to do but to send for a conquest, and I send it you: Martinico is yours. Victory, it seems, did not expire with George II, nor resign with Mr. Pitt. The whole island was not subdued when the express came away, but little remained to be mastered. In short, General Monckton [1], by the first dispatch, promised it all, and when he has so well kept the greatest part of his word, it would be abominable to doubt the residue. He is a hero in all the forms, eager to engage, and bold to perform. This conquest is entirely owing to his bravery, to his grenadiers, and his sailors, and I don't question but he will achieve the whole, though George Townshend is not there to take the capitulation and the glory out of his mouth [2]. The great fear was the climate: of that I own I shall be as much afraid when we have got the island, for it cannot be an article of the surrender that the climate should only kill its enemies, not its masters. This is a vast event, and must be signally so to Lord Albemarle, who will find a victorious army ready to sail with him on new exploits; and the Spaniards, I should think, are not more trained than the French, not to be surprised at our hardiness.

Well! I wish we had conquered the world, and had done! I think we were full as happy when we were a peaceable quiet set of tradesfolks, as now we are heirs-apparent to the Romans, and overrunning East and West Indies. The new Czar seems to admire heroes more than I do; he is quite an enthusiast to the King of Prussia;

Letter 814.—[1] Robert Monckton, brother of the Earl of Galway. *Walpole.*—Second in command under Wolfe at Quebec, where he was severely wounded.

[2] George, Lord Townshend, on the death of General Wolfe, received the capitulation of Quebec. *Walpole.*

it may save the latter, but woe to the world when such a portion of the globe is in the hands of a man who admires a great general! I can tell you no more of Martinico than you will see in the *Gazette*, nor little else that is new. Lord Pembroke is quite forgotten. He and his nymph were brought back by a privateer, who had obligations to her father, but the father desired no such recovery, and they are again gone in quest of adventures. The Earl was so kind as to invite his wife to accompany them; and she, who is all gentleness and tenderness, was with difficulty withheld from acting as mad a part from goodness, as he had done from guilt and folly.

Your master, Lord Egremont, is dying of an apoplectic lethargy; and your friend, Lord Melcombe, will, I believe, succeed him. Your old acquaintance, Mrs. Goldsworthy[3], was t'other night at Bedford House; I never saw her, and wanted to see her, but missed her. Lady Mary Wortley too was there, dressed in yellow velvet and sables, with a decent laced head and a black hood, almost like a veil, over her face. She is much more discreet than I expected, and meddles with nothing—but she is wofully tedious in her narrations.

By this time you have seen my charming Duchess[4]. I shall build an altar to Pam, for having engaged her, when the house fell at Rome, where she was invited to a concert.

You scold me for going to see the ghost, and I don't excuse myself; but in such a town as this, if a ghost is in fashion, one must as much visit it, as leave one's name with a new Secretary of State. I expect soon that I shall keep Good Friday, for enthusiasm is growing into fashion too; and while they are cancelling holidays at Rome, the Metho-

[3] Her husband had been Consul at Leghorn. *Walpole.*

[4] Anne, Duchess of Grafton. *Walpole.*

dists are reviving them here. We have never recovered masquerades since the earthquake at Lisbon. Your country is very victorious, but by no means a jot wiser than it was.

I hope, and I think I did not forget to tell you how much I like the altar; you are not apt to neglect a commission, or to execute it ill. My gallery and tribune will be finished this summer, and then I shall trouble you about the brocadella. Mr. T. Pitt has taken a sweet little house just by me at Twickenham, which will be a comfortable addition to my *villeggiatura*. Adieu!

P.S. I am sorry for my Florentine friends, that they are losing their good governor, Marshal Botta—there are not many of the species in an Austrian court.

815. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, March 22, 1762.

You may fancy what you will, but the eyes of all the world are not fixed upon Ireland. Because you have a little virtue, and a Lord Lieutenant that refuses four thousand pounds a year, and a Chaplain[1] of a Lord Lieutenant that declines a huge bishopric, and a Secretary whose eloquence can convince a nation of blunderers, you imagine that nothing is talked of but the Castle of Dublin.—In the first place, virtue may sound its own praises, but it never is praised; and in the next place there are other feats besides self-denials; and for eloquence, we overflow with it. Why, the single eloquence of Mr. Pitt, like an annihilated star, can shine many months after it has set. I tell you, it has conquered Martinico. If you will not believe me, read the *Gazette*; read Monckton's letter; there is more martial

Letter 815.—[1] Dr. Crane, Chaplain to the Earl of Halifax, had refused the bishopric of Elphin. (Note in 4to (1819) ed. of *Letters to Montagu*.)

spirit in it than in half Thucydides, and in all the *Grand Cyrus*. Do you think Demosthenes or Themistocles ever raised the Grecian stocks two per cent. in four-and-twenty hours? I shall burn all my Greek and Latin books; they are histories of little people. The Romans never conquered the world, till they had conquered three parts of it, and were three hundred years about it; we subdue the globe in three campaigns; and a globe, let me tell you, as big again as it was in their days. Perhaps you may think me proud; but you don't know that I had some share in the reduction of Martinico; the express was brought by my godson, Mr. Horatio Gates[2]; and I have a very good precedent for attributing some of the glory to myself; I have by me a love-letter, written during my father's administration, by a journeyman tailor to my mother's second chambermaid; his offers were honourable; he proposed matrimony, and to better his terms, informed her of his pretensions to a place: they were founded on what he called, *some services to the government*. As the nymph could not read, she carried the epistle to the housekeeper to be deciphered, by which means it came into my hands. I inquired what were the merits of Mr. Vice-Crispin, was informed that he had made the suit of clothes for a figure of Lord Marr, that was burned after the Rebellion. I hope now you don't hold me too presumptuous for pluming myself on the reduction of Martinico.

[2] 'Gates was the son of a housekeeper of the second Duke of Leeds, who, marrying a young husband when very old, had this son by him. That Duke of Leeds had been saved, when guilty of a Jacobite plot, by my father, Sir Robert Walpole, and the Duke was very grateful, and took great notice of me when I was quite a boy. My mother's woman was intimate with that housekeeper, and thence I was godfather to her son, though I believe not then ten years old myself. This godson, Horatio Gates, was protected by General Cornwallis when Governor of Halifax; but, being afterwards disappointed of preferment in the army, he joined the Americans.' (Horace Walpole, *Last Journals*, vol. ii. p. 200.) On the outbreak of the War of Independence Gates received a command in the American army. He defeated Burgoyne at Saratoga (1777), and was himself defeated by Cornwallis at Camden (1780). He died in 1806.

—However, I shall not aspire to a post, nor to marry my Lady Bute's abigail. I only trust my services to you as a friend, and do not mean, under your temperate administration, to get the list of Irish pensions loaded with my name, though I am godfather to Mr. Horatio Gates.

The Duchess of Grafton and the English have been miraculously preserved at Rome by being at loo, instead of going to a great concert, where the palace fell in, and killed ten persons and wounded several others. I shall send orders to have an altar dedicated in the Capitol:

Pammio O. M.
Capitolino
Ob Annam Ducissam de Grafton
Meritò Incolumem.

I tell you of it now, because I don't know whether it will be worth while to write another letter on purpose. Lord Albemarle takes up the victorious grenadiers at Martinico, and in six weeks will conquer the Havannah. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HORATIO.

816. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 13, 1762.

I AM two letters in your debt, without much capital to pay them. This twilight between Parliament and the campaign is not favourable for news. The Houses are not prorogued indeed, but the end of a session always languishes, and we actually are adjourned for the holidays; and what is more, for Newmarket. All that was reported of the Czar proves true, but is of consequence only to the King of Prussia; even the conquest of Martinico has not advanced the Peace. The other Empress must die too, I believe, before her rage will subside. Portugal cries out for help, and our troops are going thither; but I don't think that

every Spanish soldier in the world will march to Lisbon. There are some grumblings in Ireland, which look as if that kingdom would not be quite inactive this summer. A set of levellers[1] there have been committing great disorders for some time, and we think there is a leaven of French officers and Spanish gold among them. Two regiments of dragoons have been ordered against them, and are to be followed by some foot. In short, our enemies must try something, and cannot sit entirely tranquil, while the Havannah is probably following the fate of Martinico. Well! we may make a bad peace at last, and yet keep a good deal!

I don't know how to execute the request made to Palombo[2] for my father's history, for the *Nouvelles Littéraires*. I have very slender opinion of the capacity of such panegyrists. Anecdotes, which they could not comprehend, and would mangle, are not fit to be dispensed to such shops. All I can do, I think, is to transcribe the principal dates of his life from Collins's *Peerage*, for there is no good life of him: this, I suppose, would content both Italian writers and readers. If I have time before the post goes out, I will subjoin the extract to this letter, or send it by next mail.

It was very true that Miss Hunter was brought back by a privateer, but her father desired she might be released; so they sailed again. Don't compassionate Lord Pembroke; he is a worthless young fellow. He does nothing but write tender and mournful letters to his charming wife, which distress her, and are intended to draw money from her. He is forgotten here, which is the best thing can happen to him.

LETTER 816.—[1] The name 'levellers' applies to their practice of levelling walls and ditches, with a view to 'restoring the ancient commons.' The rioters were known as Whiteboys in the south of Ireland, and as Oakboys in the north. The grievances of the Whiteboys were high rents and low wages, those of the Oakboys the exorbitant tithes; and all complained of the heavy rates levied for road-making.

[2] Secretary to Sir Horace Mann. *Walpole.*

How could I not commend the altar? It was just the thing I wished, and, if anything, prettier than I wished. I would by no means come into the tariff you propose to me between us, if I did not think it would be convenient to you. I wish so much to contribute to your satisfaction in any shape, that if it will facilitate it I will even consent to your paying for your commissions; but then you must take care they are numerous. Your brother James is really a good creature, but he is not your brother Gal; there was but one he! James has no notion of the delicacies and attentions of friendship,—I hope I have; therefore let me be your factotum. Write to me and employ me without reserve, and you shall prescribe your own terms,—that is, if they are not too much in my favour. To open the intercourse, I desire you will send me the new volume of *Herculaneum*; it is the third, but only the second of prints. Don't let us baulk our wishes, but without ceremony draw bills regularly for the commissions we execute; and paying them shall be all your brother James shall do.

Mr. T. Pitt has taken a small house at Twickenham, within a stone's-throw of me. This will add to the comfort of my Strawberry-tide. He draws Gothic with taste, and is already engaged on the ornaments of my cabinet and gallery. Adieu!

P.S. Here are the notes for my father's eulogium. I fear you will be plagued in translating the terms into Italian. Let them look to the Latin.

Robert Walpole was born at Houghton in Norfolk, August 26th, 1675. He was third son of Robert Walpole of the same place, but his two elder brothers dying before their father, he succeeded the latter, in 1700, in an estate of above 2,000*l.* a year: and was chosen member of Parliament for Lynn in every Parliament, except in the year 1711, from

his father's death till his own admission into the peerage in 1742.

He was extremely in the confidence of the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, and particularly employed by him in drawing Queen Anne's speeches. On the change of the ministry great offers were made to him by Lord Treasurer Oxford, but he adhered steadily to the Whig party, and was so formidable to the Tory administration that they sent him to the Tower; after he had been one of the council to Prince George in the Admiralty in 1705, Secretary at War in 1707, and Treasurer of the Navy in 1709. In that year he was one of the managers of the House of Commons against Dr. Sacheverel.

On the accession of George I, he was made Paymaster of the Forces; and in October 1715 was appointed First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; and the same year was elected Chairman of the Secret Committee appointed to inquire into the conduct of Queen Anne's last administration.

On the differences between the King and Prince of Wales, he followed the latter, and resigned his employments; but, in June 1720, he was again made Paymaster of the Forces, and in April 1721 became once more First Lord of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Prime Minister, as he continued during the whole remainder of that reign, and under the successor; and was several times one of the Lords Justices during the absences of those kings.

May 27th, 1725, he was made Knight of the Bath, on the revival of that Order; and in the same month of the ensuing year was created Knight of the Garter—the only commoner who had received such an honour since the restoration of Charles II.

He enjoyed his post of Prime Minister till February 9th, 1742, when the opposition prevailing in Parliament, he resigned his employments, and was created Earl of Orford. His enemies obtained a secret committee to inquire into the last ten years of his administration; but being able to prove no more crimes against him, though he had lost his power, than they could while he held it, he enjoyed to his death that tranquillity and honour that were due to his virtues, services, and age.

He died of the stone, in Arlington Street, March 25th, 1745, aged near seventy. His first wife was Catherine Shorter, by whom he had Robert, his successor, created a baron by George I, and Knight of the Bath; Sir Edward, Knight of the Bath; and Horatio; Catherine, who died unmarried; and Mary, married to George Earl of Cholmondeley, Lord Privy Seal in the reign of George II. Sir Robert married, secondly, Maria Skerret, by whom he had one daughter, Lady Maria, married to Charles Churchill, Esq.

817. To the Earl of Egremont (?).

My Lord, Arlington Street, April 20, 1762.

I must entreat your Lordship to be assured that in what I am going to say I have neither positive nor negative view; and only lay the following information before you, as I think it mine and every man's duty to contribute their mite to the service of his Majesty and his country.

I happened lately to have in my hands the journal of the Admiral Earl of Sandwich, when he was Embassador at Madrid, negotiating a truce between Spain and Portugal. He sets down a very exact relation of the then force of each country, as he received it from Don Gulielmo Cascar, a Scotch Sergeant-Major of Battalia, in the Spanish army in Badajoz; and adds this particular passage from the same intelligence:

The climate (he is speaking of the war on the frontiers of Portugal) too is very unfit for war, there being only *two months*, viz. April and May, fit for a campania, and then begins drowth and heat, that it is impossible for an army to be kept together in; and at the latter end of the year the season is temperate enough again, but then the rains are so uncertain, sometimes coming earlier (in September) some-

Letter 817.—Not in C.; now first published from original in possession of Mr. F. Sabin, 118 Shaftesbury Avenue, W. The letter is not addressed; it may have been written to the Earl of Egremont, as Secretary of State for the Southern Province.

times later, and when they come, they make the country so soft, that the artillery cannot stir, but must stay where the rain finds them, what design soever they are upon.

He says (adds Lord Sandwich) the armies usually retire to the quarters from the hot season about July 15th.

I will beg your Lordship not to mention this intelligence as coming from me. If it is of any use to your Lordship, or of any service in general, I am satisfied, and am,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's
Most obedient
Humble Servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

818. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, April 29, 1762.

I AM most assuredly glad to hear you are returned well and safe, of which I have at this moment received your account from Hankelow, where you talk of staying a week. However, not knowing the exact day of your departure, I direct this to Greatworth, that it may rather wait for you, than you for it, if it should go into Cheshire and not find you there.

As I should ever be sorry to give you any pain, I hope I shall not be the first to tell you of the loss of poor Lady Charlotte Johnston[1], who, after a violent fever of less than a week, was brought to bed yesterday morning of a dead child, and died herself at four in the afternoon. I heartily condole with you, as I know your tenderness for all your family, and the regard you have for Colonel Johnston. The time is wonderfully sickly; nothing but sore throats, colds,

LETTER 818. — [1] Sixth daughter of first Earl of Halifax, and wife of Colonel James Johnston. (See Table II.)

and fevers. I got rid of one of the worst of these disorders, attended with a violent cough, by only taking seven grains of James's powder for six nights. It was the first cough I ever had, and when coughs meet with so spare a body as mine, they are not apt to be so easily conquered. Take great care of yourself, and bring the fruits of your expedition in perfection to Strawberry. I shall be happy to see you there whenever you please. I have no immediate purpose of settling there yet, as they are laying floors, which is very noisy, and as it is uncertain when the Parliament will rise; but I would go there at any time to meet you. The town will empty instantly after the King's birthday; and consequently I shall then be less broken in upon, which I know you do not like. If, therefore, it suits you, any time you will name after the 5th of June will be equally agreeable to me; but sooner, if you like it better.

We have little news at present (except a profusion of new peerages), but are likely, I think, to have much greater shortly. The ministers disagree, and quarrel with as much alacrity as ever; and the world expects a total rupture between Lord Bute and the late King's servants. This comedy has been so often represented, it scarce interests one, especially one who takes no part, and who is determined to have nothing to do with the world, but hearing and seeing the scenes it furnishes.

The new peers (I don't know their rank, scarce their titles) are Lord Wentworth[2] and Sir William Courtney[3], Viscounts; Lord Egmont, Lord Milton, Vernon of Sudbury[4], old Fox Lane[5], Sir Edward Montagu[6], Barons, and Lady

[2] Edward Noel (1715–1774), eighth Baron Wentworth; cr. Viscount Wentworth.

[3] Sir William Courtenay, Baronet (1710–1762), of Powderham Castle, Devonshire; cr. Viscount Courtenay.

[4] George Venables Vernon (1708–1780), of Sudbury, Derbyshire; cr. (May 12, 1762) Baron Vernon of Kinderton, Cheshire.

[5] George Fox Lane, cr. (May 4, 1762) Baron Bingley of Bingley, Yorkshire.

[6] Sir Edward Hussey-Montagu,

Caroline Fox, a Baroness; the Duke of Newcastle is created Lord Pelham, with an entail to Tommy Pelham; and Lord Brudenel[7] is called to the House of Lords, as Lord Montagu. The Duchess of Manchester was to have had the peerage alone, and wanted the latter title: her sister (very impertinently, I think, as being the younger) objected, and wished her husband Marquis of Monthermer. This difference has been adjusted, by making Sir Edward Montagu Lord Bewley, and giving the title of the family to Lord Brudenel. With pardon of your *Cu*-blood, I hold that Lord Cardigan makes a very trumpery figure by so meanly relinquishing all Brudenelhood.

Adieu! let me know soon when you will keep your Strawberry-tide.

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. Lord Anson is in a very bad way; and Mr. Fox, I think, in not a much better.

819. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 30, 1762.

Some people think we are going to have peace—whatever we have abroad, it does not increase at home. The ministers are divided; the old for continuing the German war (take care you don't look back to my letters of last October), the new for supporting Portugal; neither point is resolved, consequently either will not be over timely. With much affection for Portugal, and seriously with

K.B., husband of the Dowager Duchess of Manchester; cr. (May 11, 1762) Baron Beaulieu of Beaulieu, Hampshire.

[7] John Montagu (1735–1770), Lord Brudenell, eldest son of fourth Earl of Cardigan (afterwards Duke of Montagu), whom he predeceased; cr. Baron Montagu of Boughton.

much commiseration, I cannot entirely lament that Spain is occupied there. If we quarrel on great chapters, you may be sure we do not agree more on little ones. A new cargo of peers has set much ill-humour afloat, for when large pains are taken to content many, they are sure to offend more. As I neither wished to be a peer, nor to hinder anybody else from being one, I can repeat the list without any gall.

Lord Wentworth and Sir William Courtney Viscounts, same names.

Lord Milton, Sir Edward Montagu, Fox Lane, Vernon of Sudbury,	Barons	Milton. Beaulieu, or Bewley. Bingley. Vernon.

Lady Caroline Fox, a Baroness, Lady Holland. Lord Brudenel called up to the House of Lords as Lord Montagu. Duke of Newcastle, created Lord Pelham, with reversion to your friend Mr. Pelham; and Lord Egmont[1] made Lord Louvain and Holland, and Baron of Enmore.

The Flemish titles of Lord Egmont are very diverting,—I suppose he is descended from one of the three hundred and sixty-five brats of the Countess of Holland. People recollect a pamphlet, published in the reign of James I, called *A Help to Weak Memories*, for the use of those who would know *all* the new peers; and they tell a story of a Neapolitan, who being offered a dukedom by the Germans, when they were so profuse of honours at Naples, refused it, unless they would make his footman a duke too; but in this country ten new peerages will at least produce twenty *bons mots*. Our war is more serious, and I wish it well finished. It is uncertain whether we will give the King of Prussia a subsidy, or whether he will accept it.

LETTER 819. — [1] John Percival, second Earl of Egmont. *Walpole.*— He was created Baron Lovel and Holland of Enmore.

The disturbances in Ireland are at least checked; the insurgents are driven into bogs and woods. The French squadron narrowly escaped their fate: sailing to Martinico, they met their own prisoners conducted to France, and steered away; but Rodney soon followed them, with thirteen ships to their eight, and we hope will overtake them; however, it is plain they had not joined the Spanish fleet. The chief of our naval affairs, Lord Anson, is dying at Bath. Indeed, many of our former actors seem to be leaving the stage: Lord Granville is much broken, and Mr. Fox in a very bad state of health; but Lord Egremont is recovered.

Poor Lady Pembroke has at last acted with spirit. Her Lord being ordered to the German army, wrote that he had a mind to come over first and ask her pardon. To the surprise of her family and without their instigation, she sent him word that she was surprised he could think of showing himself in England; and, for her part, she never wished to see him, till he should have retrieved his character.

I am very happy, as I told you, in my new neighbour Mr. Pitt; he calls his small house Palazzo Pitti[2]; which does not look as if he had forgotten you, and sounds pleasantly in my ears. Adieu!

820. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 14, 1762.

It is very hard, when you can plunge over head and ears in Irish claret, and not have even your heel vulnerable by the gout, that such a Pythagorean as I am should yet be subject to it! It is not two years since I had it last, and here am I with my foot again upon cushions—but

[2] Name of the Great Duke's palace at Florence. *Walpole.*

I will not complain; the pain is trifling, and does little more than prevent my frisking about. If I can bear the motion of the chariot, I shall drive to Strawberry to-morrow, for I had rather only look at verdure and hear my nightingales from the bow-window, than receive visits and listen to news. I can give you no certain satisfaction relative to the Viceroy, your cousin. It is universally said that he has no mind to return to his dominions, and pretty much believed that he will succeed to Lord Egremont's Seals, who will not detain them long from whoever is to be his successor.

I am sorry you have lost another Montagu, the Duke of Manchester. Your cousin Guilford is among the competitors for Chamberlain to the Queen. The Duke of Chandos[1], Lord Northumberland, and even the Duke of Kingston, are named as other candidates; but surely they will not turn the latter loose into another chamber of Maids of Honour! Lord Cantelupe has asked too to rise from Vice-Chamberlain, but met with little encouragement. It is odd, that there are now seventeen English and Scotch dukes unmarried, and but seven out of twenty-seven have the Garter.

It is very comfortable to me to have a prospect of seeing Mr. Conway soon; the ruling part of the administration are disposed to recall our troops from Germany. In the meantime our officers and their *wives* are embarked for Portugal—what must Europe think of us, when we make wars and assemblies all over the world?

I have been for a few days this week at Lord Thomond's[2]; by making a river-like piece of water, he has converted a very ugly spot into a tolerable one. As I was so near, I went to see Audley Inn once more—but it is only the

LETTER 820. — [1] Henry Brydges (1708–1771), second Duke of Chandos. [2] Shortgrove, near Saffron Walden, in Essex.

monument now of its former grandeur. The gallery is pulled down, and nothing remains but the great hall, and an apartment like a tower at each end. In the church [3] I found, still existing and quite fresh, the escutcheon of the famous Countess of Essex and Somerset [4].

Adieu! I shall expect you with great pleasure the beginning of next month.

Yours ever,
H. W.

821. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, May 20, 1762.

You have sent me the most kind and obliging letter in the world, and I cannot sufficiently thank you for it; but I shall be very glad to have an opportunity of acknowledging it in person, by accepting the agreeable visit you are so good as to offer me, and for which I have long been impatient. I should name the earliest day possible; but, besides having some visits to make, I think it will be more pleasant to you a few weeks hence (I mean any time in July) when the works with which I am finishing my house will be more advanced, and the noisy part, as laying floors and fixing wainscots, at an end, and which now make me in a deplorable litter. As you give me leave, I will send you notice.

I am glad my books amused you—yet you, who are so much deeper an antiquarian, must have found more faults and omissions, I fear, than your politeness suffers you to reprehend. Yet you will, I trust, be a little more severe. We both labour, I will not say for the public, for the public troubles its head very little about our labours, but for the few of posterity that shall be curious,

[3] Saffron Walden Church.
[4] She was of the family of the Howards, Earls of Suffolk, former owners of the Walden estates.

and therefore, for their sakes, you must assist me in making my work as complete as possible. This sounds ungrateful, after all the trouble you have given yourself: but I say it to prove my gratitude, and to show you how fond I am of being corrected.

For the faults of impression, they were owing to the knavery of a printer, who, when I had corrected the sheets, amused me with revised proofs, and never printed off the whole number, and then ran away—this accounts, too, for the difference of the ink in various sheets, and for some other blemishes; though there are still enough of my own which I must not charge on others.

Ubaldini's [1] book I have not, and shall be pleased to see it; but I cannot think of robbing your collection, and am amply obliged by the offer.

The anecdotes of Horatio Palavacini [2] are extremely entertaining. In an Itinerary of the late Mr. Smart Lethuillier, I met the very tomb of Gainsborough [3] this winter that you mention, and, to be secure, sent to Lincoln for an exact draft of it. But what vexed me then, and does still, is, that by the defect at the end of the inscription, one cannot be certain whether he lived in CCC or CCCC; as another C might have been there. Have you any corroborating circumstance, Sir, to affix his existence to 1300, more than to 1400? Besides, I don't know any proof of his having been architect of the church, his

Letter 821.—[1] Petruccio Ubaldini, a Florentine illuminator and scholar, who flourished in the sixteenth century. He resided for some time in England, and is noticed in the *Anecdotes of Painting*.

[2] Sir Horatio Pallavicini, Knight (d. 1600), collector of the Pope's taxes in England during the reign of Queen Mary.

[3] Richard of Gainsborough, or of Stow (a village near Gainsborough), who executed the carved work of the Angel Choir in Lincoln Cathedral, as well as that on the crosses in memory of Queen Eleanor. He is buried in the cloister at Lincoln. The inscription on his monument is as follows:—'Hic jacet Ricardus de Gaynisburgh olym cementarius istius ecclesie qui obiit duodecim kalendarum junii Anno Domini MCCC.' (Kendrick, *Lincoln Cathedral*, p. 142.)

epitaph only calls him *Caementarius*, which, I suppose, means *Mason*.

I have observed, since my book was published, what you mention of the tapestry in Laud's trial[4]; yet as the Journals were my authority, and certainly cannot be mistaken, I have concluded that Hollar engraved his print after the Restoration. Mr. Wight, clerk of the House of Lords, says that Oliver placed them in the House of Commons.—I don't know on what grounds he says so.

I am, Sir, with great gratitude,

Your most obliged humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

822. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, May 25, 1762.

I AM diverted with your anger at old Richard; can you really suppose that I think it any trouble to frank a few covers for you? Had I been with you, I should have cured you and your whole family in two nights with James's powder. If you have any remains of the disorder, let me beg you to take seven or eight grains when you go to bed. If you have none, shall I send you some? For my own part, I am released again, though I have been tolerably bad, and one day had the gout for several hours in my head. I do not like such speedy returns. I have been so much confined that I could not wait on Mrs. Osborn, and I do not take it unkindly that she will not let me have the prints without fetching them. I met her, that is, passed her, t'other day as she was going to Bushy, and was sorry to see her look much older.

[4] Cole stated that the tapestry in the House of Lords, representing the destruction of the Armada, was engraved in Hollar's print of Laud's trial.

Well! to-morrow is fixed for that phenomenon, the Duke of Newcastle's resignation[1]. He has had a parting levee, and as I suppose all bishops are prophets, they foresee that he will never come into place again, for there was but one that had the decency to take leave of him, after crowding his rooms for forty years together; it was Cornwallis[2]. I hear not even Lord Lincoln resigns. Lord Bute succeeds to the Treasury, and is to have the Garter too on Thursday, with Prince William. Of your cousin I hear no more mention, but that he returns to his island. I cannot tell you exactly even the few changes that are to be made; but I can divert you with a *bon mot*, which they give to my Lord Chesterfield. The new peerages being mentioned, somebody said, 'I suppose there will be no duke made'; he replied, 'Oh yes, there is to be one.'—'Is? who?'—'Lord Talbot—he is to be created Duke Humphrey, and there is to be no table kept at court but his[3].' If you don't like this, what do you think of George Selwyn, who asked Charles Boone if it is true that he is going to be married to the fat rich Crawley[4]? Boone denied it—'Lord!' said Selwyn, 'I thought you was to be Patrick Fleming on the mountain, and that gold and silver you were counting!'. . .[5]

P.S. I cannot help telling you how comfortable the new disposition of the court is to me; the King and his wife are settled for good and all at Buckingham House[6], and are stripping the other palaces to furnish it. In short, they

Letter 822.—[1] The Duke's resignation was announced on May 26. The reason given was Lord Bute's refusal to grant further subsidies to the King of Prussia.

[2] Hon. Frederick Cornwallis (1713–1783), seventh son of fourth Baron Cornwallis; Bishop of Lichfield, 1750; Archbishop of Canterbury, 1768.

[3] Alluding to the extreme economy introduced by him (as Lord Steward) into the royal household.

[4] Boone married Miss Crawley on Oct. 22, 1762.

[5] Passage omitted.

[6] Recently purchased for the Queen.

have already fetched pictures from Hampton Court, which indicates their never living there; consequently Strawberry Hill will remain in possession of its own tranquillity, and not become a cheese-cake-house to the palace. All I ask of Princes is, not to live within five miles of me.

823. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 26, 1762.

Whenever I am a little remiss in writing to you, I am sure to make you amends by a revolution. Anybody would wait five weeks for a letter, if it was to tell them that the government was turned topsy-turvy. Not that it is set upon its head now; it has only lost an old tooth that had *bit* all the world. The Duke of Newcastle resigned this morning! Finding, at last, to his great surprise that he had not as much power under this King as under his great-grandfather and grandfather, he is retired, meditating, I suppose, a plan for being Prime Minister again under this King's son. Of four-and-twenty bishops that he had made, but one expects this restoration; all the rest, hoping to arrive at Canterbury before that æra, took care not to be at his Grace's last levee. People think that a little more than want of power had been necessary to make him take this resolution, and that all kind of disgusts had been given to convince him how unwelcome his company was. This is the second revolution in a year and a half—I wish the next struggle be not a little more serious. Lord Bute plays a dangerous game; he is now First Lord of the Treasury, and is to have the Garter to-morrow, with Prince William. The other changes are few, for the Duke of Newcastle's friends *episcopize*, that is, abandon him, or are ordered to remain as they are. Mr. George Grenville is Secretary of State; and Sir Francis Dash-

wood Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. Elliot[1], Treasurer of the Chambers. The Navy Board and one or two commissions of the Treasury will be all the other vacancies.

But there is a bigger event to come; the stocks believe the Peace is made, and lift up their heads. It is certain that a very courteous answer is arrived from France; and the moneyd philosophers, who do not look on dangers as wise measures, conclude that unless Lord Bute was sure of peace, he would not have ventured on dismissing the Duke. If you should not hear from me soon, you will be persuaded that we are up in arms. I have some fear that Spain is not very pacific: they have begun the siege of Miranda[2]. I used to expect the King of Prussia at Somerset House; perhaps now Queen Catherine's[3] apartment will be inhabited by her great nephews and nieces. I shall have curiosity enough to go and see Infantas, though I have little else left: I have none of that vigour of ambition that has carried on the Duke of Newcastle for five-and-forty years. Three slight fits of the gout have taught me what I believe all the ingratitude of the clergy of Cambridge[4] has not been able to instil into him. I am just recovered of an attack, far from painful, except one day that it was in my head; but even the harbinger of age is sufficient to convince me that retirement is a blessing.

It would look like vanity in me to thank you for attentions, where so much attention is due; and yet I am apt to think you did pay a little homage extraordinary on my account to the Duchess of Grafton. I am pleased you admire her so much, and she tells me how charmed she is with your reception of her. I warned you to expect no great

LETTER 823. — [1] Afterwards Sir Gilbert Elliot. *Walpole.*

[2] In the province of Traz os Montes; taken by the Spaniards on May 9, 1762.

[3] Catherine of Braganza, after the death of Charles II, lived at Somerset House. *Walpole.*

[4] The Duke was Chancellor of that University.

beauty, and yet the more you saw her, did not you like her the more? Her air, and manner, and majesty are quite her own. I must not forget my thanks too for Mr. Morrice —you must have had some satisfaction in talking over the Chute and me with him.

You may imagine that I am anxious to have the Peace, and to see Mr. Conway safe in England. I wish it privately and publicly—I pray for an end to the woes of mankind; in one word, I have no public spirit, and don't care a farthing for the interests of the merchants. Soldiers and sailors who are knocked on the head, and peasants plundered or butchered, are to my eyes as valuable as a lazy luxurious set of men, who hire others to acquire riches for them; who would embroil all the earth, that they may heap or squander; and I *dare* to say this, for I am no minister. Beckford is a patriot[5], because he will clamour if Guadaloupe or Martinico is given up, and the price of sugars falls. I am a bad Englishman, because I think the advantages of commerce are dearly bought for some by the lives of many more. This wise age counts its merchants, and reckons its armies ciphers. But why do I talk of this age?—every age has some ostentatious system to excuse the havoc it commits. Conquest, honour, chivalry, religion, balance of power, commerce, no matter what, mankind must bleed, and take a term for a reason. 'Tis shocking! Good night.

824. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, June 8, 1762.

Well! you have had Mr. Chute. I did not dare to announce him to you, for he insisted on enjoying all your ejaculations. He gives me a good account of your health and spirits, but does not say when you come hither.

[5] William Beckford, of Jamaica, and Fonthill in Dorsetshire, Alderman of London; and friend of Mr. Pitt. *Walpole.*

I hope the General, as well as your brother John, know how welcome they would be, if they would accompany you. I trust it will be before the end of this month, for the very beginning of July I am to make a little visit to Lord Ilchester, in Somersetshire[1], and I should not like not to see you before the middle or end of next month.

Mrs. Osborn has sent me the prints; they are woful; but that is my fault and the engraver's, not yours, to whom I am equally obliged; you don't tell me whether Mr. Bentley's play was acted or not, printed or not.

There is another of the Queen's brothers come over. Lady Northumberland made a pompous *festino* for him t'other night; not only the whole house, but the garden, was illuminated, and was quite a fairy scene. Arches and pyramids of lights alternately surrounded the enclosure; a diamond necklace of lamps edged the rails and descent, with a spiral obelisk of candles on each hand; and dispersed over the lawn were little bands of kettle-drums, clarionets, fifes, &c., and the lovely moon, who came without a card. The Birthday was far from being such a show; empty and unfine as possible. In truth, popularity does not make great promises to the new administration, and for fear it should hereafter be taxed with changing sides, it lets Lord Bute be abused every day, though he has not had time to do the least wrong thing. His first levee was crowded. Bothmar, the Danish minister, said, 'La chaleur est excessive!' George Selwyn replied, 'Pour se mettre au froid, il faut aller chez Monsieur le Duc de Newcastle.' There was another George, not quite so tender: George Brudenel was passing by; somebody in the mob said, 'What is the matter here?' Brudenel answered, 'Why, there is a Scotchman got into the Treasury, and they can't

LETTER 824.—[1] At Redlynch House, near Bruton.

get him out.' The Archbishop[2], conscious of not having been at Newcastle's last levee, and ashamed of appearing at Lord Bute's first, pretended he had been going by in his way from Lambeth, and, upon inquiry, had found it was Lord Bute's levee, and so had thought he might as well go in—I am glad he thought he might as well tell it.

The mob call Buckingham House, Holyrood House—in short, everything promises to be like times *I* can remember. Lord Anson is dead—poor Mrs. Osborn will not break her heart. I should think Lord Melcomb would succeed to the Admiralty. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

825. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, June 20, 1762.

I SHALL certainly execute your commissions cheerfully, punctually, and on the terms you desire: the *Annual Registers*, I mean the historic parts, are incomparable. The oratorios, as Mr. Morrice rightly advises, I will choose by proxy; for, as he and you know, I have not only very little music in me, but the company I keep are far from Handelians. But what shall I say about your brother James? I should have lectured him severely, if you had not enjoined me not—nay, I wish you would permit me; he is a good creature in general, and I think would mind me; but attentions are not his excellence—I need not repeat the name of our dear Gal, when I talk of *attentions* and *excellence*; he was perfect from the least offices to the greatest.

Have you not felt a pang in your royal capacity? Seriously, it has been dreadful, but the danger is over. The King had one of the last of these strange and universally epidemic

[2] Thomas Secker.

colds, which, however, have seldom been fatal: he had a violent cough, and oppression on his breast, which he concealed, just as I had; but my life was of no consequence, and having no physicians in ordinary, I was cured in four nights by James's powders, without bleeding. The King was blooded seven times, and had three blisters. Thank God, he is safe, and we have escaped a confusion beyond what was ever known, but on the accession of the Queen of Scots—nay, we have not even the successor born. Fazakerley[1], who has lived long enough to remember nothing but the nonsense of the law, maintained, according to their wise tenets, that as the King never dies, the Duke of York must have been proclaimed King, and then been unproclaimed again on the Queen's delivery. We have not even any standing law for the regency; but I need not paint to you all the difficulties there would have been in our situation.

The new administration begins tempestuously. My father was not more abused after twenty years than Lord Bute is in twenty days. Weekly papers swarm, and like other swarms of insects, sting. The cry you may be sure is on his Scot-hood. Lord Halifax[2] is made First Lord of the Admiralty, but will keep Ireland for some time, as it will not be necessary to appoint a new Lord-Lieutenant this twelvemonth. He is popular with the merchants, so that at least this promotion does not offend.

Our great expedition were all well at Martinico, and had lost but sixteen men. Lord Albemarle carried thence nine thousand men. We are very sanguine, and reckon the Havannah ours; but we shall not know it at least before the end of next month.

LETTER 825.—[1] Nicholas Fazackerley, Esq., an eminent Tory lawyer. *Walpole.*

[2] George Montagu, third and last Earl of Halifax. *Walpole.*—He was the second Earl of that creation.

I smiled at your idea of *our war with Spain lying in Portugal, as our war with France does in Germany.* The latter is dormant, and yet I do not think the Peace advances. Our allies, the Portuguese, behave wofully. I don't know what spirit Count La Lippe[3], who is still here, will transport to them from Westphalia: he is to command the Portuguese, and Lord Tyrawley the English.

This is a diminutive letter, but you excuse duodecimos in summer.

826. To Lady Mary Coke.

Strawberry Hill, June 30th, 1762.

When Britons are victorious[1], it is impossible not to congratulate the first heroine of Britain. Pray, Madam, did your Ladyship command Prince Ferdinand to attack the French camp in revenge for the Governor of Calais presuming to attempt making you a prisoner? Or did the spirit of John, Duke of Argyle, inspire his countrymen with this ardour, and vindicate his daughter from such an insult? I have told my Lord Hertford that I expect to hear your Ladyship has made a triumphant entry into our headquarters, and that with becoming dignity you have obtained from our general the liberty of the two hundred French officers, a proper way of resenting your confinement. Go to the army you certainly will. *Steel* waters you cannot want, you who want nothing but a helmet to be taken for Britannia.

Pray, let me know in time; it would be most shameful in me to be languishing under an acacia, while my sovereign

[3] Comte de la Lippe had been born in England, his father and mother being here in the reign of George I. *Walpole.*—William, Count of Lippe-Bückeburg (1724–1777). His mother was a daughter of George I by the Duchess of Kendal. He acted as Ordnance Master to Prince Ferdinand during the Seven Years' War.

Letter 826.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. pp. xv–xvi.

[1] At Wilhelmsthal in Hesse-Cassel, where on June 24, 1762, Prince Ferdinand defeated the French under Soubise and D'Estrées.

lady is at the head of a squadron. All our other militant dames have followed their husbands; your Ladyship will follow victory, and influence more. It is grievous that one female Campbell[2] should have quitted Germany at the opening of a campaign—no, I will go fetch my Lady Ailesbury from Park Place, and my Lady Cecilia, who is not big enough yet to hurt Master Johnson's head by wearing a coat of mail, though I fear she and I shall look a little like starved vultures that follow the army for prey. As to peace, it is now undoubtedly removed to a great distance; there can be no end of war while *another Mary has Calais written on her heart*, and a Mary whose heart will not easily break. I know to my sorrow how invulnerable it is! Well! I can but go and be killed. I shall die in your sight, and you will revenge my death, though you would not save my life. I did not think this would be my end, but the King of Prussia and other great men have been made heroes, whom nature never intended for the profession, yet I cannot help laughing to think what a figure I shall make! for I am too much a Goth, and not so much a hero, but I will be completely armed—and from my own armoury here. A rusty helmet with rotten wadding; a coat of mail that came from Coombe, and belonged to a trooper of the Earl of Warwick[3]; it will be full heavy for my strength, but there is a mark of its being bullet-proof—alas! I had forgot I am to be shot—one gauntlet; I have no more; a Persian shield enamelled, a Chinese bow, quiver, and arrows, an Indian sabre and dagger, and a spear made of wood with fifty points. Dear

[2] The Countess of Ailesbury had recently returned to England.

[3] 'Two suits of armour, on one of which is the mark of a bullet; two helmets; a gauntlet; a round leathern quiver; and two pair of stirrups; from Coombe, near Kingston in Surry, which seat formerly belonged to the great Richard Neville Earl of Warwick. These arms therefore probably were part of those which served his troops when he marched to Westminster to awe the Parliament in the reign of Henry the Sixth.' (*Description of Strawberry Hill.*)

Lady, don't set out without me, stay for Sir Scudamore. Cannot you find any little episode to amuse you in the meantime? How has the Bishop of Liège[4] behaved to you? has he neglected to kiss the hem of your garment? dispossess him; order the Chapter to elect another. I flatter myself you cannot want warfare. 'Confined to an inn! Sir, I never was a prisoner yet; I will not stay a moment in your town.' Dear Lady Mary, how I honour your spirit! I can give you a very good account of part of your family. I was at Sudbroke this evening and saw the Duchess and Lady Betty in perfect health. Mr. McKinsy told me of the battle.

If you had not had my heart before, you would have won it by your kind attention to Lady Hertford; but I fear all is in vain. She will not hear of Spa, and is gone to-day to Ragley, and I doubt will go to Ireland. Nothing touches her about herself; she is as indifferent to that, as active and anxious about her family. Adieu, Madam. Whether we meet on the banks of the Elbe or the Thames, you know I am

Most devotedly yours,
Hor. Walpole.

827. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Wednesday night.

Since you left Strawberry, the town (not the King of Prussia) has beaten Count Daun, and made the Peace, but the benefits of either have not been felt beyond Change Alley.

Lord Melcomb is dying of a dropsy in his stomach, and Lady Mary Wortley of a cancer in her breast.

Mr. Hamilton was here last night, and complained of

[4] John Theodore of Bavaria, Bishop of Liège, 1744–63.

Letter 827.—Wrongly dated by C. June 1, 1762. (See *Notes and Queries*, Feb. 17, 1900.)

your not visiting him. He pumped me to know if Lord Hertford has not thoughts of the crown of Ireland, and was more than persuaded that I should go with him. I told him what was true, that I knew nothing of the former, and for the latter, that I would as soon return with the King of the Cherokees[1].—When England has nothing that can tempt me, it would be strange if Ireland had. The Cherokee Majesty dined here yesterday at Lord Macclesfield's, where the Clive sang to them and the mob—don't imagine I was there, but I heard so at my Lady Suffolk's.

We have tapped a little butt of rain to-night, but my lawn is far from being drunk yet. Did not you find the Vine in great beauty? My compliments to it, and to your society—I only write to enclose the enclosed. I have consigned your button to old Richard. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

I hope Mr. John has had no return.

828. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 1, 1762.

I never attempt to tell you the first news of a battle in Germany, which must always reach you before it can arrive here and be sent to Florence. I scarcely ought to call it a battle, though it is a victory for us; but the French (to speak in Cibber's style) have outrun their usual outrunnings[1]. Their camp was ill-guarded, and Prince Ferdinand surprised it. At first their cavalry made a decent show of advancing, but soon turned and fled. Stainville[2] flung three thousand

[1] Three Cherokee chiefs from South Carolina arrived in London on June 21; they set out on their return in the following August.

Letter 828.—[1] Cibber, in the Preface to his *Provoked Husband*, said, 'Mrs. Cibber had outdone her usual outdoings.' *Walpole.*

[2] Jacques de Choiseul, Marquis de Stainville, brother of the Duc de Choiseul.

men into a wood to cover their retreat; they were all taken, with above one hundred and forty officers; he himself is believed slain. Our loss was trifling; two hundred and fifty men, a Captain Middleton[3] killed; and Colonel Henry Townshend, a brave spirited young fellow of parts, youngest son of Mr. Thomas Townshend. The French grenadiers raved against their commanders, who, it is to be hoped, will shift off the blame on each other, quarrel, and pass the campaign in altercation. D'Estrées will not make Broglio[4] appear a worse general than Soubize. Lord Granby is much commended. My chief joy arises from knowing Mr. Conway is safe.

Poor Lady Ailesbury is just arrived, and this is the first taste of the peace she promised herself. Unless the French now despair of Germany, where their fairest prospect lay, I should think this action likely to continue the war; and I don't doubt but Prince Ferdinand hoped it would. He had much ground to regain here, and has now revived the passions of the people, who will not be eager for peace on the morrow of a victory, nor be very reasonable after repeated successes. Lord Bute's situation is unpleasant: misfortunes would remind us of Mr. Pitt's glory; advantages will stiffen us against accepting even such a peace as he rejected; and, I think, two Havannahs lost will not weigh with the Spaniards against their rapid progress in Portugal: the recovery of that diadem will soothe their pride more than any province taken from them will mollify it. The Portuguese behave shamefully; Lord Tyrawley is coming home disgusted with the nomination of Count La Lippe; and in truth I cannot see the wisdom or honour of that measure. If we protect Portugal, is not it more creditable to give them an English commander? And that general

[3] This was not the case.
[4] He had been recalled before the battle.

was almost a Portuguese, almost naturalized amongst them, trusted, and beloved there. What do they know of this German? Or can the English soldiery prefer him to their countryman? For though La Lippe was born here, he is a German prince.

I trust very soon to be able to send you a brick, like Harlequin, as a sample of the Havannah we shall have taken. In return, you must make Saunders[5] beat the French and Spanish squadrons.

Poor Hamburgh has tasted of the royal injustice of this age; they have compounded with the King of Denmark for a million[6]. But his is trifling usurpation; commend me to the King of Spain, for violating more ties than were ever burst by one stroke of a sceptre. We have not had a masquerade here these eight or nine years, because there was an earthquake at Lisbon; while that earthquake which fell about the ears of his own sister and her children could not stop the King of Spain from marching to drive her and them out of the ruins! Montezuma's ghost cannot complain now!

I have ordered all your books, and your brother James has undertaken for the oratorios. There is a ship going, so I would not wait for more consultation in the choice of them. Handel's best pieces are settled among his sect, and your brother knows more of his followers than I do. I was impatient to have your commission executed, and I knew no better way than this. I did not say a syllable to James, as he has repaired his omissions.

I am in distress about my gallery and cabinet: the latter was on the point of being completed, and is really striking

[5] Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean.

[6] Frederick V was threatened with war by the Czar, who, in his capacity of Duke of Holstein, wished to regain possession of Schleswig. The King, ill-provided with money, suddenly appeared before Hamburg, and forced that city, under threat of a siege, to raise the necessary funds.

beyond description. Last Saturday night my workmen took their leave, made their bow, and left me up to the knees in shavings. In short, the journeymen carpenters, like the cabinet-makers, have entered into an association not to work unless their wages are raised; and how can one complain? The poor fellows, whose all the labour is, see their masters advance their prices every day, and think it reasonable to touch their share. You would be frightened at the dearness of everything; I build out of economy, for unless I do now, in two years I shall not be able to afford it. I expect that a pint of milk will not be sold under a diamond, and then nobody can keep a cow but my Lord Clive. Indeed your country's fever is almost at the height every way. Adieu!

P.S. You have asked for the last volumes of the *Monthly Review*; I have ordered you the five last volumes; if that is not all you want, let me know. In this parcel you will receive my two first volumes of the *Anecdotes of Painting*.

829. To the Rev. William Cole.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, July 29, 1762.

I fear you will have thought me neglectful of the visit you was so good as to offer me for a day or two at this place: the truth is, I have been in Somersetshire on a visit, which was protracted much longer than I intended. I am now returned, and shall be glad to see you as soon as you please, Sunday or Monday next if you like either, or any other day you will name. I cannot defer the pleasure of seeing you any longer, though to my mortification you will find Strawberry Hill with its worst looks—not a blade of grass. My workmen too have disappointed me: they have been in the association for forcing their masters to raise their wages, and

but two are yet returned—so you must excuse litter and shavings. I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

830. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

MADAM, Strawberry Hill, July 31, 1762.

Magnanimous as the fair soul of your Ladyship is, and plaited with superabundance of Spartan fortitude, I felicitate my own good fortune who can circle this epistle with branches of the gentle olive, as well as crown it with victorious laurel. This pompous paragraph, Madam, which in compliment to my Lady Lyttelton I have penned in the style of her Lord, means no more, than that I wish you joy of the castle of Waldeck[1], and more joy on the Peace, which I find everybody thinks is concluded. In truth, I have still my doubts; and yesterday came news, which, if my Lord Bute does not make haste, may throw a little rub in the way. In short, the Czar is dethroned[2]. Some give the honour to his wife[3]; others, who add the little circumstance of his being murdered too, ascribe the revolution to the Archbishop of Novogorod, who, like other priests, thinks assassination a less affront to Heaven than three Lutheran churches[4]. I hope the latter is the truth; because, in the honey-moonhood of Lady Cecilia's tenderness, I don't know but she might miscarry at the thought of a wife preferring a crown, and scandal says a regiment of grenadiers, to her husband.

LETTER 830.—[1] Taken by General Conway.

[2] He was deposed on June 28, 1762, by a decree of the senate and clergy, and murdered on July 6 following.

[3] Catherine, a princess of Anhalt-Zerbst, married to the Czar in 1745. She was proclaimed Empress on her husband's deposition, and reigned as Catherine II till her death in 1796.

[4] The clergy apprehended that Peter intended to disestablish the Greek Church in favour of Lutheranism.

I have a little meaning in naming Lady Lyttelton and Lady Cecilia, who I think are at Park Place. Was not there a promise that you all three would meet Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary here in the beginning of August? Yes, indeed was there, and I put in my claim.—Not confining your heroic and musical Ladyships to a day or a week; my time is at your command: and I wish the rain was at mine; for, if you or it do not come soon, I shall not have a leaf left. Strawberry is browner than Lady Bell Finch.

I was grieved, Madam, to miss seeing you in town on Monday, particularly as I wished to settle this party. If you will let me know when it will be your pleasure, I will write to my sister.

I am your Ladyship's
Most faithful servant,
Hor. Walpole.

831. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 31, 1762.

I begin this letter to-night, though I don't know when it will set out, for I have a mind it should be a little more complete than I can make it at present. We are at the eve of big events, or in the obscurity of them; a Prince of Wales, a Peace, the Havannah, a revolution in Russia, all to come to light this week!

We know nothing certain, but that we have lost Newfoundland[1], and that the new opposition have got a real topic, for hitherto they have only been skirmishing with names; however, as all oppositions must improve on the foregoing, the present gives us names at length, which at least is new. Parallels, you know, are the food of all party

Letter 831.—[1] Taken in June by De Ternay, and retaken in September by Colonel Amherst, brother of the general of that name.

writings: we have Queen Isabel and Mortimer, Queen Margaret and the Duke of Suffolk, every week. You will allow that abuse does not set out tamely, when it even begins with the King's mother. Last week they were so brutal as to call the Queen *a beggarly duke's daughter*; it is shocking, for she has offended nobody, and is far from being suspected of power; but it was to load the Duke of Suffolk[2], for making the match. But what say you to a real *Queen Isabel*? We hear from Holland, but the account is very imperfect, that the Czarina has dethroned her husband. That he should be dethroned does not surprise me. He struck extraordinary strokes so fast, that I suppose his head had not much ballast. Her reign, probably, will not be of much longer duration; but I do not believe that, like her husband, she will fall in love with the King of Prussia. The Czar, in his aunt's time, was reckoned weak; his wife, very sensible and very handsome. Russia puts one in mind of the Seleucidæ and the Constantinopolitan History, the Cleopatras and Irenes; if vast crimes are not in fashion, you see it is only because despotism is generally exploded. Give human nature scope, it can still be sublimely abominable. My prophetic spirit says, that the young Emperor John[3] will come upon the scene again; in the meantime my Lord Buckingham[4], who is going ambassador to Petersburg, may try the remainder of his charms upon the heart of an Empress.

Of all the important events we are expecting, the Peace is nearest my heart. We had refused Russians[5]; and this catastrophe, if it is true, will silence the clamour there would have been on that chapter. It delivers the King of

[2] Lord Bute.

[3] John VI, deposed in 1741. On an attempt to reinstate him in 1764, he was put to death.

[4] John Hobart, second Earl of Buckinghamshire. *Walpole.*

[5] Prince Ferdinand 'told Mr. Conway that we might be joined by a body of Russians for a *trait de plume*.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. p. 145.)

Denmark, too, from a storm; for the hero of Prussia, you know, he never was in my litany. In short, we have heard for this week that our peace with France was in a manner made, and that the Dukes of Bedford and Nivernois were ready to be exchanged at Dover. If France has dabbled in this revolution, adieu the olive-branch! Nay, we are told that your Italian King[6] is rather disposed to put on his old cuirass again, and thinking the Austrians have their hands full, has an eye upon a little more of the Milanese. Nothing will be cleared up, till there is another courier from Muscovy. Their poor ambassador[7], who is just arrived, has had no letters. He is not only nephew to the Chancellor, but brother to the Czar's mistress. What a region, where Siberia is next door to the drawing-room!

Mr. Conway has had a little success, which shows, at least, what he is fit for. He was ordered to besiege the castle of Waldeck, for which Prince Ferdinand was in a hurry; it was impregnable without cannon; he had none, and his powder was spent. He made them believe he was preparing to storm it, and they instantly surrendered. You may be sure this makes me happy, and yet I am impatient to have the Peace nip his laurels.

Your friend Lord Melcombe is dead of a dropsy in his stomach, just when the views of his life were nearest being realized. Lady Mary Wortley, too, is departing. She brought over a cancer in her breast, which she concealed till about six weeks ago. It burst, and there are no hopes of her. She behaves with great fortitude, and says she has lived long enough.

Two days ago I saw your nephew Horace; it always gives me pleasure, though a melancholy one; it was increased now, as he is grown much more like to his father. He

[6] Charles Emmanuel, second King of Sardinia. *Walpole.*
[7] Count Woronzow. *Walpole.*

thinks he shall go to you in about a year; I am eager for it, as I know the tender satisfaction it will give you.

August 4th.

I must send away my letter to-night, or it will not be in town time enough for the foreign post to-morrow. The Russian revolution is confirmed; the papers have even produced a declaration of the new Czarina, in which she deposes her husband with the utmost *sang-froid*. I should easily believe it genuine; it is in the style of the age; there is an honest impudence in modern majesty that is delightful. They scorn plausibility; however, there is one comfort—they level their crimes chiefly against one another. This Muscovite history, as I hear from very good authority, happened thus: The Czar, who was originally supposed impotent, and who, notwithstanding his mistress, seems to have had the modesty of thinking himself so, intended to return his two children upon his wife's hands, and had declared his rival John, his successor. The late Czarina had had the curiosity to see young John, though unknown to him: this had given Peter uneasiness; yet one of his first proceedings was to take the same step. The anecdotes of that court, however, say that John has had so many drugs given to him as to shatter his understanding extremely. Probably, as our Charles II said of a foolish popular parson, 'John's nonsense suited Peter's nonsense.' Peter, intoxicated with brandy and the King of Prussia, had thoughts of divorcing his Empress. She was at Peterhoff, two miles from Petersburgh; the Czar at another villa. An officer arrived post with a led horse, told the Czarina there was a design against her life; that she had no time to lose; she must fly, or present herself to the army in the city. Pray, Sir Horace, what do ladies in a panic do? To be sure, run into the danger, not from it. Just so acted the

Czarina. She trotted away to the capital, threw herself upon the gallantry of the Preobazinsky (or Prætorian) guards, who in Russia are the most polite and compassionate cavaliers in the world, and begged they would—not protect her—but give her the crown. One troop, who have been a little Prussianized, hesitated; the rest thought her request as reasonable as possible, and immediately proclaimed her. The rest of the people, who abhor innovations, and who, consequently, could not pardon the Czar for giving them their liberty, concurred unanimously. Not a word was said in favour of Master Fitz-Catherine [8], who certainly has no right to the diadem, till his mother's no-right devolves to him by her death. The Czar, informed of the change of scene, fled to Cronstad, and embarked. All the royal galleys were sent after him, and he was overtaken. An act of abdication was presented to him. He signed it, and then made three requests,—for his own life, and for those of his mistress and of a Prussian adjutant who had accompanied him in his flight. Whether the first and last boons were granted, story is hitherto silent; but the next morning, Mademoiselle Woronzow flung herself on her knees before the Czarina, and begged to resign the order of St. Catherine, which she said the Czar had bestowed on her two months ago, and of which she owned herself unworthy,—so, probably, knows the Czarina, who returned the cross and dismissed her. Bestuchef [9] is recalled; somebody, I forgot who, and Schualow [10], the late Empress's minion, are the chief ministers.

A civil message has been sent to Mr. Keith [11]—to the King of Prussia, that he, having thirty thousand Russians

[8] The Grand-Duke Paul.

[9] Count Bestuchew-Riumin (1693–1766), Chancellor of the Empire in 1744; exiled, 1757.

[10] Count Schoualow, favourite of the Empress Elizabeth; but this did not prove true—he was not employed by Catherine II. *Walpole.*

[11] The English Minister. *Walpole.*

in his army, which her Majesty wants, she should be glad to have them return; however, as she knows his Majesty's occasions, she permits them to obey his orders till he can spare them. He replied that by their assistance he had extricated himself from his greatest difficulty, and would send them back immediately. Here ends my first tome. One wants to know the fate of the Czar, of his predecessor and successor John; of Munich, Biron, and all those heroes of former dramas, who had been recalled from Siberia. One does not want to know what the Empress-Queen feels. She, who devoutly hates every monarch who cannot or will not get children, must be transported. But what seeds are here for more revolutions! If John and Peter never come to light again, the blood-royal of Russia will be extinct, at least be extremely equivocal; and the title of a Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst to the crown cannot fascinate the eyes of every good Muscovite. As they are compendious in their proceedings, I should think the malcontents would not waste a summer in writing *Monitors* and *North-Russians*[12].

The King of Prussia has certainly driven back Daun, and got between him and Schweidnitz. Prince Ferdinand, too, has obtained another advantage[13]. The accounts came yesterday; no English were engaged; the affair lay between Hessians and Saxons, and Stainville is dislodged from his post. The advantage is reckoned considerable. The King of France is impatient to stop the effusion of blood. Choiseul is eager for peace, and the more so, as all his schemes are baffled. That we wish it all Europe knows, but that is not the best secret for obtaining it. Many people think it agreed. I dread this northern tempest.

What a volume is here! and, perhaps, not a syllable of it new to you! You will, at least, excuse the intention.

[12] In allusion to *North Britons*, the famous weekly papers written by Wilkes against Lord Bute. *Walpole.*

[13] On July 23, 1762, near Münden.

I wish you and I had any common acquaintance left, that we might chat of something else than kings and queens! Adieu!

P.S. The Russian minister here, I am told, has received credentials from the new government.

832. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, August 5, 1762.

As you have correspondents of better authority in town, I don't pretend to send you great events, and I know no small ones. Nobody talks of anything under a revolution. That in Russia alarms me, lest Lady Mary should fall in love with the Czarina, who has deposed *her* Lord Coke, and set out for Petersburgh. We throw away a whole summer in writing *Britons* and *North Britons*; the Russians change sovereigns faster than Mr. Wilkes[1] can choose a motto for a paper. What years were spent here in controversy on the abdication of King James, and the legitimacy of the Pretender! Commend me to the Czarina. They doubted, that is, her husband did, whether her children were of genuine blood-royal. She appealed to the Preobazinski guards, excellent casuists; and, to prove Duke Paul heir to the crown, assumed it herself. The proof was compendious and unanswerable.

I trust you know that Mr. Conway has made a figure by taking the castle of Waldeck. There has been another action to Prince Ferdinand's advantage, but no English were engaged.

You tantalize me by talking of the verdure of Yorkshire; we have not had a teacupful of rain till to-day for these six

Letter 832.—[1] John Wilkes (1727–1797), M.P. for Aylesbury. He began to publish the *North Briton* in January, 1762.

weeks. Corn has been reaped that never wet its lips; not a blade of grass; the leaves yellow and falling as in the end of October. In short, Twickenham is rueful; I don't believe Westphalia looks more barren. Nay, we are forced to fortify ourselves too. Hanworth was broken open last night, though the family was all there. Lord Vere lost a silver standish, an old watch, and his writing-box with fifty pounds in it. They broke it open in the park, but missed a diamond ring, which was found, and the telescope, which by the weight of the case they had fancied full of money. Another house in the middle of Sunbury has had the same fate. I am mounting cannon on my battlements.

Your château, I hope, proceeds faster than mine. The carpenters are all associated for increase of wages; I have had but two men at work these five weeks. You know, to be sure, that Lady Mary Wortley cannot live. Adieu, my dear Lord!

Your most faithful servant,
Hor. Walpole.

833. To the Rev. William Cole.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, August 5, 1762.

As I had been dilatory in accepting your kind offer of coming hither, I proposed it as soon as I returned. As we are so burnt, and as my workmen have disappointed me, I am not quite sorry that I had not the pleasure of seeing you this week. Next week I am obliged to be in town on business. If you please, therefore, we will postpone our meeting till the first of September; by which time I flatter myself we shall be green, and I shall be able to show you my additional apartment to more advantage. Unless you forbid me, I will expect you, Sir, the very beginning of next month. In the meantime, I will only thank you for the

obliging and curious notes you have sent me, which will make a great figure in my second edition.

I am, Sir, your much obliged humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

834. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, August 10, 1762.

I HAVE received your letter from Greatworth since your return, but I do not find that you have got one, which I sent you to the Vine, enclosing one directed for you: Mr. Chute says you did not mention hearing from me there. I left your button too in town with old Richard to be transmitted to you.

Our drought continues, though we have had one handsome storm. I have been reading the story of Phaeton in the *Metamorphosis*; it is a picture of Twickenham. *Ardet Athos, taurusque Cilix*, &c.: Mount Richmond burns, parched is Petersham; *Parnassusque biceps*, dry is Pope's grot, the nymphs of Clivden are turning to blackmores, their faces are already as glowing as a cinder; Cycnus is changed into a swan; *quodque suo Tagus amne vehit, fluit ignibus aurum*, my gold-fishes are almost molten. Yet this conflagration is nothing to that in Russia; what do you say to a Czarina mounting her horse, and marching at the head of fourteen thousand men, with a large train of artillery, to dethrone her husband? Yet she is not the only virago in that country; the conspiracy was conducted by the sister[1] of the Czar's mistress, a heroine under twenty! They have no fewer than two Czars now in coops—that is, supposing these gentle damsels have murdered neither of them. Turkey will become a moderate government; one must travel to

LETTER 834. — [1] Ekaterina Romanova (1744-1810), Princess Daskkov, Catherine's confidante.

frozen climates if one chooses to see revolutions in perfection. 'Here's room for meditation ev'n to madness;' the deposed Emperor possessed Muscovy, was heir to Sweden, and the true heir of Denmark; all the northern crowns centred in his person—one hopes he is in a dungeon—that is, one hopes he is not assassinated—you cannot crowd more matter into a lecture of morality than is comprehended in those few words. This is the fourth Czarina that you and I have seen—to be sure, as historians, we have not passed our time ill. Mrs. Anne Pitt, who, I suspect, envies the heroine of twenty a little, says, 'The Czarina has only robbed *Peter* to pay *Paul*'—and I do not believe that her brother, Mr. William Pitt, feels very happy, that he cannot immediately dispatch a squadron to the Baltic to reinstate the friend of the King of Prussia. I cannot afford to live less than fifty years more, for so long, at least, I suppose, it will be before the court of Petersburgh will cease to produce amusing scenes. Think of old Count Biron, formerly master of that empire, returning to Siberia, and bowing to Bestucheff, whom he may meet on the road from thence. I interest myself now about nothing but Russia; Lord Bute must be sent to the Orcades before I shall ask a question in English politics: at least I shall expect that Mr. Pitt, at the head of the Preobazinski guards, will seize the person of the prime minister for giving up our conquests *to the chief enemy of this nation.*

My pen is in such a sublime humour, that it can scarce condescend to tell you that Sir Edward Deering[2] is going to marry Polly Hart, Draper's old mistress; and three more baronets, whose names nobody knows but Collins[3], are treading in the same steps. My compliments to the house

[2] Sir Edward Dering, sixth Baronet, of Surrenden Dering, Kent, d. 1798.

[3] Arthur Collins (d. 1760), author of the well-known *Peerage*, published a *Baronetage of England* in 1720.

of Montagu—upon my word I congratulate the General and you, and your Viceroy, that you escaped being deposed by the primate of Novogorod.

Yours ever,
H. W.

I this minute receive yours of Sunday—you frighten me about your bill—was it a bank-bill? Whatever it was, it came in a little dab of a letter; I enclosed it in one I wrote to you on the 29th of last month, and directed mine to the Vine, so that you ought to have had it the Friday before you set out. Louis put it into the post here, with three or four other letters, to one of which I have had an answer. Write immediately to Mr. Hampden[4]; tell him it went from hence on the 29th for the Vine—and you may enclose the following bit of a direction to him, to show how careless his people are: it is my maid's handwriting in Arlington Street and the postmark is *Portsmouth*. But I must scold you a little; how can you be so careless, not to give me notice that I was to receive a bill of consequence for you; and why not tell Richard when you was to leave this place? —you see how many idle journeys his letter necessarily took. I shall be very anxious till I hear you have found it.

835. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Aug. 12, 1762.

A Prince of Wales[1] was born this morning; the prospect of your old neighbour[2] at Rome does not improve; the House of Hanover will have numbers in its own family sufficient to defend their crown—unless they marry a Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst[3]. What a shocking tragedy that has

[4] As Joint Postmaster-General.

Letter 835.—[1] Afterwards George IV.

[2] The Pretender. *Walpole.*

[3] The Czarina Catherine II was Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst. *Walpole.*

proved already! There is a manifesto[4] arrived to-day that makes one shudder! This northern Athaliah, who has the modesty not to name her murdered *husband* in that light, calls him *her neighbour*; and, as if all the world were savages, like Russians, pretends that he died suddenly of a distemper that never was expeditious; mocks Heaven with pretensions to charity and piety; and heaps the additional inhumanity on the man she has dethroned and assassinated, of imputing his death to a judgement from Providence. In short, it is the language of usurpation and blood, counselled and apologized for by clergymen! It is Brunehault and an archbishop!

I have seen Mr. Keith's first dispatch; in general, my account was tolerably correct; but he does not mention Ivan[5]. The conspiracy advanced by one of the gang being seized, though for another crime; they thought themselves discovered. Orloff[6], one of them, hurried to the Czarina, and told her she had no time to lose. She was ready for anything; nay, marched herself at the head of fourteen thousand men and a train of artillery against her husband, but not being the only Alecto in Muscovy, she had been aided by a Princess Daschkaw, a nymph under twenty, and sister to the Czar's mistress. It was not the latter, as I told you, but the Chancellor's wife[7], who offered up the order of St. Catherine. I do not know how my Lord Buckingham feels, but unless to conjure up a tempest against this fury of the north, nothing could bribe me to set my foot in her dominions. Had she been priestess of the Scythian Diana, she would have sacrificed her brother by choice. It seems she does not degenerate; her mother

[4] The manifesto, with other papers relating to the deposition of Peter III, is printed in *Ann. Reg.*, 1762, pp. 222–8.

[5] Ivan or John, the former dethroned young Czar. *Walpole.*

[6] Alexis Orloff (1737–1808), brother of the Empress's favourite. He was supposed to be the actual murderer of Peter III.

[7] Countess Woronzow.

was ambitious and passionate for intrigues; she went to Paris, and dabbled in politics with all her might.

The world had been civilizing itself till one began to doubt whether ancient histories were not ancient legends. Voltaire had unpoisoned half the victims to the Church and to ambition. Oh! there never was such a man as Borgia; the league seemed a romance. For the honour of poor historians, the assassinations of the Kings of France and Portugal, majesties still living in spite of Damien and the Jesuits, and the dethronement and murder of the Czar, have restored some credibility to the annals of former ages. Tacitus recovers his character by the edition of Petersburgh.

We expect the definitive courier from Paris every day. Now it is said that they ask time to send to Spain. What? to ask leave to desert them? The Spaniards, not so expeditious in usurpation as the Muscovites, have made no progress in Portugal. Their absurd manifestoes appeared too soon. The Czarina and Princess Daschkaw stay till the stroke is struck. Really, my dear Sir, your Italy is growing unfashionably innocent,—if you don't take care, the Archbishop of Novogorod will deserve, by his crimes, to be at the head of the *Christian* Church. I fear my friend, good Benedict[8], infected you all with his virtues.

You see how this Russian revolution has seized every cell in my head—a Prince of Wales is passed over in a line, the Peace in another line. I have not even told you that the treasure of the *Hermione*[9], reckoned eight hundred thousand pounds, passed the end of my street this morning in one-

[8] Pope Benedict XIV. *Walpole.*

[9] *Gent. Mag.* 1762, July 6: 'In the *Gazette* of this day, is the following intelligence from the Hague: "The *Hermione*, a Spanish register ship, which left Lima the 6th of January, bound for Cadiz, was taken the 21st of May off Cape St. Vincent, by three English frigates, and carried into Gibraltar. Her cargo is said to consist of near twelve millions of money registered, and unregistered to be likewise very considerable, besides 2000 serons of cocoa, and a great deal of other valuable merchandize."'

and-twenty waggons. Of the Havannah I could tell you nothing if I would; people grow impatient at not hearing from thence. Adieu!

You see I am a punctual correspondent when Empresses commit murders.

836. To the Rev. William Cole.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, August 19, 1762.

I am very sensible of the obligations I have to you and Mr. Masters [1], and ought to make separate acknowledgements to both; but, not knowing how to direct to him, I must hope that you will kindly be once more the channel of our correspondence; and that you will be so good as to convey to him an answer to what you communicated from him to me, and in particular my thanks for the most obliging offer he has made me of a picture of Henry VII; of which I will by no means rob him. My view in publishing the *Anecdotes* was, to assist gentlemen in discovering the hands of pictures they possess; and I am sufficiently rewarded when that purpose is answered. If there is another edition, the mistake in the calculation of the tapestry shall be rectified, and any others, which any gentleman will be so good as to point out. With regard to the monument of Sir Nathaniel Bacon [2], Vertue certainly describes it as at Culford; and in looking to the place to which I am referred, in Mr. Masters's History of C.C.C.C. [3], I think he himself allows in the note, that there is such a monument

Letter 836.—Incomplete in C.; now first printed entire after collation with original in possession of Mrs. Alfred Morrison.

[1] Robert Masters (1713–1798), Rector of Landbeach and Vicar of Waterbeach, in Cambridgeshire; author of *The History of the College of Corpus Christi and the Blessed Virgin Mary (commonly called Bene't) in the University of Cambridge.*

[2] Sir Nathaniel Bacon, K.B., an artist mentioned in the *Anecdotes of Painting.*

[3] Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

at Culford. Of Sir Balthazar Gerbier[4] there are several different prints. Nich. Laniere[5] purchasing pictures at the King's sale, is undoubtedly a mistake for one of his brothers —I cannot tell now whether Vertue's mistake or my own. At Longleat is a whole-length of Frances, Duchess of Richmond, exactly such as Mr. Masters describes, but in oil, and I have another whole-length of the same Duchess, I believe by Mytens[6], but younger than that at Longleat. But the best picture of her is in Wilson's[7] Life of King James, and very diverting indeed. I will not trouble you, Sir, or Mr. Masters, with any more at present; but, repeating my thanks to both, will assure you that I am, Sir, your obliged humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Petitot never painted but in enamel. The miniature might, notwithstanding, be copied from him.

837. To the Rev. Thomas Warton[1].

SIR, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 21, 1762.

I was last week surprised with a very unexpected present[2] in your name; and still more, when, upon examining it, I found myself so much and so undeservedly distinguished by your approbation. I certainly ought to have thanked you immediately, but I chose to defer my acknowledgements till I had read your volumes very attentively.

[4] Sir Balthazar Gerbier, Knight (d. 1667), 'painter, architect, and courtier.' (*D. N. B.*)

[5] Nicholas Lanier or Laniere (d. 1666), Master of the Music to Charles I and Charles II, and purchaser of many pictures for the collection of Charles I. He repurchased several of these at the sale, as Walpole stated in the *Anecdotes of Painting*.

[6] In his *Description of Strawberry Hill* Horace Walpole attributes this portrait to Mark Garrard, or Gheeraerts.

[7] Arthur Wilson (1595–1652).

LETTER 837.—[1] Thomas Warton (1728–1790), Professor of Poetry at Oxford.

[2] *Observations on the Faery Queene of Spenser*. Warton's mentions of Horace Walpole occur in the eighth, tenth, and eleventh sections.

The praise you have bestowed on me debars me, Sir, from doing all the justice I ought to your work: the pleasure I received from it would seem to have grown out of the satisfaction I felt in what, if it would not be ungrateful, I should be humble enough to call flattery; for how can you, Sir, approve such hasty, superficial writings as mine, you, who in the same pursuits are so much more correct, and have gone so much deeper? for instance, compare your account of Gothic architecture with mine; I have scarce skimmed the subject; you have ascertained all its periods. If my *Anecdotes* should ever want another edition, I shall take the liberty of referring the readers to your chronicle of our buildings.

With regard to the Dance of Death, I must confess you have not convinced me. Vertue (for it was he, not I, that first doubted of that painting at Basil) persuaded me by the arguments I found in his MSS., and which I have given, that Holbein was not the author. The latter's prints, as executed by Hollar, confirmed me in that opinion: and you must forgive me if I still think the taste of them superior to Albert Durer. This is mere matter of opinion, and of no consequence, and the only point in your book, Sir, in which I do not submit to you and agree with you.

You will not be sorry to be informed, Sir, that in the library of the Antiquarian Society there is a large and very good print of Nonsuch[3], giving a tolerable idea of that pile, which was not the case of Speed's confused scrap. I have myself drawings of the two old palaces of Richmond and Greenwich; and should be glad to show them to you, if at any time of your leisure you would favour me with a visit here. You would see some attempts at Gothic, some miniatures of scenes which I am pleased to find you love.—Cloisters, screens, round towers, and a printing-house, all

[3] In Surrey, built by Henry VIII, pulled down about 1670.

indeed of baby dimensions, would put you a little in mind of the age of Caxton and Wynken. You might play at fancying yourself in a castle described by Spenser.

You see, Sir, by the persuasions I employ, how much I wish to tempt you hither!

I am, Sir,
Your most obliged and obedient servant,
HORACE WALPOLE.

P.S. You know, to be sure, that in Ames's *Typographical Antiquities* are specified all the works of Stephen Hawes [4].

838. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sunday, August 29, 1762.

We cannot afford to stay any longer for the Havannah, and must make peace without it. The Duke of Bedford, on Wednesday next, is to be named in form Ambassador Extraordinary, as the Duc de Nivernois [1] will be the same day at Paris; on the 7th of next month they are to meet at Dover, cross over and figure-in. Our duke carries good dispositions, but as there is a grain of wrong-headed warmth in his temper, I hope it will not leaven the whole pacific cake. Still I fear that obstinate diadem in Spain! who will not be bullied as when he was plain Don Carlos King of Naples, and which perhaps he has not forgot. Lord Tyrawley is returned, and as they were not pleased to see him and English troops in Portugal, when they feared it would draw down the war upon them, he now will not allow there is any war there, calls it a combination to get

[4] Stephen Hawes (d. 1523?), to whose writings, apparently, Spenser was to some extent indebted.

LETTER 838.—[1] Louis Jules Barbon Mancini Mazarin (1716–1798), Duc de Nivernais, sometime Ambassador at Rome and Berlin. He was a *littérateur* and a member of the French Academy. He translated into French Horace Walpole's *Essay on Modern Gardening*, printed in both languages at Strawberry Hill in 1785.

our money, and says he will eat every man that is killed, if the Portuguese will engage to roast him. Absurd as this proposition is, it is the only tolerable excuse I have heard for the King of Spain. *En attendant* the signing of preliminaries, we have a victory[2] of the King of Prussia over Laudohn, and a new squabble with the Dutch. They were sending a convoy of naval stores to Cales—to sell underhand; our good allies do not injure us for nothing; Commodore More sent some men-of-war to visit them; their guardian would not be examined, which he intimated by a cannon; a fight ensued, he has lost his nose and his first-lieutenant, and is brought into Portsmouth. This is our story as arrived to-day. The Dutch minister Borel is very temperate about it, though the lost nose belonged to his nephew.

I rejoice that you agree with me in abhorring that good woman the Czarina. Semiramis and her models never thought of palliating murders by manifestoes. One would think that Peter the Great had not yet taught the Russians to read! or she could not have the confidence to write such horrid and such gross falsehoods. They are as ill-drawn as if penned in Spain or Portugal. But what do you think of her recollecting herself, crying for her husband, and wanting to attend his funeral? This, and her backward and forward dealing with the King of Prussia, show what confusion subsists in her councils. I do not grieve to hear that as much reigns in her empire. I am impatient to learn that she is in a covered waggon on the road to Siberia.

I condole with you for the misfortune of the Gallery[3], and the loss of the Laocoön; yet, if a fine statue was to be demolished, it was one that could most easily be spared, as

[2] At Reichenbach, where, on August 16, 1762, the Prince of Brunswick-Bevern defeated Lacy in an attempt to interrupt the siege of Schweidnitz.

[3] The fire took place on August 13, 1762. Except for the loss of the Laocoön, no great damage was done.

there is a duplicate at Rome, and, as I remember, not only a finer, but a more authentic. But how came the Florentines to see their gallery burn with so much indifference? It was collected by the Medici. If formed by the Lorrainers I should not wonder.

Lady Mary Wortley is dead, as I prepared you to expect. Except some trifling legacies, she has given everything to Lady Bute, so we shall never know the sum—perhaps that was intended. It is given out for inconsiderable, besides some rich baubles. Another of our old acquaintance at Florence is greatly advanced; Lady Charlotte Finch[4] is made governess to the Prince; a choice so universally approved that I do not think she will be abused even in the *North Briton.*

Mrs. Foote's[5] friend, Lord Westmoreland[6], is just dead, from a stroke of the palsy. His countess[7] is gone to your sister at Linton. His Chancellorship of Oxford will be an object of contention. Lord Litchfield[8] will have the interest of the court, which now has some influence there; yet, perhaps, those[9] who would have voted for him formerly may not now be his heartiest friends.

Oh, when I was talking of the royal child, I should have told you of a delightful card which was sent by Mrs. Salvador and Mrs. Mendez, two rich Jewesses, *to know how the Queen did.* Lady Northumberland, who was in waiting, told the servant that that was not the manner—that they should have come in person to inquire. 'That's good,' replied the fellow; 'why, my mistress lies in herself': if she had not,

[4] Second daughter of Thomas Farmor, Earl of Pomfret, and widow of William Finch, Vice-Chamberlain, next brother to the Earl of Winchelsea, who was succeeded in the title by her only son. *Walpole.*

[5] Mary, sister of Sir Horace Mann. *Walpole.*

[6] John Fane, seventh Earl of Westmorland.

[7] Mary Cavendish, Countess of Westmoreland. *Walpole.*

[8] George Henry Lee, Earl of Lichfield. *Walpole.*

[9] The Jacobites. *Walpole.*

I suppose she would have expected the Queen to send to *her*.

The embassy to Paris is not the single glory of the Bedfords. After long hopes and trials on their side, and vast repugnance on his, the Duke of Marlborough has at last married their daughter[10].

I will make your compliments to Palazzo Pitti[11] when I see it; but he has scarce been here; he is not well, and drinking waters at Sunning Hill.

Have you received your commissions, particularly the music? Your brother James promised to be expeditious, but I have been so much out of town I have not seen him. Did not you tell me you had sent a parcel of my letters by somebody? I have not received them, and have forgot who the messenger was.

Thank you for Cocchi's[12] *Spectator*, I like it better than you shall own to him. With his father's freedom of thinking, he has a great deal of humour; but don't let him pursue it. Wit will be but slender comfort in the prisons of the Inquisition, or in a fortress; more uncomfortable, if his opening the eyes of others leads them into the same situation. If curing old errors would prevent the world from falling into new ones, *à la bonne heure*; but one nonsense is as good as another; better, if the change is to be made by blood. A Gustavus Vasa may strike a stroke for liberty, but few men are born to overturn a tyranny with their pen. When established liberty is in danger, then write for it; one may prevent people perhaps from shutting their eyes; 'tis more difficult to unclose them if shut. Nor can it be done when the world is in cold blood;

[10] Lady Caroline Russell, only daughter of the Duke of Bedford, wife of George Spencer, Duke of Marlborough, who, though in love with her, was unwilling to marry her, as he did not like her mother, the Duchess of Bedford. *Walpole.*

[11] Mr. T. Pitt. *Walpole.*

[12] Son of Dr. Cocchi, a Florentine physician and author; the son wrote some *Spectators* on the model of Addison's. *Walpole.*

you may snatch a fortunate fermenting minute, but you cannot prepare it. If Cocchi must write, let him come hither; here he may make reeds say what he will[13]; but let his own barber remind him that in some countries it is not safe even to trust reeds with one's thoughts. Adieu!

P.S. When I was mentioning acquaintance you have lost, I forgot to name Lady Fane[14]; you see nervous disorders are not very mortal; I think she must have been above seventy.

839. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 9, 1762.

Nondum laurus erat, longoque decentia crine
Tempora cingebat de qualibet arbore Phoebus.

This is a hint to you, that as Phœbus, who was certainly your superior, could take up with a chestnut garland, or any crown he found, you must have the humility to be content without laurels, when none are to be had: you have hunted far and near for them, and taken true pains to the last in that old nursery-garden Germany, and by the way have made me shudder with your last journal: but you must be easy with *qualibet* other *arbore*; you must come home to your own plantations. The Duke of Bedford is gone in a fury to make peace, for he cannot be even pacific with temper; and by this time I suppose the Duke de Nivernois is unpacking his portion of olive *dans la rue de Suffolk Street.* I say, I suppose—for I do not, like my friends at Arthur's, whip into my postchaise to see every novelty. My two

[13] Alluding to Midas's barber. *Walpole.*

[14] Charlotte, sister of James, first Earl Stanhope, and mother of Charles, the last Viscount Fane, friend of Sir Horace Mann, and his predecessor at Florence. *Walpole.*

sovereigns, the Duchess of Grafton and Lady Mary Coke, are arrived, and yet I have seen neither Polly nor Lucy. The former, I hear, is entirely French; the latter as absolutely English.

Well! but if you insist on not doffing your cuirass, you may find an opportunity of wearing it. The storm thickens. The City of London are ready to hoist their standard; treason is the *bon ton* at that end of the town; seditious papers pasted up at every corner: nay, my neighbourhood is not unfashionable; we have had them at Brentford and Kingston. The Peace is the cry; but to make weight, they throw in all the abusive ingredients they can collect. They talk of your friend the Duke of Devonshire's resigning; and, for the Duke of Newcastle, it puts him so much in mind of the end of Queen Anne's time, that I believe he hopes to be minister again for another forty years.

In the meantime, there are but dark news from the Havannah; the *Gazette*, who would not fib for the world, says we have lost but four officers; the world, who is not quite so scrupulous, says our loss is heavy.—But what shocking notice to those who have *Harry Conways* there! The *Gazette* breaks off with saying that they were to storm the next day! Upon the whole, it is regarded as a preparative to worse news.

Our next monarch was christened last night, George Augustus Frederick; the Princess, the Duke of Cumberland, and Duke of Mecklenburgh, sponsors; the ceremony performed by the Bishop of London. The Queen's bed, magnificent, and they say in taste, was placed in the great drawing-room: though she is not to see company in form, yet it looks as if they had intended people should have been there, as all who presented themselves were admitted, which were very few, for it had not been notified; I suppose to prevent too great a crowd: all I have heard named, besides

those in waiting, were the Duchess of Queensbury, Lady Dalkeith, Mrs. Grenville, and about four more ladies.

My Lady Ailesbury is abominable: she settled a party to come hither, and put it off a month; and now she has been here and seen my cabinet, she ought to tell you what good reason I had not to stir. If she has not told you that it is the finest, the prettiest, the newest, and the oldest thing in the world, I will not go to Park Place on the 20th, as I have promised. Oh! but tremble you may for me, though you will not for yourself—all my glories were on the point of vanishing last night in a flame! The chimney of the new gallery, which chimney is full of deal-boards, and which gallery is full of shavings, was on fire at eight o'clock. Harry had quarrelled with the other servants, and would not sit in the kitchen; and to keep up his anger, had lighted a vast fire in the servants' hall, which is under the gallery. The chimney took fire; and if Margaret had not smelt it with the first nose that ever a servant had, a quarter of an hour had set us in a blaze. I hope you are frightened out of your senses for me: if you are not, I will never live in a panic for three or four years for you again.

I have had Lord March and the Rena[1] here for one night, which does not raise my reputation in the neighbourhood, and may usher me again for a Scotchman into the *North Briton*[2]. I have had too a letter from a German that

LETTER 839.—[1] A fashionable courtesan. *Walpole.*

[2] The favourable opinion given by Mr. Walpole of the abilities of the Scotch in the *Royal and Noble Authors*, first drew upon him the notice of the *North Briton*. The passage alluded to is the following, in the second number of that paper: 'Mr. Horace Walpole, in that deep book called the *Royal and Noble Authors*, says, We are *the most accomplished nation in Europe; the nation to which, if any one country is endowed with a superior partition of sense* (and he ought to have added, of *humour* and *taste*, in both which we excel), *I should be inclined to give the preference in that particular.* How faithful is this masterly pen of Mr. Walpole! How unlike the odious sharp and strong incision pen of Swift! He has called us only *a poor* FIERCE *northern* people; and has asserted, *that the pensions and employments possessed by the natives of Scotland in England, amounted to more than the whole body of their nobility ever spent*

I never saw, who tells me that, hearing by chance how well I am with my Lord Bute, he desires me to get him a place. The *North Briton* first *recommended* me for an employment, and has now given me interest at the back-stairs. It is a notion, that whatever is said of one, has generally some kind of foundation: surely I am a contradiction to this maxim! yet, was I of consequence enough to be remembered, perhaps posterity would believe that I was a flatterer! Good night!

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

840. To GROSVENOR BEDFORD.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 9, 1762.

I must trouble you in an affair in which it is not easy, I fear, to assist me. My servant, Henry Jones, is grown old and wants to retire. If you could find a very good servant for me, it would be of great use. I will tell you exactly what sort of man I want. He is to be steward and butler, not my gentleman, nor have anything to do with dressing me, or with my clothes, but is to wait at table and at tea. His chief business will be to look after my family, in which he must be strict; and he must understand buying and selling, for what I shall chiefly expect will be, that he shall bring me every Saturday night the house-bills for the week, and every month those of the other tradesmen and servants. For these reasons which I cannot dispense with, I choose to have a grave servant of forty, or near it, with

at home; and that all the money they raised upon the public was hardly sufficient to defray their civil and military lists. This was at the latter end of Queen Anne's reign. How very different is the case now! I beg to recommend Mr. Walpole, too, for so very particular a compliment (which I hope flowed from his *heart* still more than from his *head*), and I entreat his Lordship to put him on the list immediately after my countrymen and the Cocoa.' *Walpole.*

a very good character, and I should wish, not married. When you inquire, be so good as not to let it be known that it is for me; as I do not like to have servants present themselves, whom I should probably not care to take. The wages I shall make little difficulty about, if it is one that I can depend upon for being careful in my family, and letting there be no waste. I shall be in town on Monday night, and if you will call on me on Tuesday or Wednesday mornings, I will talk to you farther, for though I should be glad to have this servant soon, I am in no particular haste. Adieu, dear Sir! Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. One material condition will be, that he is not to have friends coming to my house after him.

841. To Grosvenor Bedford.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 24, 1762.

I would not trouble you with the enclosed commissions, but as I think you pass by both doors almost every day. Be so good as to inquire if the persons mentioned in these advertisements are really objects of charity, and if they are, I will beg you to leave a guinea for each, and put it to my account. Yours ever,

H. W.

842. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 24, 1762.

I was disappointed at not seeing you, as you had given me hopes, but shall be glad to meet the General, as I think I shall, for I go to town on Monday to restore the furniture of my house, which has been painted; and to stop the gaps as well as I can, which I have made by bringing everything

hither; but as long as there are auctions, and I have any money or hoards, those wounds soon close.

I can tell you nothing of your Dame Montagu and her arms; but I dare to swear Mr. Chute can. I did not doubt but you would approve Mr. Bateman's, since it has changed its religion; I converted it from Chinese to Gothic. His cloister of founders, which by the way is Mr. Bentley's, is delightful; I envy him his old chairs, and the tomb of Bishop Caducanus[1]; but I do not agree with you in preferring the Duke's[2] to Stowe. The first is in a greater style, I grant, but one always perceives the *mésalliance*; the blood of Bagshot Heath will never let it be green. If Stowe had but half so many buildings as it has, there would be too many; but that profusion, that glut, enriches, and makes it look like a fine landscape of Albano; one figures oneself in Tempe or Daphne. I never saw St. Leonard's Hill; would you spoke seriously of buying it! one could stretch out the arm of one's postchaise, and reach you when one would.

I am here all in ignorance and rain, and have seen nobody these two days since I returned from Park Place. I do not know whether the mob hissed my Lord Bute at his installation[3], as they intended, or whether my Lord Talbot drubbed them for it. I know nothing of the Peace, nor of the Havannah, but I could tell you much of old English engravers[4], whose lives occupy me at present. On Sunday I am to dine with your prime minister Hamilton, for though I do not seek the world, and am best pleased when quiet here, I do not refuse its invitations, when it does not press one to pass above a few hours with it. I have no quarrel to it, when it comes not to me, nor asks me to lie from home.

LETTER 842.—[1] Caducanus or Cadwgan, Bishop of Bangor, 1215–41.

[2] The Ranger's Lodge, in Windsor Great Park.

[3] As Knight of the Garter, on Sept. 22, 1762.

[4] *A Catalogue of Engravers*, printed at Strawberry Hill in 1763.

That favour is only granted to the elect, to Greatworth, and a very few more spots. Adieu!

Yours most sincerely,
H. W.

843. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 26, 1762.

Well, my dear Sir, we write and write, but we do not take the Havannah or make the Peace; I wish the latter may not depend on the former! Lord Albemarle's last letters have not been made public; we do not doubt but there is great sickness among our troops, nor do the Spaniards seem so terrified at the name of an Englishman as the French are. The former proceed in conquering Portugal before our faces; yet we have given them a little check[1], and I hope a little spirit to the Portuguese. The Duchess of Bedford is certainly going to Paris, but we do not expect the definitive treaty before the Parliament meets. The clamour does not increase, though I do not tell you it abates. One knows not what to believe about the chiefs. Pitt is said to declare firmly against opposition; others make a salvo for him, unless *in case of a bad peace.* But neither they nor he know what he will do till he is in the middle of his first speech. In the meantime Lord Temple is all flax, tow, pitch, and combustibles. What I do believe is, that Pitt has refused all junction with the Duke of Newcastle, who has certainly contributed most to raise the flame, who is for ever at court, and yet ruining himself with more alacrity than ever in entertainments to keep up a party; yet I dare to say he will neither have courage to head an opposition, nor art enough to get to the top again, but will be just troublesome enough to obtain some insignificant post in

Letter 843.—[1] The capture of Valencia de Alcantara on Aug. 27, 1762, by British troops under Brigadier Burgoyne.

the Cabinet Council. Somebody said t'other day, 'Yet sure the Duke of Newcastle does not want parts';—'No,' replied Lord Talbot, 'for he has done without them for forty years.' His Grace, Lord Temple, and Lord Bute, met last Wednesday at the installation of the last. The first, when he performed the ceremony, embraced Lord Bute; Lord Temple sat next to him at dinner, but they did not exchange a syllable, and yet I do not esteem habitual virulence more than habitual dissimulation. The pomp was great; the King, Queen, and all the family, but Princess Amelia (who excused herself from seeing her father's trophies buried), were there: Prince William[2] was installed too, and it was the King's first appearance to take his stall. The Queen was charmed with Windsor, and they stay there till Tuesday. Pains had been taken to breed a riot, but nothing happened. The Duke de Nivernois was ill, and could not see the ceremony. He is very battered, delicate, and anxious about his health; very plain and little in his person, but with the air of a gentleman, so I hear. I have not seen him, nor have any curiosity; he translated Lord Lyttelton's *Dialogues of the Dead*, which has not given me much opinion of him.

I did not doubt but such humanity as yours would agree with me about the Czarina—but I grow a little cooled upon that subject; I have not named her with abhorrence above seven times this week.

Well, I have seen my Duchess[3]—you have not returned her as you received her. I was quite struck at seeing her so much altered. She wears no rouge, and being leaner, her features, which never were delicate, seem larger. Then, she is not dressed French, but Italian, that is, over-French. In one point, in which she cannot be improved, she seemed

[2] William Henry, third son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, afterwards Duke of Gloucester. *Walpole.*

[3] The Duchess of Grafton. *Walpole.*

so; being thinner, she looked taller. She spoke of you to my perfect content; and as if I did not know it, told me of all your good-breeding, good-nature, and attentions. She had said to a friend of mine that she had something for me from you, but that I should not have it till she saw me. That was but for half an hour, and not at her own house, so she and I both forgot it; was it my letters? I hope not, for she is gone to her father's[4] in Northumberland, and being doomed never to appear where she is formed to shine, was not at the Installation; nay, will not be in town till December. If she who was so proper for it was not at Windsor, pray do not imagine I was. I saw that show above thirty years ago, and do not, like the Duke of Newcastle, tease every reign with my presence.

Lord Melcombe, except some trifling legacies, has left everything in his power to a near relation, Mr. Windham; but Eastbury[5] and the estate are Lord Temple's, who having always threatened to pull down that pile of ugliness when it should be his, is charmed since he has seen it through the eyes of possession. I told you of Lady Mary Wortley's death and will, but I did not then know that, with her usual maternal tenderness, and usual generosity, she has left her son one guinea.

Arlington Street, Monday night, 27th.

This codicil to my letter will not rejoice you. I find here great doubts of the Peace: in the City they disbelieve it, and prove their disbelief substantially: the stocks fall fast. What a scene will follow, if this negotiation breaks off too! What acrimony, if we think ourselves again deluded by France! And does war want new edge? Wretched mortals! more wretched Kings and ministers, who look on lives as on gunpowder, and care not how many barrels they waste of

[4] Lord Ravensworth. *Walpole.* [5] Near Blandford, in Dorsetshire.

either! Negotiations indeed will fluctuate before they settle. I wish this may be only one of their qualms. Prince Ferdinand, too, will not be sparing of the human gunpowder committed to his charge: he will have a match ready in his hand to the last moment to blow up the treaty;—such a blessing is a foreign general, who has a different interest and cannot be called to account! Sure these monarchs and heroes would shudder, if they saw a bill drawn upon them thus:—

Queen of Hungary, debtor to the human species	Millions.
King of Prussia, ditto	do.
King of France, by his stewards . . .	do.
King of Spain	Many thousands.
Prince Ferdinand, a private gentleman .	Some thousands.
Czarina	Only her own husband.
Total . .	Half Europe.

844. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 28, 1762.

To my sorrow and your wicked joy, it is a doubt whether Monsieur de Nivernois will shut the temple of Janus. We do not believe him quite so much in earnest as the dove[1] we have sent, who has summoned his turtle to Paris. She sets out the day after to-morrow, escorted, to add gravity to the embassy, by George Selwyn. The stocks don't mind this journey of a rush, but draw in their horns every day. We can learn nothing of the Havannah, though the axis on which the whole treaty turns. We believe, for we have never seen them, that the last letters thence brought accounts of great loss, especially by the sickness. Colonel Burgoyne[2]

Letter 844.—[1] The Duke of Bedford, then Embassador at Paris. *Walpole.*

[2] Colonel, afterwards General Burgoyne, with the Comte de Lippe, commanded the British troops sent to the relief of Portugal. *Walpole.*—John Burgoyne (1722–1792), soldier

has given a little fillip to the Spaniards, and shown them, that though they can take Portugal from the Portuguese, it will not be entirely so easy to wrest it from the English. Lord Pulteney[3], and my nephew[4], Lady Waldegrave's brother, distinguished themselves. I hope your Hereditary Prince is recovering of the wounds in his loins; for they say he is to marry Princess Augusta.

Lady Ailesbury has told you, to be sure, that I have been at Park Place. Everything there is in beauty; and, I should think, pleasanter than a campaign in Germany. Your Countess is handsomer than fame; your daughter improving every day; your plantations more thriving than the poor woods about Marburg and Cassel. Chinese pheasants swarm there.—For Lady Cecilia Johnston, I assure you, she sits close upon her egg, and it will not be her fault if she does not hatch a hero. We missed all the glories of the Installation[5], and all the faults, and all the frowning faces there. Not a Knight was absent, but the lame and the deaf.

Your brother, Lady Hertford, and Lord Beauchamp, are gone from Windsor into Suffolk. Henry[6], who has the genuine indifference of a *Harry Conway*, would not stir from Oxford for those pageants. Lord Beauchamp showed me a couple of his letters, which have more natural humour and cleverness than is conceivable. They have the ease and drollery of a man of parts who has lived long in the world—and he is scarce seventeen!

I am going to Lord Waldegrave's[7] for a few days, and,

and dramatist, afterwards well known for his surrender to Gates at Saratoga in 1777.

[3] Only son of William Pulteney, Earl of Bath. He died before his father. *Walpole.*

[4] Edward, only son of Sir Edward Walpole. He died in 1771. *Walpole.*

[5] An installation of Knights of the Garter. *Walpole.*

[6] Henry Seymour Conway, second son of Francis, Earl and afterwards Marquis of Hertford. *Walpole.* He died unmarried in 1830.

[7] James, second Earl of Waldegrave, Knight of the Garter, had married Maria, second daughter of Sir Edward Walpole. *Walpole.*

when your Countess returns from Goodwood, am to meet her at Churchill's. Lord Strafford, who has been terribly alarmed about my Lady, mentions, with great pleasure, the letters he receives from you. His neighbour and cousin, Lord Rockingham, I hear, is one of the warmest declaimers at Arthur's against the present system[8]. Abuse continues in much plenty, but I have seen none that I thought had wit enough to bear the sea. Good night. There are satiric prints enough to tapestry Westminster Hall.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

Stay a moment: I recollect telling you a lie in my last, which, though of no consequence, I must correct. The right reverend midwife, Thomas Secker, Archbishop, did christen the babe, and not the Bishop of London[9], as I had been told by matron authority. Apropos to babes: have you read Rousseau on Education[10]? I almost got through a volume at Park Place, though impatiently; it has more tautology than any of his works, and less eloquence. Sure he has writ more sense and more nonsense than ever any man did of both! All I have yet learned from this work is, that one should have a tutor for one's son to teach him to have no ideas, in order that he may begin to learn his alphabet as he loses his maidenhead.

Thursday, noon, 30th.

Io Havannah! Io Albemarle! I had sealed my letter, and given it to Harry for the post, when my Lady Suffolk sent me a short note from Charles Townshend, to say the Havannah surrendered on the 12th of August, and that we have taken twelve ships of the line in the harbour. The

[8] Rockingham resigned his place in the Bedchamber in the following November, in consequence of his disapproval of the Peace.

[9] Richard Osbaldeston; d. 1764.

[10] *Émile, ou de l'Éducation*, published in April, 1761.

news came late last night. I do not know a particular more. God grant no more blood be shed! I have hopes again of the Peace. My dearest Harry, now we have preserved you to the last moment, do take care of yourself. When one has a whole war to wade through, it is not worth while to be careful in any one battle; but it is silly to fling one's self away in the last. Your character is established; Prince Ferdinand's letters are full of encomiums on you; but what will weigh more with you, save yourself for another war, which I doubt you will live to see, and in which you may be superior commander, and have space to display your talents. A second in service is never remembered, whether the honour of the victory be owing to him, or he killed. Turenne would have a very short paragraph, if the Prince of Condé had been general when he fell. Adieu!

845. To the Rev. William Cole.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 30, 1762.

It gives me great satisfaction that Strawberry Hill pleased you enough to make it a second visit. I could name the time instantly, but you threaten me with coming so loaded with presents, that it will look mercenary, not friendly, to accept your visit. If your chaise is empty, to be sure I shall rejoice to hear it at my gate about the 22nd of this next month: if it is crammed, though I have built a convent, I have not so much of the monk in me as not to blush—nor can content myself with praying to Our Lady of Strawberries to reward you.

I am greatly obliged to you for the accounts from Gothurst[1]. What treasures there are still in private seats, if one knew where to hunt them! The emblematic picture

Letter 845.—[1] Gothurst or Gayhurst, near Newport Pagnell in Buckinghamshire.

of Lady Digby[2] is like that at Windsor, and the fine small one at Mr. Skinner's. I should be curious to see the portrait of Sir Kenelm's father; was not he the remarkable Everard Digby[3]? How singular too is the picture of young Joseph and Madam Potiphar! *His Majora*—one has heard of Josephs that did not find the lady's purse any hindrance to Majora.

You are exceedingly obliging in offering to make an index to my prints, Sir; but that would be a sad way of entertaining you. I am antiquary and virtuoso enough myself not to dislike such employment, but could never think it charming enough to trouble anybody else with it. Whenever you do me the favour of coming hither, you will find yourself entirely at liberty to choose your own amusements—if you choose a bad one, and in truth there is not very good, you must blame yourself; while you know, I hope, that it would be my wish that you did not repent your favours to, Sir,

Yr. most obliged
Humble Servant,
Hor. Walpole.

846. To Lady Hervey.

Madam, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 1, 1762.

I hope you are as free from any complaint, as I am sure you are full of joy. Nobody partakes more of your satisfaction for Mr. Hervey's[1] safe return[2]; and now he is safe, I trust you enjoy his glory: for this is a wicked age; you are one of those un-Lacedæmonian mothers, that are not

[2] Venetia, daughter of Sir Edward Stanley, of Tonge Castle, Shropshire, and wife of Sir Kenelm Digby, Knight.

[3] Sir Everard Digby, Knight (1578–1606), executed for participation in the Gunpowder Plot.

Letter 846.—[1] General William Hervey, youngest son of Lady Hervey. *Walpole.*—Probably a mistake for Captain Augustus Hervey. See the following letter.

[2] From the Havannah. *Walpole.*

content unless your children come off with all their limbs. A Spartan countess would not have had the confidence of my Lady Albemarle to appear in the Drawing-room without at least one of her sons being knocked on the head[3]. However, pray, Madam, make my compliments to her; one must conform to the times, and congratulate people for being happy, if they like it. I know one matron, however, with whom I may condole; who, I dare swear, is miserable that she has not one of her acquaintance in affliction, and to whose door she might drive with all her sympathizing greyhounds to inquire after her, and then to Hawkins's, and then to Graham's, and then cry over a ball of rags that she is picking, and be so sorry for poor Mrs. Such-an-one, who has lost an only son!

When your Ladyship has hung up all your trophies, I will come and make you a visit. There is another ingredient I hope not quite disagreeable that Mr. Hervey has brought with him, un-Lacedæmonian too, but admitted among the other vices of our system. If besides glory and riches they have brought us peace, I will make a bonfire myself, though it should be in the mayoralty of that virtuous citizen Mr. Beckford. Adieu, Madam!

Your Ladyship's most faithful humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

847. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 3, 1762.

I AM now only the Peace in your debt, for here is the Havannah. Here it is, following despair and accompanied by glory, riches, and twelve ships of the line[1]; not all in person, for four are destroyed. The booty—that is an un-

[3] See note on the following letter.

LETTER 847.—[1] Taken in harbour of Havana.

dignified term—I should say, the plunder, or the spoils, which is a more classic word for such heroes as we are, amounts to at least a million and a half. Lord Albemarle's share will be about 140,000*l.* I wish I knew how much that makes in *talents*, or *great sesterces*. What to me is better than all, we have lost but sixteen hundred men; *but*, alas! Most of the sick recovered! What an affecting object my Lady Albemarle[2] would make in a triumph, surrounded by her three victorious sons; for she had three at stake! My friend Lady Hervey[3], too, is greatly happy; her son Augustus distinguished himself particularly[4], brought home the news, and on his way took a rich French ship going to Newfoundland with military stores. I do not surely mean to detract from him, who set all this spirit on float, but you see we can conquer, though Mr. Pitt is at his plough.

The express arrived while the Duc de Nivernois was at dinner with Lord Bute. The world says that the joy of the company showed itself with too little politeness—I hope not; I would not exult to a single man, and a minister of peace; it should be in the face of Europe, if I assumed that dominion which the French used to arrogate; nor do I believe it happened; all the company are not so charmed with the event. They are not quite convinced that it will facilitate the pacification, nor am I clear it will. The City of London will not lower their hopes, and views, and expectations, on this acquisition. Well, if we can steer

[2] Lady Anne Lenox, youngest daughter of the first Duke of Richmond. George, third Earl of Albemarle; Augustus Keppel, afterwards admiral; and General William Keppel, her three eldest sons, all commanded at the taking of the Havannah. *Walpole.*

[3] Mary Lepelle, widow of John, Lord Hervey, and mother of George William, Augustus, and Frederic, all successively Earls of Bristol. *Walpole.*

[4] In command of the *Dragon* he took part in the cannonade of the Moro Castle at the entrance to the harbour of Havana. His ship went aground, but he continued to fire till ordered to desist.

wisely between insolence from success and impatience for peace, we may secure our safety and tranquillity for many years. But they are not yet arrived, nor hear I anything that tells me the Peace will certainly be made. France *wants* peace; I question if she *wishes* it. How his Catholic royalty will take this, one cannot guess. My good friend, we are not at table with Monsieur de Nivernois, so we may smile at this consequence of the family-compact. Twelve ships of the line and the Havannah!—it becomes people who cannot keep their own, to divide the world between them!

Your nephew Foote has made a charming figure; the King and Queen went from Windsor to see Eton; he is captain of the Oppidans, and made a speech to them with great applause. It was in English, which was right; why should we talk Latin to our Kings rather than Russ or Iroquois? Is this a season for being ashamed of our country? Dr. Barnard[5], the master, is the Pitt of masters, and has raised the school to the most flourishing state it ever knew.

Lady Mary Wortley has left twenty-one large volumes in prose and verse, in manuscript; nineteen are fallen to Lady Bute, and will not see the light in haste. The other two Lady Mary in her passage gave to somebody in Holland, and at her death expressed great anxiety to have them published. Her family are in terrors lest they should be, and have tried to get them: hitherto the man is inflexible. Though I do not doubt but they are an olio of lies and scandal, I should like to see them. She had parts, and had seen much. Truth is often at bottom of such compositions, and places itself here and there without the intention of the

[5] Edward Barnard (1717–1781), Head Master of Eton, 1754–64; Provost of Eton, 1764. He raised the numbers of the school from three to five hundred.

mother. I dare say in general, these works are like Madame del Pozzo's[6] *Mémoires*. Lady Mary had more wit, and something more delicacy; their manners and morals were a good deal more alike.

There is a lad, a waiter at St. James's Coffee House, of thirteen years old, who says he does not wonder we beat the French, for he himself could thrash Monsieur de Nivernois. This duke is so thin and small, that when minister at Berlin, at a time that France was not in favour there, the King of Prussia said, if his eyes were a little older, he should want a glass to see the ambassador. I do not admire this *bon mot*. Voltaire is continuing his *Universal History*; he showed the Duke of Grafton a chapter, to which the title is, *Les Anglois vainqueurs dans les Quatre Parties du Monde*. There have been minutes in the course of our correspondence when you and I did not expect to see this chapter. It is bigger by a quarter than our predecessors the Romans had any pretensions to, and larger than I hope our descendants will see written of them, for conquest, unless by necessity, as ours has been, is an odious glory; witness my hand,

H. Walpole.

P.S. I recollect that my last letter was a little melancholy; this, to be sure, has a grain or two of national vanity; why, I must own I am a miserable philosopher; the weather of the hour does affect me. I cannot here, at a distance from the world and unconcerned in it, help feeling a little satisfaction when my country is successful; yet, tasting its honours and elated with them, I heartily, seriously wish

[6] Madame del Pozzo, an Italian lady, who, for a short time, had been mistress of the Regent of France, was celebrated for her wit, which was extremely coarse and indelicate, and was infamous for her debaucheries and abusive language. She wrote *Mémoires* of her life, in which she had spoken so scandalously of Elizabeth Farnese, Queen Dowager of Spain, that the latter employed persons to seize her and force them from her. Mr. Walpole knew her at Florence. *Walpole.*

they had their *quietus*. What is the fame of men compared to their happiness? Who gives a nation peace, gives tranquillity to all. How many must be wretched, before one can be renowned! A hero bets the lives and fortunes of thousands, whom he has no right to game with: but, alas! Cæsars have little regard to their fish and counters!

Arlington Street, Oct. 4th.

I find I have told you an enormous lie[7], but luckily I have time to retract it. Lady Mary Wortley has left nothing like the number of volumes I have said. At the Installation I hear Charles Townshend said they were four —last Thursday he told me twenty-one. I seldom do believe or repeat what he says—for the future I will think of these twenty-one volumes.

There has been a disagreeable bloody affair[8] in Germany. Soubize sent Lord Granby word that he hoped soon to embrace him—in two days they cannonaded us. It was entirely a cannonading affair, but it lasted fourteen hours, and cost them between two and three thousand men. We have lost between seven and eight hundred, with fourteen officers of the Guards killed and wounded. Prince Ferdinand, who either suspected the *Danaos*, or had a mind his army should, gave it out in orders that the whole army should be upon their guard. If our amity begins thus, how will it end?

[7] It was true that Lady Mary Wortley did leave seventeen volumes of her works and memoires. She gave her letters from Constantinople to an English clergyman in Holland, who published them; and, the day before she died, she gave him those seventeen volumes, with injunctions to publish them too; but, in two days, the man had a crown living from Lord Bute, and Lady Bute had the seventeen volumes. *Walpole.*

[8] The cannonade of Brücken-Mühle or Amöneburg, in Hesse-Nassau, carried on throughout Sept. 21, 1762, without any decisive result.

848. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Oct. 4, 1762.

I am concerned to hear you have been so much out of order, but should rejoice your sole command[1] disappointed you, if this late cannonading business[2] did not destroy all my little prospects. Can one believe the French negotiators are sincere, when their marshals are so false? What vexes me more is to hear you seriously tell your brother that you are always unlucky, and lose all opportunities of fighting. How can you be such a child? You cannot, like a German, love fighting for its own sake. No: you think of the mob of London, who, if you had taken Peru, would forget you the first Lord Mayor's Day, or for the first hyæna that comes to town. How can one build on virtue and on fame too? When do they ever go together? In my passion, I could almost wish you were as worthless and as great as the King of Prussia! If conscience is a punishment, is not it a reward too? Go to that silent tribunal, and be satisfied with its sentence.

I have nothing new to tell you. The Havannah is more likely to break off the Peace than to advance it. We are not in a humour to give up the world; *anzi*, are much more disposed to conquer the rest of it. We shall have some cannonading here, I believe, if we sign the Peace. Mr. Pitt, from the bosom of his retreat, has made Beckford mayor. The Duke of Newcastle, if not taken in again, will probably end his life as he began it—at the head of a mob. Personalities and abuse, public and private, increase to the most outrageous degree, and yet the town is at the emptiest.

Letter 848.—[1] During Lord Granby's absence from the army in Flanders the command in chief had devolved on Mr. Conway. *Walpole.*

[2] The affair of Bucker-Muhl. See *Annual Register* for the year 1762, p. 49. *Walpole.*

You may guess what will be the case in a month. I do not see at all into the storm: I do not mean that there will not be a great majority to vote anything; but there are times when even majorities cannot do all they are ready to do. Lord Bute has certainly great luck, which is something in politics, whatever it is in logic: but whether peace or war, I would not give him much for the place he will have this day twelvemonth. Adieu! The watchman goes past one in the morning; and as I have nothing better than reflections and conjectures to send you, I may as well go to bed.

849. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 14, 1762.

You will not make your fortune in the Admiralty at least; your King and cousin is to cross over and figure in with George Grenville; the latter takes the Admiralty, Lord Halifax the Seals [1]—still, I believe, reserving Ireland for pocket-money—at least no new viceroy is named. Mr. Fox undertakes the House of Commons [2]—and the Peace—and the war—for if we have the first, we may be pretty sure of the second.

You see Lord Bute totters; reduced to shift hands so often, it does not look like much stability. The campaign at Westminster will be warm. When Mr. Pitt can have such a mouthful as Lord Bute, Mr. Fox, and the Peace, I do not think three thousand pounds a year will stop it. Well, I shall go into my old corner under the window, and laugh; I had rather sit by my fire here; but if there are to be bull-feasts, one would go and see them, when one has

Letter 849.—[1] As Secretary of State for the Northern Province.

[2] 'In October 1762, Fox, with considerable reluctance, once more accepted the leadership of the House of Commons.... Fox had assured the King that Parliament should approve of the Peace by large majorities, and by the employment of the grossest bribery and intimidation he kept his word.' (*D. N. B.*)

a convenient box for nothing, and is very indifferent about the cavalier-combatants. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

850. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 20, 1762.

A new revolution has happened, which perhaps has not struck you as such, from what little has appeared in the papers. Mr. Grenville[1], Secretary of State, and Lord Halifax, First Lord of the Admiralty, have changed places. 'Well!' say you foreigners, 'and do you call that a revolution? Sure, you English are not accustomed to great events, violent catastrophes, when you look on two ministers crossing over and figuring-in, as a revolution? Why, in Russia, a wife murders her husband, seizes the crown——' Stay, my good Sir; we do not strangle the ten commandments every time there is to be an alteration in the state; but, have a little patience, and you will find these removes not quite so simple as you imagine. Mr. Grenville, besides holding the Seals, was something else, was not he? Have you never heard of 'manager in the House of Commons'? or, what defines it better, had the *management* of the House of Commons. This, Lord Halifax, being in the Lords, cannot execute—if he could, Lord Bute would perform it himself. 'Well,' you cry, 'and who is to do it?' I will tell you presently—let us dispatch Mr. Grenville first. Three explanations are given—the majority, of which number for once am I, say he had qualms on the Peace, could not digest such good terms as have been offered to France. Another set, no

Letter 850.—[1] George Grenville, next brother of Richard, Earl Temple. *Walpole.*

friends of Mr. Grenville, suspect some underhand dealings with his brother and Mr. Pitt. This I, who have a very good opinion of Grenville, do not believe. At most, I will allow him to have been afraid of signing the treaty. The third opinion, held by some of Lord Bute's friends, at least, given out by them, though not by himself, who imputes only timidity to Mr. Grenville, whisper, that the latter wanted the *real* power[2] of the House of Commons, and did not notify this ambition, till he thought the nearness of the Parliament would oblige his demands to be accorded. I have many reasons for disbelieving this. In the first place, the service was forced upon him, not sought; in the next, considering what steps have been taken for sole power, he could not expect it. In the last, the designation of his successor proves this was not fact, as Lord Bute must still have thought Mr. Grenville a less formidable substitute than the person he has been obliged to embrace—in short, Mr. Fox is again manager of the House of Commons, remaining Paymaster and waiving the Seals; that is, will defend the treaty, not sign it. This wants no comment.

I see your impatience again—what, is the treaty then made? No—shall I tell you more? I mean my private opinion; it will not be made. Not for want of inclination here, nor in the Ambassador at Paris—but I do not believe we can get it. Does that horrid and treacherous carnage, *cannonading* they call it, look like much sincerity on the French side? But the Spaniards will not accede. Have not I always told you, I was persuaded that the crown of Portugal reannexed had more charms in the proud eye of Spain than the Havannah in the eye of their interest? Mr. Stanley is indeed going directly after the Duke of

[2] Grenville proved a very ambitious man, and grew early, though secretly, an enemy of Lord Bute, as appeared afterwards. *Walpole.*

Bedford—for what I know not. I do not expect much from it.

This is the state of the day. If you ask what is to follow, I answer, confusion; and the end of the war removed to the Lord knows when. When the administration totters in four months,—when the first breach is made within the walls, not from without, is such a citadel impregnable? But if new armies, unexpected armies, join the enemy? nay, I do not tell you the Duke of Newcastle has joined Mr. Pitt; on the contrary, the world says the latter has haughtily rejected all overtures. But, pray, did not the Patriots and the Jacobites concur in every measure against my father, whatever were their different ends? That an opposition, much more formidable than is yet known, will appear, is very probable; and that Mr. Fox, so far from bringing any strength, except great abilities, to Lord Bute's support, will add fuel to the flame is, I think, past doubt. Unpopularity heaped on unpopularity does not silence clamour. Even the silly Tories will not like to fight under Mr. Fox's banner.

Upon the whole, I look on Lord Bute's history as drawing fast to a conclusion. So far from being ready to meet the Parliament, I shall not be surprised if they are not able to meet it, but throw up the cards before they begin to play them. My hopes of peace are vanished! Few disinterested persons would be content with so moderate a one as I should; yet I can conceive a peace with which I should not be satisfied. Yet if the time comes when you hear me again lamenting a glorious war, do not think me fickle and inconsistent. Had that happy stroke of a pen been struck last year, when we might have had a reasonable peace, we should not now be begging it, nor be uncertain whether we are not to be at last magnificently undone.

I believe I have made a great blunder. I told you the Duchess of Grafton said she had something for me from you, but would not deliver it till she saw me. You, I hooked into this, I do not know how. Lady Mary Coke arrived from Paris at the same time, and brought me a snuff-box, which she would not send, but give me herself. I had been inquiring about both, and interpreted of the Duchess what related to Lady Mary. So I have answered your surprise before I receive it.

My nephew, Mr. Keppel [3], is made Bishop of Exeter. How reverently ancient this makes me sound! my nephew the bishop! Would not one think I was fourscore? Lady Albemarle; there is a happy mother! Honours military and ecclesiastic raining upon her children! She owns she has felt intoxicated. The moment the King had complimented the Duke of Cumberland on Lord Albemarle's success [4], the Duke stepped across the room to Lady Albemarle, and said, 'If it was not in the Drawing-room, I would kiss you.' He is full as transported as she is.

Princess Augusta is certainly to marry the young hero of Brunswick [5]. In Portugal it goes wofully. Count la Lippe has been forced to cut the sash from the breast of a Portuguese general officer for cowardice. I suppose, however, that they will have honour enough left to stab him privately for it! Carvalho's [6] situation is beyond description; when our generals go to confer with him,

[3] Frederick, the fourth son of William Anne, second Earl of Albemarle, married Laura, eldest daughter of Sir Edward Walpole. *Walpole.*

[4] George, Lord Albemarle, the conqueror of the Havannah, was the chief favourite of William, Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

[5] Charles, Hereditary Prince, and afterwards Duke of Brunswick. *Walpole.*

[6] The famous Prime Minister of Portugal. *Walpole.*—Sebastian Joseph Carvalho (1699–1782), Count of Oeyras, Marquis of Pombal. He remained in power until the death of Joseph I (1777), when he was disgraced.

they find a guard at every door of every room in his house; bolts and bars are unlocked before they can arrive at him; he is forced to keep himself as he would secure the head of the Jesuits. I expect very soon to see the Portuguese royal family at Somerset House. Adieu!

851. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 29, 1762.

You take my philosophy very kindly, as it was meant; but I suppose you smile a little in your sleeve to hear me turn moralist. Yet why should not I? Must every absurd young man prove a foolish old one? Not that I intend, when the latter term is quite arrived, to profess preaching; nor should, I believe, have talked so gravely to you, if your situation had not made me grave. Till the campaign is ended, I shall be in no humour to smile. For the war, when it will be over, I have no idea. The Peace is a jack-o'-lanthorn that dances before one's eyes, is never approached, and at best seems ready to lead some folks into a woful quagmire.

As your brother was in town, and I had my intelligence from him, I concluded you would have the same, and therefore did not tell you of this last revolution, which has brought Mr. Fox again upon the scene. I have been in town but once since; yet learned enough to confirm the opinion I had conceived, that the building totters, and that this last buttress will but push on its fall. Besides the clamorous opposition already encamped, the world talks of another, composed of names not so often found in a mutiny. What think you of the great Duke[1], and the little Duke[2], and the old Duke[3], and the Derbyshire

Letter 851.—[1] Of Cumberland. *Walpole.* [2] Of Bedford. *Walpole.* [3] Of Newcastle. *Walpole.*

Duke[4], banded together against the favourite[5]? If so, it proves the court, as the late Lord G——[6] wrote to the Mayor of Litchfield, will have a majority in everything but numbers. However, my letter is a week old before I write it: things may have changed since last Tuesday. Then the prospect was *des plus* gloomy. Portugal at the eve of being conquered—Spain preferring a diadem to the mural crown of the Havannah—a squadron taking horse for Naples, to see whether King Carlos has any more private bowels than public, whether he is a better father than brother[7]. If what I heard yesterday be true, that the Parliament is to be put off till the 24th, it does not look as if they were ready in the green-room, and despised cat-calls.

You bid me send you the flower of brimstone, the best things published in this season of outrage. I should not have waited for orders, if I had met with the least tolerable morsel. But this opposition ran stark mad at once, cursed, swore, called names, and has not been one minute cool enough to have a grain of wit. Their prints are gross, their papers scurrilous; indeed the authors abuse one another more than anybody else. I have not seen a single ballad or epigram. They are as seriously dull as if the controversy was religious. I do not take in a paper of either side; and being very indifferent, the only way of being impartial, they shall not make me pay till they make me laugh. I am here quite alone, and shall stay a fortnight longer, unless the Parliament prorogued lengthens my holidays. I do not pretend to be so indifferent, to have so little curiosity, as not to go and see the Duke of Newcastle frightened *for* his country—the

[4] Of Devonshire. *Walpole.*

[5] John Stuart, Earl of Bute. *Walpole.*

[6] Probably Lord Gower.

[7] His son was King of Naples, his sister Queen of Portugal.

only thing that never yet gave him a panic. Then I am still such a schoolboy, that though I could guess half their orations, and know *all* their meaning, I must go and hear Cæsar and Pompey scold in the Temple of Concord. As this age is to make such a figure hereafter, how the Gronoviuses and Warburtons would despise a senator that deserted the forum when the masters of the world harangued! For, as this age is to be historic, so of course it will be a standard of virtue too; and we, like our wicked predecessors the Romans, shall be quoted, till our very ghosts blush, as models of patriotism and magnanimity. What lectures will be read to poor children on this æra! Europe taught to tremble, the great King humbled, the treasures of Peru diverted into the Thames, Asia subdued by the gigantic Clive! for in that age men were near seven feet high; France suing for peace at the gates of Buckingham House, the steady wisdom of the Duke of Bedford drawing a circle round the Gallic monarch, and forbidding him to pass it till he had signed the cession of America; Pitt more eloquent than Demosthenes, and trampling on proffered pensions like—I don't know who; Lord Temple sacrificing a brother to the love of his country; Wilkes as spotless as Sallust, and the Flamen Churchill[8] knocking down the foes of Britain with statues of the gods!—Oh! I am out of breath with eloquence and prophecy, and truth and lies: my narrow chest was not formed to hold inspiration! I must return to piddling with my Painters: those lofty subjects are too much for me. Good night!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

P.S. I forgot to tell you that Gideon, who is dead worth

[8] Charles Churchill the poet. *Walpole.*

more than the whole land of Canaan, has left the reversion of all his milk and honey, after his son and daughter and their children, to the Duke of Devonshire, without insisting on his taking the name, or even being circumcised. Lord Albemarle is expected home in December. My nephew Keppel is Bishop of Exeter, not of the Havannah, as you may imagine, for his mitre was promised the day before the news came.

852. To Lady Hervey.

Madam, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 31, 1762.

It is too late, I fear, to attempt acknowledging the honour Madame de Chabot[1] does me; and yet, if she is not gone, I would fain not appear ungrateful. I do not know where she lives, or I would not take the liberty again of making your Ladyship my penny-post. If she is gone, you will throw my note into the fire.

Pray, Madam, blow your nose with a piece of flannel—not that I believe it will do you the least good—but, as all wise folks think it becomes them to recommend nursing and flannelling the gout, imitate them; and I don't know any other way of lapping it up, when it appears in the person of a running cold. I will make it a visit on Tuesday next, and shall hope to find it tolerably vented.

I am, Madam,
Your Ladyship's most faithful humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

P.S. You must tell me all the news when I arrive, for I know nothing of what is passing. I have only seen in the papers, that the cock and hen doves[2] that went to Paris

Letter 852.—[1] Lady Mary Chabot, daughter of the Earl of Stafford. *Walpole.*

[2] The Duke and Duchess of Bedford. *Walpole.*

not having been able to make peace, there is a third dove[3] just flown thither to help them.

853. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Thursday, Nov. 4.

The events of these last eight days will make you stare. This day se'nnight the Duke of Devonshire came to town, was flatly refused an audience, and gave up his key[1]. Yesterday Lord Rockingham resigned, and your cousin Manchester was named to the Bedchamber. The King then in Council called for the book, and dashed out the Duke of Devonshire's name. If you like spirit, *en voilà!*

Do you know, I am sorry for all this? You will not suspect me of tenderness for his Grace of Devon, nor, recollecting how the whole house of Cavendish treated me on my breach with my uncle, will any affronts that happen to them call forth my tears. But I think the act too violent and too serious, and dipped in a deeper dye than I like in politics.

Squabbles, and speeches, and virtue, and prostitution, amuse one sometimes; less and less indeed every day; but measures, from which you must advance and cannot retreat, is a game too deep—one neither knows who may be involved, nor where will be the end. It is not pleasant. Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

854. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 9, 1762.

I now pay my last debt to you, for I send you the Peace[1]. It arrived at three o'clock yesterday morning, and was

[3] Mr. Hans Stanley. *Walpole.*

Letter 853.—[1] He was Lord Chamberlain.

Letter 854.—[1] The Peace of Paris.

signed on the third; includes Spain, saves Portugal, and leaves the hero and heroine[2] of Germany to scratch out one another's last eye. I do not pretend to minute the particulars to you; you will have heard them from France before you can have received them from me. Nay, I do not know them exactly. Florida for the Havannah is the chief thing mentioned; so Spain pays a little for the family-compact, besides the loss of her ships, and disappointment of the crown of Portugal. I believe she relinquished her prospect of the latter to save that of Naples; a bombarding fleet was destined thither. The ministry affect to talk highly of their peace, though I think they are not very proud of it. The City condemns it already by wholesale, and will by retail. Mr. Pitt says it is inadequate to our successes, and inglorious for our allies; the gentlest words I suppose he will utter. For my part, who know nothing of the detail, I can but rejoice that peace is made. The miserable world will have some repose, and Mr. Conway is safe. I own I have lived in terror about him.

Coupled with the consequences of the Peace will be two great events that have lately happened to one considerable person, and which have occasioned much surprise. The Duke of Devonshire, who has been fluctuating between his golden key and disgust, ever since the Duke of Newcastle's fall, came from the Bath last Thursday se'nnight; prepared to resign, if ill received. He went directly to court, and bid the page in waiting tell the King he was there. A flat answer that the King would not see him was returned. He sent in again to know what he must do with his key and staff,—reply: he should receive the King's orders about them. He went directly to Lord Egremont's[3] and left them there. On the following Wednesday the King in

[2] The King of Prussia and the Empress Queen. *Walpole.*
[3] Secretary of State. *Walpole.*

Council called for the Council book, and ordered the Duke's name to be struck out of it:—a proceeding almost novel, having never happened but to Lord Bath [4] and Lord George Sackville. There are but faint reasons given for so ignominious a treatment, as his not coming to Council when summoned, &c., but the political cause assigned is, to intimidate the great lords, and prevent more resignations, which were expected. Hitherto in that light it has succeeded, for Lord Rockingham [5] alone has quitted. It is very amusing to me to see the House of Lords humbled. I have long beheld their increasing power with concern, and though not at all wishing to see the higher scale preponderating, I am convinced nothing but the crown can reduce the exorbitance of the peers, and perhaps it will be able; for I believe half those who are proud of twenty thousand pounds a year, will bear anything for a thousand more.

I forgot when I named only Lord Rockingham: the Duke's brother and brother-in-law, Lord George Cavendish and Lord Besborough [6], resigned their places [7] immediately. None of them but the Marquis in the Bedchamber are yet filled up.

I am an honester prophet than most of my profession. I record my blunders. I foretold that this ministry would not be able to open the Parliament. See how fair I am; I do not pretend that I only meant on the eleventh—it is put off to the twenty-fifth, and yet I do not brag of the event verifying my prediction. As the Peace is come, they must abide it; and probably will be able to carry it through—and yet they will have to fight their way. The Duke of Newcastle certainly—by certainly I only mean to answer

[4] W. Pulteney, Earl of Bath. *Walpole.*

[5] Charles Wentworth, second Marquis of Rockingham. *Walpole.*

[6] William Ponsonby, second Earl of Besborough. *Walpole.*

[7] As Comptroller of the Household and Joint Postmaster-General respectively.

for his resolution at this instant—goes into opposition. Lord Hardwicke, it is said, will accompany him—if he does, I shall not think Lord Bute's game so sure; that is, I have no notion of Yorkes in opposition without a moral assurance of success. If the *man* Hardwicke comes out of the weather-house, it will certainly be a stormy season.

I write shortly, for I am in a hurry; but my letter, rolled out, would make a very large one. Your own comments will make it last you some time. In short, more than one die is cast. I am returning to Strawberry for some days, rejoiced that my friends are secure; and for events, let them come as they may. I have nothing to do to be glad or sorry, whatever happens ministerially, and do not know why one may not *see* history with the same indifference that one *reads* it. Adieu!

P.S. I wish you would trouble yourself to inquire at Rome whether the mould of the Livia Mattei, made by Valory for my mother's[8] statue, exists. My cast is broken through and through, and the plaster too rotten to be repaired or to last. If existing, will you inform yourself to how much a cast in bronze would amount? If it would pass my pocket, I must be glad of another cast.

855. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Nov. 13, 1762.

You will easily guess that my delay in answering your obliging letter was solely owing to my not knowing whither to direct to you. I waited till I thought you may be returned home. Thank you for all the trouble you have given, and do give yourself for me; it is vastly more than I deserve.

[8] On her monument in Westminster Abbey. *Walpole.*

Duke Richard's portrait I willingly waive, at least for the present, till one can find out who he is. I have more curiosity about the figures of Henry VII at Christ's College; I shall be glad some time or other to visit them, to see how far either of them agree with his portrait in my picture of his marriage. St. Ethelreda was mighty welcome.

We have had variety of weather since I saw you, but I fear none of the patterns made your journey more agreeable.

I am, Sir,

Your much obliged

Humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

856. To HENRY FOX[1].

DEAR SIR, Nov. 21, 1762.

After having done[2] what the world knows I have done, to try to retrieve the affairs of my family, and to save my nephew from ruin, I can have little hopes that any interposition of mine will tend to an end I wish so much. I cannot even flatter myself with having the least weight with my Lord Orford. In the present case I can still less indulge myself in any such hopes. You remember in the case of the St. Michael election, how hardly he used me on your account. I know how much he resented last year his

LETTER 856.—[1] Fox had recently been made leader of the House of Commons in order to procure a majority in favour of the Peace. With the view of securing all possible parliamentary support, he offered to Lord Orford the Rangerships of St. James's and Hyde Parks through Horace Walpole, hoping thus to secure both uncle and nephew. For Fox's letter see *Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. pp. 168-9, whence Walpole's notes on his reply to Fox are also taken.

[2] This alludes to my having projected a match for Lord Orford with Miss Nicholl, an heiress worth one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, whom Lord Orford would not marry; and in the course of which negotiation I had a great quarrel with my uncle, old Horace Walpole, who endeavoured, though trusted with her by me, to marry her to one of his own younger sons. This quarrel had made a very great noise, and many persons were engaged in it. The young lady afterwards married the Marquis of Caernarvon. *Walpole.*

thinking you concerned in the contest about the borough[3] where he set up Mr. Thomas Walpole; as he has not even now deigned to answer Mr. Boone's letter[4], I can little expect that he will behave with more politeness to me. Yet, I think it so much my duty to lay before him anything for his advantage, and what is by no means incompatible with his honour, that I certainly will acquaint him immediately with the offer you are so good as to make him.

You see I write to you with my usual frankness and sincerity; and you will, I am sure, be so good as to keep to yourself the freedom with which I mention very nice family affairs. You must excuse me if I add one word more on myself. My wish is, that Lord Orford should accept this offer; yet, I tell you truly, I shall state it to him plainly and simply, without giving any advice, not only for the reasons I have expressed above, but because I do not mean to be involved in this affair any otherwise than as a messenger. A man who is so scrupulous as not to accept any obligation for himself, cannot be allowed to accept one for another without thinking himself bound in gratitude as much as if done to himself. The very little share I ever mean to take more in public affairs shall and must be dictated by disinterested motives. I have no one virtue to support me but that disinterestedness, and, if I act with you, no man living shall have it to say that it was not by choice and by principle.

I am, dear Sir,
Your obedient humble servant,
HORACE WALPOLE.

[3] Mr. Fox had supported Mr. Sullivan at a borough in the west against Mr. T. Walpole. I forget whether it was Callington or Ashburton. Lord Orford was heir to estates in both by his mother. *Walpole.*—It was the borough of Ashburton.

[4] Mr. Boone had acquainted me with this, and Mr. Fox thought I did not know it, but I chose to let him see I did. *Walpole.*—Fox had sounded Lord Orford through Mr. Boone on this matter of the Rangerships.

857. To the Earl of Orford.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, Nov. 22, 1762.

I must preface what I am going to say, with desiring you to believe that I by no means take the liberty of giving you any advice, and should the proposal I have to make to you be disagreeable, I beg you to excuse it, as I thought it my duty to lay before you anything that is for your advantage, and as you would have reason to blame me if I declined communicating to you a lucrative offer.

I last night received a letter from Mr. Fox, in which he tells me, that, hearing the Parks, vacant by Lord Ashburnham's resignation, are worth 2,200*l.* a year, he will, if you desire to succeed him, do his best to procure that employment for you, if he can soon learn that it is your wish.

If you will be so good as to send me your answer, I will acquaint him with it, or if you think it more polite to thank Mr. Fox himself for his obliging offer, I shall be very well content to be, as I am in everything else, a cipher, except where I can show myself,

My dear Lord,
Your very affectionate humble servant,
Horace Walpole[1].

Letter 857.—[1] 'To this letter, nor to the offer, did Lord Orford give himself the trouble of making the least reply; but arriving in town on the very day the Parliament met, he came to me, and asked what he was to do? I replied very coldly, I did not know what he intended to do; but if his meaning was to accept, I supposed he ought to go to Mr. Fox, and tell him so, I having nothing farther to do with it than barely to acquaint him with the offer. Without preface or apology, without recollecting his long enmity to Fox (it is true, he did not know why he was Fox's enemy), and without a hint of reconciliation, to Fox he went, accepted the place, and never gave that ministry one vote afterwards; continuing in the country, as he would have done if they had given him nothing.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. p. 172.)

858. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 30, 1762.

As the Parliament is met, you will naturally expect to hear much news; but, whatever disposition there may be to create novelties, nothing has yet happened of any importance. One perceives that the chiefs of the opposition have not much young blood in their veins. The first day of the session was remarkable for nothing but the absence of the leaders; Mr. Fox had vacated his seat, and Mr. Pitt was laid up with the gout, as he still continues. But, if the generals want fire, the troops do not: Lord Bute was in great danger from the mob, was hissed and pelted, and, if the guards had not been fetched, would probably have fared still worse. The majority is certainly with the court; the nation against it. The Duke of Cumberland, who has entirely broken with Mr. Fox, has had a conference of four hours with Mr. Pitt. Hitherto it has produced nothing.

As wishing well to Mr. Fox, I can but be sorry he has undertaken his new province, to which his health is by no means equal. I should think the probability of his death must alarm the court, who owe their present security entirely to him, and would not meet with much quarter from Mr. Pitt, the Duke of Devonshire, or the greater Duke[1]. The resentment of the last I guess to be the bitterest of all. For the Duke of Newcastle, he only makes one smile as usual; to see him frisking while his grave is digging. Contests for power and struggles of faction have long served only to divert me. I wish I thought the present tempest would end like all others I have seen, in gratifying the dirty views of particulars; they would have their pay, and we should be quiet for a season. I don't take that to be entirely the case at present.

Letter 858.—[1] The Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

The Duke of Marlborough is Lord Chamberlain; Lord Northumberland, Chamberlain to the Queen and Cabinet Counsellor. Other places vacated by resignations are not yet filled up; but it is known that Mr. Morice, whom you have lately seen, is to be Comptroller of the Household. Your old friend, Lord Sandwich, goes ambassador to Spain[2]. Another of your friends is dead, Lord Corke[3]; and another has desired me to say much to you from him—Lord Stormont: he is a particular favourite with me.

Mr. Conway stays to conduct home the troops: as it will be above six weeks before I see him, I should be sorry if I did not envy anybody that is at a distance from these bustles. I am particularly glad that he is so, for it is not every man that has resolution enough to meddle so little in them as I do. Lord Granby is impatiently expected: it is not certain what part he will take, and, with his unbounded popularity, it cannot be indifferent. The most tempting honours have been offered to him; but, however it is, even Lord Hardwicke has resisted temptations—very lucrative temptations! Yet I do not brag of the virtue of the age; for, if there are two Fabricii, there are two hundred Esaus.

There is come forth a new state coach, which has cost 8,000*l.* It is a beautiful object, though crowded with improprieties. Its support are tritons, not very well adapted to land-carriage; and formed of palm-trees, which are as little aquatic as tritons are terrestrial. The crowd to see it on the opening of the Parliament was greater than at the Coronation, and much more mischief done.

The Duchess of Grafton has given me the drawing of the Casino at Leghorn by Inigo Jones. It is very pretty: was not I to have a church by him too?

[2] Lord Sandwich did not go to Spain; he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty in April, 1763.

[3] John Boyle, fifth Earl of Cork and Orrery.

The Duchess of Bedford has sent to Lady Bolingbroke[4] a remarkably fine enamelled watch, to be shown to the Queen. The Queen desired her to put it on, that she might see how it looked—and then said it looked so well, it ought to remain by Lady Bolingbroke's side, and gave it her. Was not this done in a charming manner?

George Selwyn, of whom you have heard so much, but don't know, is returned from Paris, whither he went with the Duchess of Bedford. He says our passion for everything French is nothing to theirs for everything English. There is a book published called the *Anglomanie*. How much worse they understand us, even than we do them, you will see by this story. The old Maréchale de Villars gave a vast dinner to the Duchess of Bedford. In the middle of the dessert, Madame de Villars called out, 'Oh, Jesus! they have forgot! yet I bespoke them, and I am sure they are ready; you English love hot rolls—bring the rolls.' There arrived a huge dish of hot rolls, and a sauce-boat of melted butter. Adieu!

859. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Dec. 20, 1762.

As I am far from having been better since I wrote to you last, my postchaise points more and more to Naples. Yet Strawberry, like a mistress,

> As oft as I ascend the hill of health,
> Washes my hold away.

Your company would have made me decide much faster, but I see I have little hopes of that, nor can I *blame* you; I don't use so rough a word with regard to myself, but to

[4] Lady Diana Spencer, eldest daughter of Charles, Duke of Marlborough, wife of Frederic St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, and one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber to the Queen. *Walpole.*

your pursuing your amusement, which I am sure the journey would be. I never doubted your constant kindness to me one moment; the affectionate manner in which you offered, three weeks ago, to accompany me to Bath, will never be forgotten. I do not think my complaint very serious, for how can it be so, when it has never confined me a whole day? But my mornings are so bad, and I have had so much more pain this last week, with restless nights, that I am convinced it must not be trifled with. Yet I think Italy would be the last thing I would try, if it were not to avoid politics. Yet I hear nothing else. The court and opposition both grow more violent every day from the same cause, the victory of the former. Both sides torment me with their affairs, though it is so plain I do not care a straw about either. I wish I was great enough to say, as a French officer on the stage at Paris said to the pit, 'Accordez-vous, canaille!' Yet to a man without ambition or interestedness, politicians are *canaille*. Nothing appears to me more ridiculous in my life than my having ever loved their squabbles, and that at an age when I loved better things too! My poor neutrality, which thing I signed with all the world, subjects me, like other insignificant monarchs on parallel occasions, to affronts. On Thursday I was summoned to Princess Emily's loo. *Loo* she called it, *politics* it was. The second thing she said to me was, 'How was you the two long days?' 'Madam, I was only there the first.' 'And how did you vote?' 'Madam, I went away.' 'Upon my word, that was carving well.'—Not a very pleasant apostrophe to one who certainly never was a time-server!—Well, we sat down. She said, 'I hear Wilkinson[1] is turned out, and that Sir Edward Winnington[2]

LETTER 859.—[1] Andrew Wilkinson, M.P. for Aldborough, Store-Keeper of the Ordnance.

[2] Sir Edward Winnington, first Baronet, of Stanford Court, Worcestershire, M.P. for Bewdley; d. 1791.

is to have his place; who is he?' addressing herself to me, who sat over against her. 'He is the late Mr. Winnington's heir, Madam.' 'Did you like that Winnington?' 'I can't but say I did, Madam.' She shrugged up her shoulders, and continued: 'Winnington originally was a great Tory; what do you think he was when he died?' 'Madam, I believe what all people are in place.'—Pray, Mr. Montagu, do you perceive anything rude or offensive in this? Hear then—she flew into the most outrageous passion, coloured like scarlet, and said, 'None of your wit; I don't understand joking on those subjects; what do you think your father would have said if he had heard you say so? He would have murdered you, and you would have deserved it.'—I was quite confounded and amazed—it was impossible to explain myself 'cross a loo-table, as she is so deaf: there is no making a reply to a woman and a Princess, and particularly for me, who have made it a rule, when I must converse with royalties, to treat them with the greatest respect, since it is all the court they will ever have from me. I said to those on each side of me, 'What can I do? I cannot explain myself now.' Well, I held my peace—and so did she for a quarter of an hour—then she began with me again—examined me on the whole debate, and at last asked me directly, which I thought the best speaker, my father or Mr. Pitt? If possible, this was more distressing than her anger. I replied, it was impossible to compare two men so different—that I believed my father was more a man of business than Mr. Pitt—'Well, but Mr. Pitt's language?'—'Madam,' said I, 'I have always been remarkable for admiring Mr. Pitt's language.' At last, this unpleasant scene ended; but as we were going away, I went close to her, and said, 'Madam, I must beg leave to explain myself; your Royal Highness has seemed to be very angry with me, and I am sure I did not mean

to offend you: all I intended to say was, that I supposed Tories were Whigs when they got places!' 'Oh!' said she, 'I am very much obliged to you; indeed, I was very angry.' Why she was angry, or what she thought I meant, I do not know to this moment, unless she supposed that I would have hinted that the Duke of Newcastle and the opposition were not men of consummate virtue, and had not lost their places out of principle. The very reverse was at that time in my head; for I meant that the Tories would be just as loyal as the Whigs, when they got anything by it.

You will laugh at my distresses, and in truth they are little serious; yet they almost put me out of humour. If your cousin realizes his fair words to you, I shall be very good-humoured again. I am not so morose as to dislike my friends for being in place. Indeed, if they are in great place, my friendship goes to sleep like a paroli at pharaoh, and does not wake again till their deal is over. Good night!

Yours ever,
H. W.

860. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 20, 1762.

I RECEIVED your letter for the Duchess of Grafton, and gave it to her last night. She was so pleased with your good-breeding and compliments, that she made me read it. Her Duke is appearing in a new light, and by the figure he makes will probably soon be the head of the opposition, if it continues; though the vast majority on the preliminaries will probably damp it extremely. In the Lords there was no division; in the Commons, 319 to 65. Such a triumphancy in the court will not be easily mastered. To-day has been execution-day; great havoc is made

amongst the Duke of Newcastle's friends, who are turned out down to the lowest offices.

This is a want of moderation after victory, which I, who never loved the house of Pelham, cannot commend. He cannot indemnify his friends; and I am not apt to think he would if he could. Some of them, who had the same doubt, took care not to put this last ingratitude in his power, but abandoned him. I did miss a scene that would have pleased me. The Chancellor[1] abused the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke unmercifully, though the latter moves mighty slowly towards opposition, and counts his purse over at every step. So oft I have seen unbounded subservience to those two men in the House of Lords, that it would have pleased me to have been witness of their defeat on the same spot, and,—there I have done with it. It is an angry opposition, but very dull; does not produce a lively ballad or epigram. I have even heard but one *bon mot* of its manufacture, and that was very delicate and pretty. They were saying that everybody, without exception, was to be turned out that the Duke of Newcastle had brought in; somebody replied, 'Save the King.'

For twenty years I have been looking at parties, factions, changes, and struggles; do you wonder I am tired, when I have seen them so often acted over, and pretty much by the same *dramatis personae*? Yet I wish I had no worse reason for not enjoying the repetition. I am not only grown old (though I find that is no reason with the generality, for I think all the chiefs are very Struldbrugs in politics), but my spirits are gone.

It is always against my will when I talk of my health, and I have disguised its being out of order as long as I could; but since the fit of the gout that I had in the spring, and whose departure I believe I precipitated too fast, I have had

LETTER 860.—[1] Lord Northington. *Walpole.*

a constant pain in my breast or stomach. It comes like a fever at six in the morning, proceeds to a pain by the time I rise, and lasts with a great lowness of spirits till after dinner. In most evenings I am quite well. I am teased about my management of myself. I abhor physicians, and have scarce asked a question of one; my regimen is still more condemned; but I act by what I find succeeds best with me. You will be surprised when I tell you, that though I think my complaint a flying gout, I treat it with water and the coldest things I can find, except hartshorn; fifty drops of the latter and three pears are my constant supper, and my best nights are when I adhere to this method. I thought for three weeks I had cured myself, but for these last ten days I have been rather worse than before. In short, what I hope you will not dislike, though you will be sorry for the cause, I am thinking seriously of a journey to Italy in March. Much against my inclination, I own, except for the pleasure of seeing you.

Strawberry, which I have almost finished to my mind, and where I mean to pass the greatest part of the remainder of my life, pulls hard. I shall decide in a few days whether I shall set out, or first try Bath or Bristol. The two latter, except for the shortness of the time, are much more against my inclination than going abroad; but I have talked too much of myself; let us come to you. I am heartily glad Mr. Mackenzie is your friend; he is a man of strict honour, and will be so if he professes it. I do not know what to advise about Naples. You know I always repeat my father's maxim, *Quieta non movere.* Besides, should you like it? After so many years, would you care to tap a new world, a new set of acquaintance? But I am a bad counsellor: my aversion to embarking in new scenes, not early in one's life, is, I find it, particular; few think themselves so old as I do at five-and-forty; nor would I give myself for a rule to any

man else. My bidding adieu to the world already (I do not mean by a formal retreat, of which one always grows tired, and which one makes a silly figure by quitting again) is not a part for everybody; for I never had any ambition, and though much love for fame, I very near despise that as much too now. Youth is the only real season for joy, but cannot, nor surely should be pushed a moment beyond its term—but this is moralizing! If Mr. Mackenzie could send you to Naples, he can keep you at Florence. Continue to secure him. Try to be useful to the King in his love of *virtù*. I counselled this from the first minute of his reign.

If you choose to try for Naples, I cannot dissuade it; nor can the solicitation hurt you whether it succeed or not. Whatever you wish I wish heartily. I have long made myself of too little consequence to contribute anything to my friends but wishes. Adieu! my dear Sir.

P.S. It is very true, I had the jesse of my mother's statue, but, as I told you, it is so rotten and crumbling that I want another.

861. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, Dec. 23, 1762.

You are always abundantly kind to me, and pass my power of thanking you. You do nothing but give yourself trouble, and me presents. My cousin Calthorp is a great rarity, and I think I ought, therefore, to return him to you, but that would not be treating him like a relation, or you like a friend. My ancestor's epitaph, too, was very agreeable to me.

I have not been at Strawberry Hill these three weeks. My maid is ill there, and I have not been well myself with the same flying gout in my stomach and breast, of which

you heard me complain a little in the summer. I am much persuaded to go to a warmer climate, which often disperses these unsettled complaints. I do not care for it, nor can determine till I see I grow worse: if I do go, I hope it will not be for long; and you shall certainly hear again before I set out.

Yours most sincerely,
HOR. WALPOLE.

862. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 28, 1763.

I AM a slatternly correspondent when I have nothing to say. When that is the case, I like you should understand it by my silence, rather than give a description of a vacuum.

The Peace, which has hitched and hobbled, draws, they say, to a conclusion. The opposition died in the birth. All is quiet, but a little paper-war, which is pungent enough, but no citadel was ever taken by popguns.

Shall you be glad or sorry that my postchaise is not at the door bound for Florence? For me you will rejoice, as I trust you will be a little disappointed on your own account, though I have been so often bound for Italy, that perhaps you did not expect me even now. For this month we have had a most severe frost, which kills everybody else, and cures me. In short, I am so much better since the cold weather set in, that it has almost persuaded me that my complaint was nervous and not gouty; and, consequently, if Greenland suits me, Naples would not: however, I am come to no decision. I await the thaw before I shall know what to think; still extremely disposed to an Italian voyage, if Strawberry would give its consent.

This winter has produced no ghost, no new madness. I fear Monsieur de Nivernois will think we have been

scandalized, and that we are quite a reasonable people; but he, too, must wait for the thaw!

I have nothing to send you more but the enclosed lines on Lord Granville[1], which I wrote last year. The picture is allowed to be so like, that you, who could scarcely be acquainted with him, will know it. Adieu! I am sorry tranquillity and the post agree so ill together!

863. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 28, 1763.

Your letter of the 19th seems to postpone your arrival rather than advance it; yet Lady Ailesbury tells me that to her you talk of being here in ten days. I wish devoutly to see you, though I am not departing myself; but I am impatient to have your disagreeable function[1] at an end, and to know that you enjoy yourself after such fatigues, dangers, and ill-requited services. For any public satisfaction you will receive in being at home, you must not expect much. Your mind was not formed to float on the surface of a mercenary world. My prayer (and my belief) is, that you may always prefer what you always have preferred, your integrity, to success. You will then laugh, as I do, at the attacks and malice of faction or ministers. I taste of both; but, as my health is recovered, and my mind does not reproach me, they will perhaps only give me an opportunity, which I should never have sought, of proving that I have some virtue—and it will not be proved in the way they probably expect. I have better evidence than by hanging out the tattered ensigns of patriotism. But this and a

Letter 862.—[1] These lines on John, Earl Granville, got into print, and, therefore, are not repeated here. *Walpole.*—See Lord Orford's *Works*, vol. i. p. 31. Lord Granville died on Jan. 2, 1763.

Letter 863.—[1] The re-embarkation of the British troops from Flanders after the Peace. *Walpole.*

thousand other things I shall reserve for our meeting. Your brother[2] has pressed me much to go with him, if he goes, to Paris[3]. I take it very kindly, but have excused myself, though I have promised either to accompany him for a short time at first, or to go to him if he should have any particular occasion for me: but my resolution against ever appearing in any public light is unalterable. When I wish to live less and less in the world here, I cannot think of mounting a new stage at Paris. At this moment I am alone here, while everybody is balloting in the House of Commons. Sir John Philips proposed a Commission of Accounts, which has been converted into a select committee of twenty-one, eligible by ballot. As the ministry is not predominant in the affections of mankind, some of them may find a jury elected that will not be quite so complaisant as the House is in general when their votes are given *openly*. As many may be glad of this opportunity, I shun it; for I should scorn to do anything in secret, though I have some enemies that are not quite so generous.

You say you have seen the *North Briton*, in which I make a capital figure. Wilkes, the author, I hear, says, that if he had thought I should have taken it so well, he would have been damned before he would have written it—but I am not sore where I am not sore.

The theatre at Covent Garden has suffered more by riots[4] than even Drury Lane. A footman of Lord Dacre has been hanged for murdering the butler. George Selwyn had great hand in bringing him to confess it. That Selwyn should be a capital performer in a scene of that kind is not extraordinary: I tell it you for the strange coolness which the young fellow, who was but nineteen, expressed: as he was

[2] The Earl of Hertford.
[3] As Embassador. *Walpole.*
[4] In consequence of the refusal of the managers to admit spectators at half-price after the third act.

writing his confession, 'I murd—' he stopped, and asked, 'How do you spell *murdered*?'

Mr. Fox is much better than at the beginning of the winter; and both his health and power seem to promise a longer duration than people expected. Indeed, I think the latter is so established, that Lord Bute would find it more difficult to remove him, than he did his predecessors, and may even feel the effects of the weight he has made over to him; for it is already obvious that Lord Bute's levee is not the present path to fortune. Permanence is not the complexion of these times—a distressful circumstance to the votaries of a court, but amusing to us spectators. Adieu!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

864. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 4, 1763.

It is an age since I wrote to you, but I told you that the conclusion of the war would leave our correspondence a little dry. The Peace is now general[1], and the King of Prussia, who has one life more than Rominagrobis the monarch of the cats had, lights upon all his legs. He has escaped an hundred battles, and what was more threatening, three angry Empresses[2], of whom one[3], at least, is not tender of sovereign lives. If he does not write his own history, I shall not rejoice much for him; yet now he will have managements; he will not be quite so frank, as in the middle of his career and anger. Besides, his objects will have shifted so often, that his Memoires, like the Duchess of Marlborough's, will vary continually from his first impressions. There is no change in the scene at home. The opposition has proved

Letter 864.—[1] The Peace of Hubertsburg (Feb. 15, 1763) had put an and to the war of the King of Prussia with Austria and Saxony.

[2] Elizabeth and Catherine of Russia, and Maria Theresa of Germany. *Walpole.*

[3] The Czarina Catherine. *Walpole.*

the silliest that ever was, and has scarcely even pretensions to the title. There have been more hostilities at the playhouses, than between anything that calls itself party. Both theatres have been demolished on the inside. The cause was, the managers refusing to take half prices after the second act; and with good reason; considering how everything is advanced in dearness, it is hard on them to be stinted to primitive tolls. The managers have submitted; but the King's Bench is not likely to be so acquiescent, where some of the rioters are to be tried.

The Duchess of Hamilton, who was thought in a deep consumption like her sister Coventry, has produced a son [4], and, according to the marvellous fortune attending those two beauties, will probably be mother of the two dukes [5], whose rival houses so long divided Scotland. Lord Bath's history winds up in a more melancholy manner. After preserving his only son Lord Pulteney through the course of the war, he has just lost him by a putrid fever at Madrid, as he was returning from Portugal. That enormous wealth, heaped up with so little credit, is left without an heir!

I saw yesterday a magnificent service of Chelsea china, which the King and Queen are sending to the Duke of Mecklenburgh. There are dishes and plates without number, an épergne, candlesticks, salt-cellars, sauce-boats, tea and coffee equipages; in short, it is complete; and costs twelve hundred pounds! I cannot boast of our taste; the forms are neither new, beautiful, nor various. Yet Sprimont, the manufacturer, is a Frenchman [6]. It seems their taste will not bear transplanting. But I have done; my letter has tumbled from the King of Prussia to a set of china; *encore passe*, if I had begun with the King of Poland, *ce Roy de Fayence* [7], as the other called him. Adieu!

[4] George John Campbell; d. 1764.
[5] Hamilton and Argyll.
[6] He was a Fleming.
[7] From the manufacture of porcelain at Dresden. *Walpole.*

865. To the Earl of Bute.

My Lord,

As it is now near five months since your Lordship signed my orders, I should be glad if your Lordship would please to direct the payment of the money[1].

I am, my Lord,
Your Lordship's obedient humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

Arlington Street, March 14, 1763.

866. To the Earl of Bute.

My Lord,

I am very sensible of your Lordship's obliging civility in immediately ordering my money on my application. It was by no means from want of respect to your Lordship that that application was not made sooner; but for above twenty years that I have held the office, it has been the constant practice to write to the First Secretary to desire his letter, when the Lords have signed the orders, and the payment has seldom been delayed above a fortnight after.

If your Lordship should approve of it, I had much rather, as my bills become due, apply to your Lordship, than to anybody else, unless your Lordship please to give any other directions.

I am, my Lord,
Your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant,
Hor. Walpole.

Arlington Street, March 16, 1763.

Letter 865.—Not in C.; reprinted from Lord Orford's *Works* (1798), vol. ii. p. 380.

[1] Money due to Horace Walpole as Usher of the Exchequer. Walpole explains that he had disobliged Fox; 'the consequence to me was that by his influence with Martin, Secretary of the Treasury, my payments were stopped for some months, nor made but on my writing to Lord Bute himself.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. p. 171.)

Letter 866.—Not in C.; reprinted from Lord Orford's *Works* (1798), vol. ii. p. 380, after collation with original in possession of Maggs Bros., Strand, W.C.

867. To Viscount Nuneham[1].

My Lord, Arlington Street, March 16, 1763.

I wish all words had not been so prostituted in compliments that some at least might be left to express real admiration. Your Lordship's etchings[2] deserve such sincere praises that I cannot bear you should think that mere civility or gratitude dictate what I would say of them, though I assure you the latter is what I feel to a great degree. I will even trust your Lordship with my vanity; I think I understand your prints, and that mine is not random praise. If it has any worth it will encourage you to proceed, and yet you have already gone beyond what I have ever seen in etching. I must beg for the white paper edition too, as I shall frame the brown, and bind the rest of your Lordship's works together.

I am, my Lord,
Yr. Lordship's
Most obliged
Humble servant,
H. Walpole.

868. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, March 25, 1763.

Though you are a runaway, a fugitive, a thing without friendship or feeling, though you grow tired of your acquaintance in half the time you intended, I will not quite give you up. I will write to you once a quarter, just to keep up a connection that grace may catch at, if it ever proposes to visit you. This is my plan, for I have little or nothing to tell you.

Letter 867.—Not in C.; reprinted from the *Harcourt Papers*, edited by E. W. Harcourt, vol. viii. pp. 91–2.

[1] Only son of first Earl Harcourt, whom he succeeded in 1777.

[2] 'Lord Nuneham's etchings are superior in boldness and freedom of stroke to anything we have seen from established artists.' (Horace Walpole, in *Essay on Modern Gardening*.)

The ministers only cut one another's throats, instead of ours. They growl over their prey like two curs over a bone, which neither can determine to quit; and the whelps in opposition are not strong enough to beat either away, though, like the species, they will probably hunt the one that shall be worsted. The saddest dog of all, Wilkes, shows most spirit. The last *North Briton* is a masterpiece of mischief. He has writ a dedication too to an old play, *The Fall of Mortimer*[1], that is wormwood; and he had the impudence t'other day to ask Dyson[2] if he was going to the Treasury, 'because,' said he, 'a friend of mine has dedicated a play to Lord Bute, and it is usual to give dedicators something; I wish you would put his Lordship in mind of it.'

Lord and Lady Pembroke are reconciled, and live again together. Mr. Hunter would have taken his daughter too, but upon condition she should give back her settlement to Lord Pembroke and her child. She replied nobly, that she did not trouble herself about fortune, and would willingly depend on her father, but for her child, she had nothing right left to do but to take care of that, and would not part with it—so she keeps both—and I suppose will soon have her lover again too, for my Lady Pembroke's beauty is not glutinous. T'other sister[3] has been sitting to Reynolds, who by her husband's directions has made a speaking picture. Lord Bolinbroke said to him, 'You must give the eyes something of Nelly O'Brien, or it will not do.' As he has given Nelly something of his wife's, it was but fair to give her something of Nelly's—and my Lady will not throw away the present!

LETTER 868.—[1] A completion of an imperfect play by Ben Jonson, which was acted in 1731.

[2] Jeremiah Dyson (1722–1776), M.P. for Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight; Joint Secretary to the Treasury, 1762–64; Lord of Trade, 1764–68; Lord of the Treasury, 1768–74; Cofferer of the Household, 1774–76. He began life as an advanced Whig, but changed his opinions on the accession of George III, and became one of the small body known as the 'King's friends.'

[3] Viscountess Bolingbroke.

Miss Nelly O'Brien
from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

I am going to Strawberry for a few days *pour faire mes pâques*. The gallery advances rapidly. The ceiling is Harry the Seventh's Chapel *in propria persona*: the canopies are all placed. I think three months will quite complete it. I have bought at Lord Granville's sale the original picture of Charles Brandon[4] and his queen; and have to-day received from France a copy of Madame Maintenon, which with my La Valière, and copies of Madame Grammont, and of the charming portrait of the Mazarine at the Duke of St. Albans's, is to accompany Bianca Capello and Ninon L'Enclos in the round tower. I hope now there will never be another auction, for I have not an inch of space, or a farthing left. As I have some remains of paper, I will fill it up with a song that I made t'other day in the postchaise, after a particular conversation that I had had with Miss Pelham the night before at the Duke of Richmond's.

THE ADVICE.

I.

The business of woman, dear Chloe, is pleasure,
And by love ev'ry fair one her minutes should measure.
'Oh! for love we're all ready,' you cry.—Very true;
Nor would I rob the gentle fond god of his due.
Unless in the sentiments Cupid has part,
And dips in the amorous transport his dart;
'Tis tumult, disorder, 'tis loathing and hate;
Caprice gives it birth, and contempt is its fate.

II.

True passion insensibly leads to the joy,
And grateful esteem bids its pleasures ne'er cloy.
Yet here you should stop—but your whimsical sex
Such romantic ideas to passion annex,

[4] Charles Brandon (d. 1545), Duke of Suffolk; m. (1515), as his third wife, Mary Tudor, Queen Dowager of France, daughter of Henry VII.

That poor men, by your visions and jealousy worried,
To nymphs less ecstatic, but kinder, are hurried.
In your heart, I consent, let your wishes be bred;
Only take care your heart don't get into your head.

Adieu, till Midsummer Day!

Yours ever,
H. W.

869. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, April 6, 1763.

You will pity my distress when I tell you that Lord Waldegrave has got the small-pox, and a bad sort. This day se'nnight, in the evening, I met him at Arthur's; he complained to me of the headache, and a sickness in his stomach. I said, 'My dear Lord, why don't you go home, and take James's powder? you will be well in the morning.' He thanked me, said he was glad I had put him in mind of it, and he would take my advice. I sent in the morning; my niece said he had taken the powder, and that James thought he had no fever, but that she found him very low. As he had no fever, I had no apprehension. At eight o'clock on Friday night, I was told abruptly at Arthur's that Lord Waldegrave had the small-pox. I was excessively shocked, not knowing if the powder was good or bad for it. I instantly went to the house—at the door I was met by a servant of Lady Ailesbury, sent to tell me that Mr. Conway was arrived. These two opposite strokes of terror and joy overcame me so much, that when I got to Mr. Conway's I could not speak to him, but burst into a flood of tears. The next morning, Lord Waldegrave hearing I was there, desired to speak to me alone—I should tell you, that the moment he knew it was the small-pox he signed his will. This has been the unvaried tenor of his behaviour, doing just what is wise and necessary, and nothing more. He

told me, he knew how great the chance was against his living through that distemper at his age[1]. That, to be sure, he should like to have lived a few years longer, but if he did not, he should submit patiently. That all he had to desire was, that if he should fail, we would do our utmost to comfort his wife, who, he feared, was breeding, and who, he added, was the best woman in the world. I told him he could not doubt our attention to her, but that at present all our attention was fixed on him. That the great difference between having the small-pox young, or more advanced in years, consisted in the fears of the latter; but that as I had so often heard him say, and now saw, that he had none of those fears, the danger of age was considerably lessened. Dr. Wilmot says, that if anything saves him, it will be this tranquillity. To my comfort I am told, that James's powder has probably been a material ingredient towards his recovery. In the meantime, the universal anxiety about him is incredible. Dr. Barnard, the master of Eton, who is in town for the holidays, says, that, from his situation, he is naturally invited to houses of all ranks and parties, and that the concern is general in all. I cannot say so much of my Lord, and not do a little justice to my niece too. Her tenderness, fondness, attention, and courage are surprising. She has no fears to become her, nor heroism for parade. I could not help saying to her, 'My dear child, there never was a nurse of your age had such attention'—she replied, 'There never was a nurse of my age had such an object.' It is this astonishes one, to see so much beauty sincerely devoted to a man so unlovely in his person; but if Adonis was sick, she could not stir seldomer out of his bedchamber. The physicians seem to have little hopes, but, as their arguments are not near so strong as their alarms, I own I do not give it up—and yet I look on it in a very dangerous light.

LETTER 869.—[1] He was forty-eight.

I know nothing of news and the world, for I go to Albemarle Street early in the morning, and don't come home till late at night. Young Mr. Pitt has been dying of a fever in Bedfordshire. The Bishop of Carlisle[2], whom I have appointed Visitor of Strawberry, is gone down to him. You will be much disappointed if you expect to find the gallery near finished. They threaten me with three months before the gilding can be begun. Twenty points are at a stand by my present confinement, and I have a melancholy prospect of being forced to carry my niece thither the next time I go. The Duc de Nivernois, in return for a set of the Strawberry editions, has sent me four 'Seasons,' which, I conclude, he thought good, but they shall pass their whole round in London, for they have not even the merit of being badly old enough for Strawberry. Mr. Bentley's epistle to Lord Melcomb has been published in a magazine. It has less wit by far than I expected from him, and to the full as bad English. The thoughts are old Strawberry phrases—so are *not* the panegyrics. Here are six lines written extempore by Lady Temple on Lady Mary Coke, easy and genteel, and almost true:

> She sometimes laughs, but never loud;
> She 's handsome too, but somewhat proud;
> At court, she bears away the bell;
> She dresses fine, and figures well:
> With decency she 's gay and airy;
> Who can this be but Lady Mary?

There have been tough doings in Parliament about the tax on cider[3]; and in the western counties the discontent is so great, that if Mr. Wilkes will turn patriot-hero, or patriot-incendiary in earnest, and put himself at their head, he may obtain a rope of martyrdom before the summer is over.

[2] Charles Lyttelton; d. 1768.
[3] A bill for laying an additional duty on cider and perry.

Adieu! I tell you my sorrows, because, if I escape them, I am sure nobody will rejoice more.

Yours ever,
H. W.

870. To ———.

DEAR SIR,

The medical people certainly give us little hopes of poor Lord Waldegrave, though they owned last night that all the symptoms were less unfavourable than in the morning. If I was not thoroughly persuaded of their ignorance, it would be very impertinent in me to form any opinion, not founded on theirs; yet till their arguments are clearer and more satisfactory, I shall not despair. His head is so perfectly unaffected by his disorder, that I cannot conceive how his danger should be so imminent; as they affirm that the bodily symptoms are not of half the consequence in this disorder as are those of the head. His tranquillity they own is his best chance. It is unalterable; his temper, goodness, reason, and patience double what one feels on the prospect of losing him. I am just going thither, and if I should find any material alteration, will let you know.

Yours ever,
H. W.

871. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, Friday night, late[1].

AMIDST all my own grief, and all the distress which I have this moment left, I cannot forget you, who have so long been my steady and invariable friend. I cannot leave it to newspapers and correspondents to tell you my

LETTER 870.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of J. Pearson & Co., 5 Pall Mall Place, S.W. The name of the addressee is unknown.

LETTER 871.—[1] April 8, 1763.

loss. Lord Waldegrave died to-day. Last night he had some glimmerings of hope. The most desponding of the faculty flattered us a little. He himself joked with the physicians, and expressed himself in this engaging manner; asking what day of the week it was; they told him Thursday: 'Sure,' said he, 'it is Friday'—'No, my Lord, indeed it is Thursday'—'Well!' said he, 'see what a rogue this distemper makes one; I want to steal nothing but a day.' By the help of opiates, with which, for these two or three days, they had numbed his sufferings, he rested well. This morning he had no worse symptoms. I told Lady Waldegrave, that as no material alteration was expected before Sunday, I would go and dine at Strawberry, and return in time to meet the physicians in the evening—in truth, I was worn out with anxiety and attendance, and wanted an hour or two of fresh air. I left her at twelve, and had ordered dinner at three that I might be back early. I had not risen from table when I received an express from Lady Betty Waldegrave, to tell me that a sudden change had happened, that they had given him James's powder, but that they feared it was too late, and that he probably would be dead before I could come to my niece, for whose sake she begged I would return immediately. It was indeed too late! too late for everything—late as it was given, the powder vomited him even in the agonies—had I had power to direct, he should never have quitted James—but these are vain regrets! vain to recollect how particularly kind he, who was kind to everybody, was to me! I found Lady Waldegrave at my brother's; she weeps without ceasing, and talks of his virtues and goodness to her in a manner that distracts one. My brother bears this mortification with more courage than I could have expected from his warm passions: but nothing struck me more than to see my rough savage Swiss, Louis, in tears, as he opened my

chaise. I have a bitter scene to come; to-morrow morning I carry poor Lady Waldegrave to Strawberry. Her fall is great, from that adoration and attention that he paid her, from that splendour of fortune, so much of which dies with him, and from that consideration, which rebounded to her from the great deference which the world had for his character—visions perhaps—yet who could expect that they would have passed away even before that fleeting thing, her beauty!

If I had time or command enough of my thoughts, I could give you as long a detail of as unexpected a revolution in the political world. To-day has been as fatal to a whole nation, I mean to the Scotch, as to our family. Lord Bute resigned this morning. His intention was not even suspected till Wednesday, nor at all known a very few days before. In short, it is nothing, more or less, than a panic—a fortnight's opposition has demolished that scandalous but vast majority, which a fortnight had purchased—and in five months a plan of absolute power has been demolished by a panic! He pleads to the world bad health; to his friends, more truly, that the nation was set at him. He pretends to intend retiring absolutely, and giving no umbrage. In the meantime he is packing up a sort of ministerial legacy, which cannot hold even till next session, and I should think would scarce take place at all. George Grenville is to be at the head of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; Charles Townshend[2] to succeed him; and Lord Shelburn, Charles. Sir Francis Dashwood to have his barony of Despencer[3] and the Great Wardrobe, in the room of Lord Gower, who takes the Privy Seal[4], if the

[2] Charles Townshend had no place in the ministry. Lord Shelburne became First Lord of Trade.

[3] The barony of Despencer fell into abeyance on the death of the Earl of Westmorland in 1762. The abeyance was terminated in favour of Sir Francis Dashwood, as son of the eldest daughter of the fourth Earl of Westmorland.

[4] Earl Gower became Lord Chamberlain.

Duke of Bedford takes the Presidentship[5]—but there are many ifs in this arrangement; the principal if is, if they dare stand a tempest which has so terrified the pilot. You ask what becomes of Mr. Fox? Not at all pleased with this sudden determination, which has blown up many of his projects, and left him time to heat no more furnaces, he goes to France by the way of the House of Lords[6]—but keeps his place and his tools—till something else happens. —The confusion I suppose will be enormous—and the next act of the drama a quarrel among the opposition, who would be all-powerful if they could do, what they cannot, hold together and not squabble for the plunder. As I shall be at a distance for some days, I shall be able to send you no more particulars of this interlude, but you will like a pun my brother made when he was told of this explosion —'Then,' said he, 'they must turn the *Jacks* out of the drawing-room again, and again take them into the kitchen.' Adieu! what a world to set one's heart on!

Yours ever,
H. W.

872. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, April 10, 1763.

At a time when the political world is in strange and unexpected disorder, you would wonder that I should be here, and be so for some days; but I am come on a very melancholy occasion. Lord Waldegrave[1] is just dead of the small-pox, and I have brought my poor unhappy niece hither till he is buried. He was taken ill on the Wednes-

[5] The Duke of Bedford became President of the Council.

[6] Fox was created Baron Holland of Foxley, Wiltshire, on April 17, 1763.

Letter 872.—[1] James, second Earl of Waldegrave, Knight of the Garter, Governor of George III when Prince of Wales, Teller of the Exchequer and Warden of the Stannaries, married Maria, second daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, Knight of the Bath, Mr. Walpole's eldest brother. *Walpole.*

day, the distemper showed itself on the Friday, a very bad sort, and carried him off that day se'nnight. His brother and sister were inoculated, but it was early in the practice of that great preservative, which was then devoutly opposed; he was the eldest son, and weakly. He never had any fear of it, nor ever avoided it. We scarce feel this heavy loss more than it is felt universally. He was one of those few men whose good-nature silenced even ill-nature. His strict honour and consummate sense made him reverenced as much as beloved. He died as he lived, the physicians declaring that if anything saved him, it would be his tranquillity: I soon saw by their ignorance and contradictions that *they* would not. Yet I believe James's powder would have preserved him. He took it by my persuasion, before I knew what his disorder was. But James was soon chased away, to make room for regular assassins. In the course of the illness nobody would venture to take on them so important a hazard as giving the powder again; yet in his agonies it was given, and even then had efficacy enough to vomit him; but too late! My niece has nothing left but a moderate jointure of a thousand pounds a year, three little girls, a pregnancy, her beauty, and the testimonial of the best of men, who expressed no concern but for her, and who has given her as much as he could, and ratified her character by making her sole executrix. Her tenderness, which could not be founded on any charms in his person, shows itself in floods of tears, in veneration for his memory, and by acting with just such reason and propriety as he would wish her to exert; yet it is a terrible scene! She loses in him a father, who formed her mind, and a lover whose profusion knew no bounds. From his places his fortune was very great—that is gone! From his rank and consideration with all parties, she was at the summit of worldly glory—that is gone too! Four short years were all their happiness. Since the death

of Lady Coventry, she is allowed the handsomest woman in England; as she is so young, she may find as great a match and a younger lover—but she never can find another Lord Waldegrave!

Yesterday, when her brother-in-law, the Bishop of Exeter, came hither to acquaint her with the will, and we were endeavouring to stop the torrent of her tears, by observing how satisfactory it must be to her to find what confidence her Lord had placed in her sense and conduct, she said, charmingly, 'Oh! I wish he had ever done one thing I could find fault with!' The trial is great and dismal. She is not above three months gone with child, and is to pass seven more in melancholy anxiety, to have a labour without a father, perhaps another girl, or a son, whose chance of life will be a constant anxiety to her.

The same day that put an end to Lord Waldegrave's life gave a period too to the administration of Lord Bute, his supplanter, whom he did not love, and yet whom he could hardly hate, for aversion was not in his nature; nor did ever any man who had undertaken such a post as governor to a Prince with the utmost reluctance, and who could not have been totally void of the ambition which must have attended such a charge when once accepted, feel less resentment at the disappointment; but I will say no more on Lord Waldegrave, for I forget that you never knew him, and have kept you for above two pages in suspense. Ill health, antecedent determination of retirement, and national antipathy to him, are pleaded as the motives to Lord Bute's sudden resignation, which was not known, nay, not suspected, till two days before it happened. Leave out the two first causes, which are undoubtedly false, and call the third by its true name, panic, and you have the whole secret of this extraordinary revolution. It is plain, that if Mr. Pitt had headed the opposition sooner, or that the opposition

had had any brains without him, this event would have happened earlier. A single fortnight of clamour and debate on the cider tax, copied from the noise on the excise in my father's time, and adopted into petitions from the City, frightened this mighty favourite out of all his power and plans, and has reduced Mr. Fox to take almost the same steps, though he, too, has an intended project of retirement to plead; but he keeps his place, takes a peerage, and goes to France. Lord Bute keeps nothing but the King's favour, and that, too, he is not to use. He will be wise to adhere to this measure, now he has taken the other, lest necessity should prescribe instead of option.

I suppose you by this time conclude, that when Lord Bute quitted the King, he sent the keys of St. James's and Buckingham House to Mr. Pitt. Stay a little—we are to have another episode of a summer administration first, for you find we do not wear the same suits in both seasons. Mr. Grenville is to be First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; Charles Townshend at the head of the Admiralty, and Lord Shelburne at the Board of Trade. Sir Francis Dashwood, in recompense for the woful incapacity he has shown, goes into the House of Lords, and is to succeed in the Great Wardrobe to Lord Gower, who again takes the Privy Seal, as the Duke of Bedford is to be President of the Council. Lord Hertford is named for Paris, and Lord Stormont for Vienna; the Duke of Marlborough gets what he wished, the Master of the Horse[2]; I suppose to leave the Chamberlain's office vacant for the last incumbent[3]. The Duke of Rutland to be contented with Lord Granby's being Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, where he will finish his life and fortune[4].

[2] The Duke of Marlborough became Lord Privy Seal.

[3] The Duke of Devonshire. *Walpole.*

[4] Lord Granby drank very hard, and was profusely generous. *Walpole.*

In this state I left history. All this arrangement may be already overturned. No man, I suppose, is so unwise as to expect any duration to it. It can only mean, time to deal with the opposition, or to divide them; and, considering what numbers and what great names are to be satisfied, it is a chaos into which one cannot foresee. I have seldom been a lucky prophet, and therefore shall not exercise my talent. The poor man who is gone[5] could have been of the utmost consequence at this moment to accomplish some establishment; he had been offered, and had refused the greatest things—no bad ingredient in reconciling others. In that or any other qualification I know few equal to him. Adieu!

873. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, April 14, 1763.

I have received your two letters together, and foresaw that your friendly good heart would feel for us just as you do. The loss is irreparable, and my poor niece is sensible it is. She has such a veneration for her Lord's memory, that if her sisters and I make her cheerful for a moment, she accuses herself of it the next day to the Bishop of Exeter, as if he was her confessor, and that she had committed a crime. She cried for two days to such a degree, that if she had been a fountain it must have stopped. Till yesterday she scarce eat enough to keep her alive, and looks accordingly—but at her age she must be comforted: her esteem will last, but her spirits will return in spite of herself. Her Lord has made her sole executrix, and added what little *douceurs* he could to her jointure, which is but a thousand pounds a year, the estate being but three-and-twenty hundred. The little girls will have about 8,000*l.* apiece, for the Teller's[1] place was so great during the war,

[5] Lord Waldegrave.

Letter 873.—[1] Lord Waldegrave was a Teller of the Exchequer.

that notwithstanding his temper was a sluice of generosity, he had saved 30,000*l.* since his marriage.

Her sisters have been here with us the whole time; Lady Huntingtower is all mildness and tenderness; and by dint of attention I have not displeased the other [2]. Lord Huntingtower has been here once; the Bishop most of the time: he is very reasonable and good-natured, and has been of great assistance and comfort to me in this melancholy office, which is to last here till Monday or Tuesday. We have got the eldest little girl too, Lady Laura [3], who is just old enough to be amusing; and last night my nephew arrived here from Portugal. It was a terrible meeting at first; but as he is very soldierly and lively, he got into spirits, and diverted us much with his relations of the war and the country. He confirms all we have heard of the villainy, poltroonery, and ignorance of the Portuguese, and of their aversion to the English; but I could perceive, even through his relation, that our flippancies and contempt of them must have given a good deal of play to their antipathy.

You are admirably kind, as you always are, in inviting me to Greatworth, and proposing Bath; but besides its being impossible for me to take any journey just at present, I am really very well in health, and the tranquillity and air of Strawberry have done much good. The hurry of London, where I shall be glad to be again just now, will dissipate the gloom that this unhappy loss has occasioned, though a deep loss I shall always think it. The time passes tolerably here; I have my painters and gilders and constant packets of news from town, besides a thousand letters of condolence to answer; for both my niece and I have received innumerable testimonies of the regard that was felt

[2] Mrs. Keppel.

[3] Lady Elizabeth Laura Waldegrave; m. (1782) her cousin, George Waldegrave, Viscount Chewton, eldest son of third Earl Waldegrave, whom he succeeded in 1784. She died in 1816.

for Lord Waldegrave—I have heard of but one man[4] who ought to have known his worth, that has shown no concern —but I suppose his childish mind is too much occupied with the loss of his last governor! I have given up my own room to my niece, and have betaken myself to the Holbein chamber, where I am retired from the rest of the family when I choose it, and nearer to overlook my workmen. The chapel is quite finished, except the carpet. The sable mass of the altar gives it a very sober air; for, notwithstanding the solemnity of the painted windows, it had a gaudiness that was a little profane.

I can know no news here but by rebound, and yet, though they are to rebound again to you, they will be as fresh as any you can have at Greatworth. A kind of administration is botched up for the present, and even gave itself an air of that fierceness with which the winter set out. Lord Hardwicke was told that his sons must vote with the court, or be turned out. He replied, as he meant to have them in place, he chose they should be removed now. It looks ill for the court when he is sturdy. They wished, too, to have Pitt, if they could have had him without consequences; but they don't find any recruits repair to their standard. They brag that they should have had Lord Waldegrave; a most notorious falsehood, as he had refused every offer they could invent the day before he was taken ill. The Duke of Cumberland orders his servants to say, that so far from joining them, he believes if Lord Waldegrave could have been foretold of his death, he would have preferred it to an union with Bute and Fox. The former's was a decisive panic; so sudden, that it is said Lord Egremont was sent to break his resolution of retiring to the King. The other, whose journey to France does not indicate much less apprehension, affects to walk in the streets at the most public

[4] George III.

hours to mark his not trembling. In the meantime the two chiefs have paid their bravoes magnificently—no less than fifty-two thousand pounds a year are granted in reversions! *Young* Martin[5], who is older than I am, is named my successor—but I intend he shall wait some years—if they had a mind to serve me, they could not have selected a fitter tool to set my character in a fair light by the comparison. Lord Bute's son[6] has the reversion of an Auditor of the Imprest—this is all he has done ostensibly for his family, but the great things bestowed on the most insignificant objects make me suspect some private compacts—yet I may wrong him, but I do not mean it. Lord Granby has refused Ireland, and the Northumberlands are to transport their jovial magnificence thither. I lament that you made so little of that voyage, but is this the season of rewarded merit? One should blush to be preferred within the same year. Do but think that Calcraft is to be an Irish lord[7]! Fox's millions, or Calcraft's tithes of millions, cannot purchase a grain of your virtue or character. Adieu!

Yours most truly,

H. W.

874. To the Contessa Rena.

Monsieur Walpole est très sensible aux bontés de Madame la Comtesse Rena, et la remercie infiniment de la peine qu'elle s'est bien voulu donner pour sçavoir de ses nouvelles et de celles de Madame sa nièce. La pauvre Milady Waldegrave est aussi touchée qu'elle doit l'être d'une perte si grande: Elle pleure le meilleur mari, l'amant le

[5] Samuel Martin, sometime Secretary to the Treasury.

[6] John Stuart (1744–1814), Lord Mountstuart; succeeded his father as fourth Earl of Bute in 1792; cr. Marquis of Bute in 1796. Envoy to Turin, 1779–83; Ambassador at Madrid, March–Dec. 1783, and 1795–96.

[7] This did not happen.

Letter 874.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Mr. W. V. Daniell, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, W.

plus tendre, et l'homme le plus respectable de son siècle. Monsieur Walpole, qui ne quitte pas une nièce si véritablement affligée, aura l'honneur de remercier en personne Madame Rena quand il retournera à la ville. En attendant, il l'assure de sa vive reconnoissance et de son respect.

875. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, April 22, 1763.

I have two letters from you, and shall take care to execute the commission in the second. The first diverted me much.

I brought my poor niece from Strawberry on Monday. As executrix, her presence was quite necessary, and she has never refused to do anything reasonable that has been desired of her. But the house and the business have shocked her terribly; she still eats nothing, sleeps worse than she did, and looks dreadfully: I begin to think she will miscarry. She said to me t'other day, 'They tell me that if my Lord had lived, he might have done great service to his country at this juncture, by the respect all parties had for him—this is very fine; but as he did not live to do those services, it will never be mentioned in history!' I thought this solicitude for his honour charming—but he will be known by history: he has left a small volume of *Memoirs*[1], that are a *chef-d'œuvre*. He twice showed them to me, but I kept his secret faithfully; *now* it is for his glory to divulge it.

I am glad you are going to Dr. Lewis. After an Irish voyage I do not wonder you want careening. I have often preached to you, nay, and lived to you too—but my sermons were flung away and my example.

This ridiculous administration is patched up for the

Letter 875.—[1] Published by Murray in 1821.

present; the detail is delightful, but that I shall reserve for Strawberry-tide.

Lord Bath has complained to Fanshaw[2] of Lord Pultney's extravagance, and added, 'if he had lived he would have spent my whole estate.' This almost comes up to Sir Robert Brown, who, when his eldest daughter was given over, but still alive, on that uncertainty sent for an undertaker, and bargained for her funeral in hopes of having it cheaper, as it was possible she might recover. Lord Bath has purchased the Hatton vault in Westminster Abbey, squeezed his wife, son, and daughter into it, reserved room for himself, and has set the rest to sale[3]—come; all this is not far short of Sir Robert Brown.

To my great satisfaction, the new Lord Holland has not taken the least friendly, or even formal notice of me, on Lord Waldegrave's death. It dispenses me from the least farther connection with him, and saves explanations, which always entertain the world more than satisfy.

Dr. Cumberland[4] is an Irish bishop; I hope before the summer is over that some beam from your cousin's portion of the triumvirate[5] may light on poor Bentley. If he misses it till next winter, he will be forced to try still new sunshine.

I have taken Mrs. Pritchard's[6] house for Lady Waldegrave; I offered her to live with me at Strawberry, but with her usual good sense she declined it, as she thought the children would be troublesome.

Charles Townshend's episode[7] in this revolution passes

[2] Probably Simon Fanshaw, M.P. for Grampound.

[3] This last was not the case. See *Gent. Mag.* 1780, p. 231.

[4] Denison Cumberland, Bishop of Clonfert, 1763–72; Bishop of Kilmore, 1772–74; brother-in-law of Richard Bentley the younger.

[5] The triumvirate consisted of George Grenville and the Earls of Egremont and Halifax.

[6] The actress. Her cottage at Twickenham was called Ragman's Castle.

[7] Townshend 'accepted the post of First Lord of the Admiralty, and actually went to St. James's to kiss hands for it. Presuming that no-

belief, though he does not tell it himself. If I had a son born, and an old fairy was to appear and offer to endow him with her choicest gifts, I should cry out, 'Powerful Goody, give him anything but parts!' Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

876. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, April 30, 1763.

I BEGIN with your own affairs, as what must naturally interest you the most. This morning before I came out of town I sent for your brother James, and made him sensible, by stating his conduct and dear Gal's, how much he is to blame towards you. However, I was not sorry to have outgone my commission: he has so often been negligent to you, that I wished to reclaim him thoroughly; and I trust I have, for he frankly owned he was in fault and seemed sorry that he had forced you to complain. I don't know whether I am not innocently accessory to his idleness, as he trusts to my constant writing—but that ought not to excuse him. If he mends, you will easily forgive him.

The papers have told you all the formal changes; the real one consists solely in Lord Bute being out of office, for having recovered his fright he is still as much minister as ever, and consequently does not find his unpopularity decrease. On the contrary, I think his situation more dangerous than ever: he has done enough to terrify his friends, and encourage his enemies, and has acquired no new strength;

thing would or could be refused to him . . . he carried to court with him a Mr. Burrel, one of his followers, intending the latter should kiss hands along with himself as another Lord of the Admiralty. Thinking his honour engaged to carry through this absurdity, he would not kiss the King's hand unless Burrel was admitted too. It was flatly refused, and Townshend was told that the King had no further occasion for his service.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. pp. 209–10.)

rather has lost strength, by the disappearance of Mr. Fox from the scene. His deputies, too, will not long care to stand all the risk for him, when they perceive, as they must already, that they have neither credit nor confidence. Indeed the new administration is a general joke, and will scarce want a violent death to put an end to it. Lord Bute is very blamable for embarking the King so deep in measures that may have so serious a termination. The longer the court can stand its ground, the more firmly will the opposition be united, and the more inflamed. I have ever thought this would be a turbulent reign, and nothing has happened to make me alter my opinion.

Mr. Fox's exit has been very unpleasant. He would not venture to accept the Treasury, which Lord Bute would have bequeathed to him; and could not obtain an earldom, for which he thought he had stipulated; but some of the negotiators asserting that he had engaged to resign the Paymaster's place, which he vehemently denies, he has been forced to take up with a barony, and has broken with his associates—I do not say friends, for with the chief[1] of *them* he had quarrelled when he embarked in the new system. He meets with little pity, and yet has found as much ingratitude as he had had power of doing service.

I am glad you are going to have a Great Duke[2]; it will amuse you, and a new court will make Florence lively, the only beauty it wants. You divert me with my friend the Duke of Modena's conscientious match: if the Duchess[3] had outlived him, she would not have been so scrupulous. But, for Hymen's sake, who is that Madame Simonetti? I trust,

LETTER 876.—[1] The Dukes of Cumberland and Devonshire. *Walpole.*

[2] Mann announced that the Emperor's second son, Peter Leopold, was to reside in Florence as his father's lieutenant. Leopold succeeded his father as Grand Duke in 1765, and his brother as Emperor in 1790.

[3] She was a daughter of the Regent Duke of Orleans. *Walpole.*

not that old painted, gaming, debauched Countess[4] from Milan, whom I saw at the fair of Reggio!

I surprise myself with being able to write two pages of pure English; I do nothing but deal in broken French. The two nations are crossing over and figuring-in. We have had a Count d'Usson[5] and his wife these six weeks; and last Saturday arrived a Madame de Boufflers[6], *sçavante, galante,* a great friend of the Prince of Conti, and a passionate admirer *de nous autres Anglois.* I am forced to live much with *tout ça,* as they are perpetually at my Lady Hervey's; and as my Lord Hertford goes Ambassador to Paris, where I shall certainly make him a visit next year—don't you think I shall be computing how far it is to Florence? There is coming, too, a Marquis de Fleury, who is to be consigned to me, as a political relation, *vu l'amitié entre le Cardinal son oncle et feu monsieur mon père.* However, as my cousin Fleury is not above six-and-twenty, I had much rather be excused from such a commission as showing the tombs and the lions, and the King and Queen, and my Lord Bute, and the waxwork[7], to a boy. All this breaks in upon my plan of withdrawing by little and little from the world, for I hate to tire it with an old lean face, and which promises to be an old lean face for thirty years longer, for I am as well again as ever. The Duc de Nivernois called here the other day in his way from Hampton Court; but, as the most sensible French never have eyes to see anything, unless they see it every day and see it in fashion, I cannot say he flattered me much, or was much struck with Strawberry. When I carried him into the cabinet, which I have told you is formed upon the idea of a Catholic chapel, he pulled off his hat, but per-

[4] It was that Madame Simonetti. *Walpole.*

[5] He was afterwards Envoy to Sweden, where he died in 1781-2. He married a Dutchwoman. *Walpole.*

[6] Mademoiselle Saujon, Marquise de Boufflers, mistress of the Prince de Conti, whom she hoped to marry. *Walpole.*

[7] Rackstrow's waxworks; see p. 317.

ceiving his error, he said, 'Ce n'est pas une chapelle pourtant,' and seemed a little displeased.

My poor niece does not forget her Lord, though by this time I suppose the world has. She has taken a house here, at Twickenham, to be near me. Madame de Boufflers has heard so much of her beauty, that she told me she should be glad to peep through a grate anywhere to get a glimpse of her,—but at present it would not answer. I never saw so great an alteration in so short a period; but she is too young not to recover her beauty, only dimmed by grief that must be temporary. Adieu! my dear Sir. I wish to hear that you are content with your brother James: I think you will be.

Monday, May 2nd, Arlington Street.

The plot thickens: Mr. Wilkes is sent to the Tower for the last *North Briton*[8]; a paper whose fame must have reached you. It said Lord Bute had made the King utter a gross falsehood in his last speech. This hero is as bad a fellow as ever hero was, abominable in private life, dull in Parliament, but, they say, very entertaining in a room, and certainly no bad writer, besides having had the honour of contributing a great deal to Lord Bute's fall. Wilkes fought Lord Talbot in the autumn, whom he had abused; and lately at Calais, when the Prince de Croy, the Governor, asked him how far the liberty of the press extended in England, replied, 'I cannot tell, but I am trying to know.' I don't believe this will be the only paragraph I shall send you on this affair.

[8] No. 45. 'This famous paper gave a flat lie to the King himself, for having, by the Favourite's suggestion, assumed the honour of obtaining peace for the King of Prussia.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. p. 217.)

877. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, May 1, 1763.

I feel happy at hearing your happiness; but, my dear Harry, your vision is much indebted to your long absence, which

Makes bleak rocks and barren mountains smile.

I mean no offence to Park Place, but the bitterness of the weather makes me wonder how you can find the country tolerable now. This is a May-day for the latitude of Siberia! The milkmaids should be wrapped *in the motherly comforts of a swan-skin petticoat.* In short, such hard words have passed between me and the north wind to-day, that, according to the language of the times, I was very near abusing it for coming from Scotland, and to imputing it to Lord Bute. I don't know whether I should not have written a *North Briton* against it, if the printers were not all sent to Newgate, and Mr. Wilkes to the Tower—ay, to the Tower, *tout de bon.* The new ministry are trying to make up for their ridiculous insignificance by a *coup d'éclat.* As I came hither yesterday, I do not know whether the particulars I have heard are genuine—but in the Tower he certainly is, taken up by Lord Halifax's warrant for treason; vide the *North Briton* of Saturday was se'nnight. It is said he refused to obey the warrant, of which he asked and got a copy from the two messengers, telling them he did not mean to make his escape, but sending to demand his Habeas Corpus, which was refused. He then went to Lord Halifax, and thence to the Tower; declaring they should get nothing out of him but what they knew. All his papers have been seized. Lord Chief Justice Pratt, I am told, finds great fault with the wording of the warrant.

I don't know how to execute your commission for books

of architecture, nor care to put you to expense, which I know will not answer. I have been consulting my neighbour, young Mr. Thomas Pitt[1], my present architect: we have all books of that sort here, but cannot think of one which will help you to a cottage or a greenhouse. For the former you should send me your idea, your dimensions; for the latter, don't you rebuild your old one, though in another place? A pretty greenhouse I never saw; nor without immoderate expense can it well be an agreeable object. Mr. Pitt thinks a mere portico without a pediment, and windows removable in summer, would be the best plan you could have. If so, don't you remember something of that kind, which you liked, at Sir Charles Cottrel's at Rousham? But a fine greenhouse must be on a more exalted plan. In short, you must be more particular, before I can be at all so.

I called at Hammersmith yesterday about Lady Ailesbury's tubs; one of them is nearly finished, but they will not both be completed these ten days. Shall they be sent to you by water? Good-night to her Ladyship and you, and the infanta[2], whose progress in waxen statuary I hope advances so fast, that by next winter she may rival Rackstrow's old man. Do you know that, though apprised of what I was going to see, it deceived me, and made such impression on my mind, that, thinking on it as I came home in my chariot, and seeing a woman steadfastly at work in a window in Pall Mall, it made me start to see her move? Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

Arlington Street, Monday night.

The mighty commitment set out with a blunder; the warrant directed the printer, and all concerned (unnamed)

Letter 877.—[1] Afterwards created Lord Camelford. *Walpole.* [2] Anne Conway, afterwards Mrs. Damer.

to be taken up. Consequently Wilkes had his Habeas Corpus of course, and was committed again; moved for another in the Common Pleas, and is to appear there to-morrow morning. Lord Temple being, by another strain of power, refused admittance to him, said, 'I thought this was the Tower, but find it is the Bastille.' They found among Wilkes's papers an unpublished *North Briton*, designed for last Saturday. It contained advice to the King not to go to St. Paul's on the Thanksgiving, but to have a snug one in his own chapel; and to let Lord George Sackville carry the sword. There was a dialogue in it too between Fox and Calcraft[3]: the former says to the latter, 'I did not think you would have served me so, Jemmy Twitcher.'

878. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, May 2, 1763.

I forbore to answer your letter for a few days, till I knew whether it was in my power to give you satisfaction. Upon inquiry, and having conversed with some who could inform me, I find it would be very difficult to obtain so peremptory an order for dismissing fictitious invalids (as I think they may properly be called), as you seem to think the state of the case requires; by any interposition of mine, quite impossible. Very difficult I am told it would be to get them dismissed from our hospitals when once admitted, and subject to a clamour which, in the present unsettled state of government, nobody would care to risk. Indeed, I believe it could not be done by any single authority. The power of admission, and consequently of dismission, does not depend

[3] Calcraft had treated Fox with great ingratitude. 'In the discussion and during the defending and proving what he [Fox] had or had not said relative to the cession of the Paymaster's place, Calcraft, his own creature, his cousin, raised from extreme indigence and obscurity to enormous wealth . . . took part with Lord Shelburne, and witnessed to the latter's tale.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. pp. 207–8.)

on the minister, but on the Board who direct the affairs of the Hospital, at which Board preside the Paymaster, Secretary at War, Governor, &c.; if I am not quite exact, I know it is so in general. I am advised to tell you, Sir, that if upon examination it should be thought right to take the step you counsel, still it could not be done without previous and deliberate discussion. As I should grudge no trouble, and am very desirous of executing any commission, Sir, you will honour me with, if you will draw up a memorial in form, stating the abuses which have come to your knowledge, the advantages which would result to the community by more rigorous examination of candidates for admission, and the uses to which the overflowings of the military might be put, I will engage to put it into the hands of Mr. Grenville, the present head of the Treasury, and to employ all the little credit he is so good to let me have with him, in backing your request. I can answer for one thing and no more, that as long as he sits at that Board, which probably will not be long, he will give all due attention to any scheme of national utility.

It is seldom, Sir, that political revolutions bring any man upon the stage, with whom I have much connection. The great actors are not the class whom I much cultivate; consequently I am neither elated with hopes on their advancement, nor mortified nor rejoiced at their fall. As the scene has shifted often of late, and is far from promising duration at present, one must, if one lives in the great world, have now and then an acquaintance concerned in the drama. Whenever I happen to have one, I hope I am ready and glad to make use of such (however substantial) interest to do good or to oblige; and this being the case at present, and truly I cannot call Mr. Grenville much more than an acquaintance, I shall be happy, Sir, if I can contribute to your views, which I have reason to believe are those of a

benevolent man and good citizen; but I advertise you truly, that my interest depends more on Mr. Grenville's goodness and civility, than on any great connection between us, and still less on any political connection. I think he would like to do public good, I know I should like to contribute to it—but if it is to be done by this channel, I apprehend there is not much time to be lost—you see, Sir, what I think of the permanence of the present system! Your ideas, Sir, on the hard fate of our brave soldiers concur with mine; I lamented their sufferings, and have tried in vain to suggest some little plans for their relief. I only mention this, to prove to you that I am not indifferent to the subject, nor undertake your commission from mere complaisance. You understand the matter better than I do, but you cannot engage in it with more zeal. Methodize, if you please, your plan, and communicate it to me, and it shall not be lost for want of solicitation. We swarm with highwaymen, who have been heroes. We owe our safety to them, consequently we owe a return of preservation to them, if we can find out methods of employing them honestly. Extend your views, Sir, for them, and let me be solicitor to the cause.

879. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, May 6, very late, 1763.

The complexion of the times is a little altered since the beginning of this last winter. Prerogative, that gave itself such airs in November, and would speak to nothing but a Tory, has had a rap this morning that will do it some good, unless it is weak enough to do itself more harm. The judges of the Common Pleas have unanimously dismissed Wilkes from his imprisonment, as a breach of privilege; his offence not being a breach of the peace, only tending to it. The people are in transports; and it will

require all the vanity and confidence of those able ministers, Lord Sandwich and Mr. C——, to keep up the spirits of the court.

I must change this tone, to tell you of the most dismal calamity that ever happened. Lady Molesworth's[1] house, in Upper Brook Street, was burned to the ground between four and five this morning. She herself, two of her daughters, her brother[2], and six servants, perished. Two other of the young ladies jumped out of the two pair of stairs and garret windows: one broke her thigh, the other (the eldest of all) broke hers too, and has had it cut off. The fifth daughter is much burnt. The French governess leaped from the garret, and was dashed to pieces. Dr. Molesworth and his wife, who were there on a visit, escaped; the wife by jumping from the two pair of stairs, and saving herself by a rail; he by hanging by his hands till a second ladder was brought, after a first had proved too short. Nobody knows how or where the fire began; the catastrophe is shocking beyond what one ever heard: and poor Lady Molesworth, whose character and conduct were the most amiable in the world, is universally lamented. Your good hearts will feel this in the most lively manner.

I go early to Strawberry to-morrow, giving up the new opera, Madame de Boufflers, and Mr. Wilkes, and all the present topics. Wilkes, whose case has taken its place by the side of the seven Bishops, calls himself the eighth—not quite improperly, when one remembers that Sir Jonathan Trelawney[3], who swore like a trooper, was one of those confessors.

There is a good letter in the *Gazetteer* on the other side, pretending to be written by Lord Temple, and advising

LETTER 879.—[1] Mary, daughter of Archdeacon Usher; m. (1743), as his second wife, Richard Molesworth, third Viscount Molesworth.

[2] Captain Usher.

[3] Sir Jonathan Trelawney, third Baronet (d. 1721), Bishop successively of Bristol, Exeter, and Winchester.

Wilkes to cut his throat, like Lord E——[4], as it would be of infinite service to their cause. There are published, too, three volumes of Lady Mary Wortley's *Letters*, which I believe are genuine, and are not unentertaining.—But have you read Tom Hervey's letter to the late King? That beats everything for madness, horrid indecency, and folly, and yet has some charming and striking passages.

I have advised Mrs. Harris to inform against Jack, as writing in the *North Briton*; he will then be shut up in the Tower, and may be shown for old Nero[5]. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

880. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 10, 1763.

You will be impatient to hear the event of last Friday. Mr. Wilkes was delivered by the Court of Common Pleas, unanimously: not, said they, on a defect of affidavit in the warrant; not on defect of specification of libellous matter in the warrant (two objections that had been made by his counsel to the legality of the commitment); but on a breach of privilege, the libel in question not being a breach of the peace, but only tending to it.

The triumph of the opposition, you may be sure, is great. Though he is still liable to be prosecuted in the King's Bench, a step gained against the court gives confidence and encouragement. It has given so much to Mr. Wilkes and the warmest of his friends, that I think their indiscretion and indecency will revolt the gravest of their well-wishers. He keeps no bounds; wrote immediately to the Secretaries of State that his house had been robbed, and that he sup-

[4] Probably Arthur Capel (1631–1683), Earl of Essex, who is supposed to have committed suicide in the Tower of London, where he was a prisoner.

[5] An old lion there, so called. *Walpole.*

posed they had his goods—nay, he went to a justice of peace to demand a warrant for searching their houses, which, you may imagine, he did not obtain. The King ordered Lord Temple, Lord-Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire, to remove him from the militia of that county. The Earl acquainted him with that dismission, in terms of condolence; for which his Lordship has since been displaced himself. In short, the scene grows every day more serious —violence on one side, and incapacity on the other.

I quit politics, to tell you the most melancholy catastrophe that one almost ever heard or read of. The house of Lady Molesworth, in Upper Brook Street, was suddenly burnt to the ground last Friday, between four and five in the morning. Herself, two of her daughters, her brother, and three servants perished, with all the circumstances of horror imaginable! The house, which was small, happened to be crowded, by the arrival of her brother, Captain Usher, from Jamaica, who lay there but that night for the first time, and by a visit from Dr. Molesworth (her brother-in-law) and his wife. The doctor waked, hearing what he thought hail. He rose, opened the window and saw nothing. The noise increased, he opened the door, and found the whole staircase in flames and smoke. Seeing no retreat, he would have persuaded his wife to rush with him into the smoke, and perish at once, as the quickest death. She had not resolution enough. He then flung out a mattress for her to jump on (it was two pair of stairs backwards): while he was doing this he saw from the garret above one of the young ladies leap into the back court. Mrs. Molesworth then jumped out of the window, and was scarce hurt; he clambered out too, and hung by a hook: a man from the back of another house saw him, and called to him that he would bring a ladder; he did, but it was too short. However, he begged the doctor, if possible, to hang there

still, which, though his strength, for he is a very old man, almost failed him, he did and was saved; but he is since grown so disordered with the terror and calamity, that they doubt if he will live. Lady Molesworth, who lay two pair of stairs forwards, and who, to make room, had taken her eldest daughter, of seventeen, to lie with her, was seen by persons in the street at the window: the daughter jumped into the street, fell on the iron spikes, and from thence into the area. Lady Molesworth was at the other window in her shift, and lifted up her hands, either to open the sash, or in agonies for her daughter, but suddenly disappeared. Some think that the floor at that instant fell with her; I rather conclude that she swooned when her daughter leaped, and never recovered.

The young lady has had her leg cut off, and has not been in her senses since. The youngest daughter, about nine or ten, had the quickness to get out at window on the top of the house, but from spikes and chimneys could get no farther. She went back to her room where her governess was, who jumped first, and was dashed to pieces. The child then jumped, and was little hurt, though burnt, and almost stifled by the bed-clothes which Dr. Molesworth flung out, for this was her that he saw. They told her her governess was safe; she replied, 'Don't pretend to make me believe that, for I saw her dead on the pavement, and her brains scattered about.'

Another of the sisters jumped too, and escaped with a fractured thigh. A footman, who lay below, and could have saved himself easily, ran up to try to save some of the family, but being involved in flames and much burnt, was forced to try the window, fell on the spikes like Miss Molesworth, but they think will live. Lord Molesworth[1],

LETTER 880.—[1] Richard Nassau Molesworth (1748–1793), fourth Viscount Molesworth.

the only son, a boy at Westminster, was at home that day, and was to have lain there, but not having done his task, was obliged to go back to school, and was thus fortunately preserved.

The general compassion on this dreadful tragedy is much heightened by the very amiable character of Lady Molesworth. She had been a very great beauty, and was still a most pleasing woman, not above forty. Lord Molesworth[2], then very aged, married her, and had several children by her; her character and virtue beyond all suspicion, untainted and irreproachable. Her care of her children was most meritorious, and her general behaviour to the greatest degree engaging. Dr. Molesworth had been much her enemy, yet, while her husband lived, she had persuaded him to give the doctor an annuity, and since his death has treated him with the utmost friendship.

It is not yet known how this terrible accident happened. Many suspect two blacks belonging to Captain Usher, but I believe merely from not knowing how to account for it, nor where it began.

We have just got three volumes of Lady Mary Wortley's *Letters*; of which she had given copies at Venice. They are entertaining, though perhaps the least of all her works, for these were written during her first travels, and have no personal history. All relating to that is in the hands of Lady Bute, and I suppose will never see the light. These letters, though pretty well guarded, have certain marks of originality—not bating freedoms, both of opinion, and with regard to truth, for which you know she had little partiality. Adieu!

P.S. Apropos to letters, I have never received mine, which you told me you had sent so long ago.

[2] Richard Molesworth (d. 1758), third Viscount Molesworth.

881. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, May 16, 1763.

I promised you should hear from me if I did not go abroad, and I flatter myself that you will not be sorry to know that I am much better in health than I was at the beginning of the winter. My journey is quite laid aside, at least for this year; though, as Lord Hertford goes Embassador to Paris, I propose to make him a visit there early next spring.

As I shall be a good deal here this summer, I hope you did not take a surfeit of Strawberry Hill, but will bestow a visit on it while its beauty lasts; the gallery advances fast now, and I think in a few weeks will make a figure worth your looking at.

I am, dear Sir,
Your obedient humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

882. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, May 17, 1763.

'On vient de nous donner une très jolie fête au château de Straberri: tout étoit tapissé de narcisses, de tulipes, et de lilacs; des cors de chasse, des clarionettes, des petits vers galants faits par des fées, et qui se trouvoient sous la presse, des fruits à la glace, du thé, du café, des biscuits, et force hot-rolls.'—This is not the beginning of a letter to you, but of one that I might suppose sets out to-night for Paris, or rather, which I do not suppose will set out thither, for though the narrative is circumstantially true, I don't believe the actors were pleased enough with the scene, to give so favourable an account of it. The French do not come hither *to see*. *À l'angloise* happened to be the word in fashion; and half a dozen of the most fashionable people

have been the dupes of it. I take for granted that their next mode will be *à l'iroquoise*, that they may be under no obligation of realizing their pretensions. Madame de Boufflers I think will die a martyr to a taste, which she fancied she had, and finds she has not. Never having stirred ten miles from Paris, and having only rolled in an easy coach from one hôtel to another on a gliding pavement, she is already worn out with being hurried from morning till night from one sight to another. She rises every morning so fatigued with the toils of the preceding day, that she has not strength, if she had inclination, to observe the least, or the finest thing she sees! She came hither to-day to a great breakfast I made for her, with her eyes a foot deep in her head, her hands dangling, and scarce able to support her knotting-bag. She had been yesterday to see a ship launched, and went from Greenwich by water to Ranelagh. Madame Dusson, who is Dutch-built, and whose muscles are more pleasure-proof, came with her; there were besides, Lady Mary Coke, Lord and Lady Holderness, the Duke and Duchess of Grafton, Lord Hertford, Lord Villiers, Offley, Messieurs de Fleury, Déon[1], et Duclos[2]. The latter is author of the Life of Louis Onze; dresses like a dissenting minister, which I suppose is the livery of a *bel esprit*, and is much more impetuous than agreeable. We breakfasted in the great parlour, and I had filled the hall and large cloister by turns with French horns and clarionets. As the French ladies had never seen a printing-house, I carried them into mine; they found something ready set, and desiring to see what it was, it proved as follows:—

LETTER 882.—[1] Charles Geneviève de Beaumont d'Éon (1728–1810), at this time secretary to the Duc de Nivernais, on whose return to France he was for a short period Minister Plenipotentiary in London. He subsequently masqueraded for many years in woman's dress, both in England and France.

[2] Charles Pinot Duclos (1704–1774).

The Press speaks—

For Madame de Boufflers.

The graceful fair, who loves to know,
Nor dreads the north's inclement snow;
Who bids her polish'd accent wear
The British diction's harsher air;
Shall read her praise in every clime
Where types can speak or poets rhyme.

For Madame Dusson.

Feign not an ignorance of what I speak;
You could not miss my meaning, were it Greek.
'Tis the same language Belgium utter'd first,
The same which from admiring Gallia burst.
True sentiment a like expression pours;
Each country says the same to eyes like yours.

You will comprehend that the first speaks English, and that the second does not; that the second is handsome, and the first not; and that the second was born in Holland. This little *gentillesse* pleased, and atoned for the popery of my house, which was not serious enough for Madame de Boufflers, who is Montmorency, *et du sang du premier Chrétien*; and too serious for Madame Dusson, who is a Dutch Calvinist. The latter's husband was not here, nor Drumgold[3], who have both got fevers, nor the Duc de Nivernois, who dined at Claremont. The gallery is not advanced enough to give them any idea at all, as they are not apt to go out of their way for one; but the cabinet, and the glory of yellow glass at top, which had a charming sun for a foil, did surmount their indifference, especially

[3] Properly written Dromgoole. The Colonel belonged to an Irish family of Danish extraction. He was at this time acting as secretary to the Duc de Nivernais. When Dr. Johnson visited Paris in 1775 he was entertained by Dromgoole, who was then at the head of the École Militaire.

as they were animated by the Duchess of Grafton, who had never happened to be here before, and who perfectly entered into the air of enchantment and fairyism, which is the tone of the place, and was peculiarly so to-day—apropos, when do you design to come hither? Let me know, that I may have no measures to interfere with receiving you and your Grandisons[4].

Before Lord Bute ran away, he made Mr. Bentley a Commissioner of the Lottery; I don't know whether a single or double one: the latter, which I hope it is, is two hundred a year.

Thursday, 19th.

I am ashamed of myself to have nothing but a journal of pleasures to send you! I never passed a more agreeable day than yesterday. Miss Pelham gave the French an entertainment at Esher, but they have been so feasted and amused, that none of them were well enough, or reposed enough, to come, but Nivernois and Madame Dusson. The rest of the company were, the Graftons, Lady Rockingham[5], Lord and Lady Pembroke, Lord and Lady Holderness, Lord Villiers, Count Woronzow the Russian minister, Lady Sondes, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham, Miss Mary Pelham, Lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Pitt, Mrs. Anne Pitt, and Mr. Shelley. The day was delightful, the scene transporting, the trees, lawns, concaves, all in the perfection in which the ghost of Kent would joy to see them. At twelve we made the tour of the farm in eight chaises and calashes, horsemen, and footmen, setting out like a picture of Wouverman. My lot fell in the lap of Mrs. Anne Pitt, which I could have excused, as she was not at all in the style of the day, romantic, but political. We had a mag-

[4] Montagu's brother, General Charles Montagu, had recently married Countess Grandison.

[5] Mary (d. 1804), daughter and heiress of Thomas Bright, of Badsworth, Yorkshire; m. (1752) Charles Watson-Wentworth, second Marquis of Rockingham.

nificent dinner, cloaked in the modesty of earthenware: French horns and hautboys on the lawn. We walked to the belvedere on the summit of the hill, where a threatened storm only served to heighten the beauty of the landscape, a rainbow on a dark cloud falling precisely behind the tower of a neighbouring church, between another tower and the building at Claremont. Monsieur de Nivernois, who had been absorbed all day, and lagging behind, translating my verses, was delivered of his version, and of some more lines which he wrote on Miss Pelham in the belvedere, while we drank tea and coffee. From thence we passed into the wood, and the ladies formed a circle on chairs before the mouth of the cave, which was overhung to a vast height with woodbines, lilacs, and laburnums, and dignified by those tall shapely cypresses. On the descent of the hill were placed the French horns; the abigails, servants, and neighbours wandering below by the river—in short, it was Parnassus, as Watteau would have painted it. Here we had a rural syllabub, and part of the company returned to town; but were replaced by Giardini[6] and Onofrio, who with Nivernois on the violin, and Lord Pembroke on the bass, accompanied Miss Pelham, Lady Rockingham, and the Duchess of Grafton, who sang. This little concert lasted till past ten; then there were minuets, and as we had seven couple left, it concluded with a country dance—I blush again, for I danced, but was kept in countenance by Nivernois, who has one wrinkle more than I have. A quarter after twelve they sat down to supper, and I came home by a charming moonlight. I am going to dine in town, and to a great ball with fireworks at Miss Chudleigh's —but I return hither on Sunday, to bid adieu to this abominable Arcadian life, for really when one is not young,

[6] Felice de' Giardini (1716–1796), a celebrated violinist.

one ought to do nothing but *s'ennuyer*—I will try, but I always go about it awkwardly. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. I enclose a copy of both the English and French verses.

À Madame de Boufflers[7].

Boufflers, qu'embellissent les grâces,
Et qui plairoit sans le vouloir,
Elle à qui l'amour du sçavoir
Fit braver le Nord et les glaces;
Boufflers se plaît en nos vergers,
Et veut à nos sons étrangers
Plier sa voix enchanteresse.
Répétons son nom mille fois,
Sur tous les cœurs Boufflers aura des droits,
Partout où la rime et la Presse
A l'amour prêteront leur voix.

À Madame D'Usson.

Ne feignez point, Iris, de ne pas nous entendre;
Ce que vous inspirez, en grec doit se comprendre.
On vous l'a dit d'abord en hollandois,
Et dans un langage plus tendre
Paris vous l'a répété mille fois.
C'est de nos cœurs l'expression sincère;
En tout climat, Iris, à toute heure, en tous lieux,
Partout où brilleront vos yeux,
Vous apprendrez combien ils sçavent plaire.

883. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, May 21, 1763.

You have now seen the celebrated Madame de Boufflers[1]. I dare say you could in that short time perceive that she

[7] The French translation is not at present amongst the Kimbolton MSS.

Letter 883.—[1] The Comtesse de Boufflers, who since the Revolution

is agreeable, but I dare say too that you will agree with me that vivacity is by no means the *partage* of the French—bating the *étourderie* of the *mousquetaires* and of a high-dried *petit maître* or two, they appear to me more lifeless than Germans. I cannot comprehend how they came by the character of a lively people. Charles Townshend has more *sal volatile* in him than the whole nation. Their King is taciturnity itself, Mirepoix was a walking mummy, Nivernois has about as much life as a sick favourite child, and M. Dusson is a good-humoured country gentleman, who has been drunk the day before, and is upon his good behaviour. If I have the gout next year, and am thoroughly humbled by it again, I will go to Paris, that I may be upon a level with them: at present, I am *trop fou* to keep them company. Mind, I do not insist that, to have spirits, a nation should be as frantic as poor Fanny Pelham, as absurd as the Duchess of Queensbury, or as dashing as the Virgin Chudleigh. Oh that you had been at her ball t'other night! History could never describe it and keep its countenance. The Queen's real birthday, you know, is not kept: this Maid of Honour kept it—nay, while the court is in mourning, expected people to be out of mourning; the Queen's family really was so, Lady Northumberland having desired leave for them. A scaffold was erected in Hyde Park for fireworks. To show the illuminations without to more advantage, the company were received in an apartment totally dark, where they remained for two hours. —If they gave rise to any more birthdays, who could help it? The fireworks were fine, and succeeded well. On each side of the court were two large scaffolds for the Virgin's tradespeople. When the fireworks ceased, a large scene was lighted in the court, representing their Majesties;

in France of the year 1789, resided in England for two or three years with her daughter-in-law the Comtesse Émilie de Boufflers. *Walpole.*

on each side of which were six obelisks, painted with emblems, and illuminated; mottoes beneath in Latin and English: 1. For the Prince of Wales, a ship, *Multorum spes.* 2. For the Princess Dowager, a bird of paradise, and *two* little ones, *Meos ad sidera tollo.* People smiled. 3. Duke of York, a temple, *Virtuti et honori.* 4. Princess Augusta, a bird of paradise, *Non habet parem*—unluckily this was translated, *I have no peer.* People laughed out, considering where this was exhibited. 5. The three younger Princes, an orange-tree, *Promittit et dat.* 6. The two younger Princesses, the flower crown-imperial. I forget the Latin: the translation was silly enough, *Bashful in youth, graceful in age.* The lady of the house made many apologies for the poorness of the performance, which she said was only oil-paper, painted by one of her servants; but it really was fine and pretty. The Duke of Kingston was in a frock, *comme chez lui.* Behind the house was a cenotaph for the Princess Elizabeth, a kind of illuminated cradle; the motto, *All the honours the dead can receive.* This burying-ground was a strange codicil to a festival; and, what was more strange, about one in the morning, this sarcophagus burst out into crackers and guns. The Margrave of Anspach[2] began the ball with the Virgin. The supper was most sumptuous.

You ask, when I propose to be at Park Place. I ask, shall not you come to the Duke of Richmond's masquerade, which is the 6th of June? I cannot well be with you till towards the end of that month.

The enclosed is a letter which I wish you to read attentively, to give me your opinion upon it, and return it. It is from a sensible friend of mine in Scotland[3], who

[2] Christian Charles, Margrave of Anspach. He sold his territories to Prussia in 1791, and died in 1806.

[3] Sir David Dalrymple. See Horace Walpole's letter to him of May 2, 1763.

has lately corresponded with me on the enclosed subjects, which I little understand; but I promised to communicate his ideas to George Grenville, if he would state them—are they practicable? I wish much that something could be done for those brave soldiers and sailors, who will all come to the gallows, unless some timely provision can be made for them.—The former part of his letter relates to a grievance he complains of, that men who have *not* served are admitted into garrisons, and then into our hospitals, which were designed for meritorious sufferers. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

884. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Saturday evening [May 28, 1763].

No, indeed I cannot consent to your being a dirty Philander[1]. Pink and white, and white and pink! and both as greasy as if you had gnawed a leg of a fowl on the stairs of the Haymarket with a bunter from the Cardigan's Head! For Heaven's sake don't produce a tight rose-coloured thigh, unless you intend to prevent my Lord Bute's return from Harrowgate. Write, the moment you receive this, to your tailor to get you a sober purple domino as I have done, and it will make you a couple of summer waistcoats.

In the next place, have your ideas a little more correct about us of times past. We did not furnish our cottages[2] with chairs of ten guineas apiece. Ebony for a farm-house! So, two hundred years hence some man of taste will build a hamlet in the style of George the Third, and beg his

LETTER 884.—[1] At the masquerade given by the Duke of Richmond on the 6th of June, 1763, at his house in Privy Garden. *Walpole.*

[2] General Conway was fitting up a little rustic building in his grounds.

cousin Tom Hearne to get him some chairs for it of mahogany gilt, and covered with blue damask. Adieu! I have not a minute's time more.

Yours, &c.,
Hor. Walpole.

885. To George Montagu.

Huntingdon, May 30, 1763.

As you interest yourself about Kimbolton, I begin my journal of two days here. But I must set out with owning that I believe I am the first man that ever went sixty miles to an auction. As I came for ebony, I have been up to my chin in ebony; there is literally nothing but ebony in the house; all the other goods, if there were any, and I trust my Lady Conyers[1] did not sleep upon ebony mattresses, are taken away. There are two tables and eighteen chairs, all made by the Hallet of two hundred years ago. These I intend to have; for mind, the auction does not begin till Thursday. There are more plebeian chairs of the same materials, but I have left commission for only the true black blood. Thence I went to Kimbolton and asked to see the house. A kind footman, who in his zeal to open the chaise pinched half my finger off, said he would call the housekeeper: but a groom of the chambers insisted on my visiting their Graces; and as I vowed I did not know them, he said they were in the great apartment, that all the rest was in disorder and altering, and would let me see nothing.—This was the reward of my first lie. I returned to my inn or alehouse, and instantly received a message from the Duke[2] to invite me to the Castle.

Letter 885.—[1] The Conyers' were of Great Stoughton, in Huntingdonshire.

[2] George Montagu, fourth Duke of Manchester; his wife was Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir James Dashwood, second Baronet.

I was quite undressed, and dirty with my journey, and unacquainted with the Duchess—yet was forced to go—thank the god of dust, his Grace was dirtier than me. He was extremely civil, and detected me to the groom of the chambers—asked me if I had dined. I said yes—lie the second. He pressed me to take a bed there. I hate to be criticized at a formal supper by a circle of stranger-footmen, and protested I was to meet a gentleman at Huntingdon to-night. The Duchess and Lady Caroline[3] came in from walking; and to disguise my not having dined, for it was past six, I drank tea with them. The Duchess is much altered, and has a bad short cough. I pity Catherine of Arragon for living at Kimbolton: I never saw an uglier spot. The fronts are not so bad as I expected, by not being so French as I expected; but have no pretensions to beauty, nor even to comely ancient ugliness. The great apartment is truly noble, and almost all the portraits good, of what I saw; for many are not hung up, and half of those that are, my Lord Duke does not know. The Earl of Warwick[4] is delightful; the Lady Mandeville[5], attiring herself in her wedding garb, delicious. The Prometheus is a glorious picture, the eagle as fine as my statue. Is not it by Vandyck? The Duke told me that Mr. Spence found out it was by Titian—but critics in poetry I see are none in painting. This was all I was shown, for I was not even carried into the chapel. The walls round the house are levelling, and I saw nothing without doors that tempted me to taste. So I made my bow, hurried to my inn, snapped up my dinner, lest I should again be detected, and came hither, where I am writing by a great fire, and give up my friend the east

[3] Lady Caroline Montagu.

[4] According to Cunningham, Robert Rich (1587–1658), second Earl of Warwick, by Mytens.

[5] According to Cunningham, Anne Rich (d. 1641), Viscountess Mandeville.

wind, which I have long been partial to for the south-east's sake, and in contradiction to the west, for blowing perpetually and bending all one's plantations. To-morrow I see Hinchinbrook—and London. Memento, I promised the Duke that you should come and write on all his portraits. Do, as you honour the blood of Montagu! Who is the man[6] in the picture with Sir Charles Goring, where a page is tying the latter's scarf? And who are the ladies in the double half-lengths?

Arlington Street, May 31.

Well! I saw Hinchinbrook this morning. Considering it is in Huntingdonshire, the situation is not so ugly nor melancholy as I expected; but I do not conceive what provoked so many of your ancestors to pitch their tents in that triste country, unless the Capulets[7] loved fine prospects. The house of Hinchinbrook is most comfortable, and just what I like; old, spacious, irregular, yet not vast or forlorn. I believe much has been done since you saw it—it now only wants an apartment, for in no part of it are there above two chambers together. The furniture has much simplicity, not to say too much; some portraits tolerable, none I think fine. When this lord gave Blackwood the head of the Admiral[8] that I have now, he left himself not one so good. The head he kept is very bad: the whole-length is fine, except the face of it. There is another of the Duke of Cumberland by Reynolds, the colours of which are as much changed as the original is to the proprietor. The garden is wondrous small, the park almost smaller, and no appearance of territory. The whole has a quiet decency that seems adapted to the Admiral after his retirement, or to Cromwell before his

[6] According to Cunningham, Mountjoy Blount (d. 1666), first Earl of Newport, with George Goring (d. 1663), first Earl of Norwich, and one of the latter's sons.

[7] As opposing in everything the Montagus. *Walpole.*

[8] Admiral Montagu, Earl of Sandwich, by Sir P. Lely, now in the gallery at Strawberry Hill. *Walpole.*

exaltation. I returned time enough for the Opera; observing all the way I came the proof of the duration of this east wind, for on the west side the blossoms were so covered with dust one could not distinguish them; on the eastern hand the hedges were white in all the pride of May. Good-night!

Wednesday, June 1.

My letter is a perfect diary. There has been a sad alarm in the kingdom of white satin and muslin. The Duke of Richmond was seized last night with a sore throat and fever; and though he is much better to-day, the masquerade[9] of to-morrow night is put off till Monday. Many a Queen of Scots, from sixty to sixteen, has been ready to die of the fright. Adieu once more! I think I can have nothing more to say before the post goes out to-morrow.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

886. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, June 5, 1763.

I am much concerned at the melancholy accounts you give me of both Lord and Lady Northampton[1]. They are young, handsome, and happy, and life was very valuable to them. She has been consumptive some time; but he seemed healthy and strong.

The misery in the family of Molesworth is not yet closed. The eldest young lady, who has had her leg cut off, does not yet know of the loss of her mother and sisters, but believes them much hurt, and not able even to write to her; by

[9] The masked ball given by the Duke of Richmond at his house in Privy Garden. *Walpole.*

Letter 886.—[1] Charles Compton, Earl of Northampton, married Lady Anne Somerset, eldest daughter of Noel, Duke of Somerset. *Walpole.*—The husband and wife died this year (1763) within a few months of each other, the one at Lyons, the other at Naples.

degrees they intend to tell her that her mother grows worse and then dies. Till this week she did not know she had lost a limb herself, they keeping the mangled part in a frame. One of her sisters, she of eleven, who is still lame with her bruises, was lately brought to her. They had not prepared the child, thinking she knew nothing of what had happened to Miss Molesworth. The moment the girl came in, she said, 'Oh! poor Harriet! they tell me your leg is cut off!' Still this did not undeceive her. She replied, 'No, it is not.' The method they have since taken to acquaint her with it was very artful: they told her her leg must be taken off, and then softened the shock by letting her know the truth. She wept much, but soon comforted herself, saying, 'Thank God, it is not my arm, for now I can still amuse myself.' It would surprise one that at her age so many indications should not lead her to the full extent of her calamity; but they keep her in a manner intoxicated with laudanum. She is in the widow Lady Grosvenor's [2] house, and the humanity, tenderness, and attention of Lord Grosvenor to her is not to be described. The youngest girl overheard the servants in the next room talking of her mother's death, and would not eat anything for two days.

Lord Bath's extravagant avarice and unfeelingness on his son's death rather increases. Lord Pulteney left a kind of will, saying he had nothing to give, but made it his request to his father to give his postchaise and one hundred pounds to his cousin Colman [3]; the same sum and his pictures to another cousin, and recommended the Lakes, his other cousins, to him. Lord Bath sent Colman and Lockman word they might get their hundred pounds as they could, and for the chaise and pictures they might buy them if they

[2] Jane, daughter and heiress of Thomas Warre, and widow of Sir Robert Grosvenor, sixth Baronet.

[3] George Colman, son of Lady Bath's sister, author of several dramatic works, and afterwards manager of the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. *Walpole.*

pleased, for they would be sold for his son's debts; and he expressed great anger at the last article, saying that he did not know what business it was of his son to recommend heirs to him.

I have told you of our French: we have got another curious one, La Condamine[4], *qui se donne pour philosophe.* He walks about the streets, with his trumpet and a map, his spectacles on, and hat under his arm. He lodged in Suffolk Street; his servants bawling to him disturbed the lodgers; the landlady sent two men as bailiffs to turn him out. On this he has printed in the public newspapers a letter to the people of England, telling them that he has travelled in the most barbarous countries, and never met with such savages as we are—pretty near truth; and yet I would never have abused the Iroquois to their faces in one of their own gazettes.

But, to give you some idea of his philosophy, he was on the scaffold to see Damien executed. His deafness was very inconvenient to his curiosity; he pestered the confessor with questions to know what Damien said: 'Monsieur, il jure horriblement.' La Condamine replied, 'Ma foi, il n'a pas tort'; not approving it, but as sensible of what he suffered. Can one bear such want of feeling[5]? Oh! but as a philosopher he studied the nature of man in torments;—pray, for what? One who can so far divest himself of humanity as to be, uncalled, a spectator of agony, is not likely to employ much of his time in alleviating it. We have lately had an instance that would set his philosophy to work. A young highwayman was offered his life after condemnation, if he would consent to have his leg cut off, that a new styptic

[4] Charles Marie de la Condamine (1701–1774), traveller, mathematician, and member of the French Academy.

[5] As La Condamine was on the scaffold, one of the executioners said to another, 'Est-il des nôtres?' 'Non,' replied he, 'Monsieur n'est qu'amateur.'—Yet, La Condamine was a very humane and good man. *Walpole.*

might be tried. 'What!' replied he, 'and go limping to the devil at last? no, I'll be damned first'—and was hanged!

Mr. Crawford has given me the second plan; Inigo Jones's church at Leghorn, for which I thank you. I am happy that you are easy about your brother James: I had told you he would write; have not you received that letter?

No public news. Parliamentary and political campaigns end when the military used to begin, and, thank God, we have now not them!

Did I, or did I not, tell you how much I am diverted with his Serenity of Modena's match with that old, battered, painted, debauched Simonetta? An antiquated bagnio is an odd place for conscience to steal a wedding in! Two-and-twenty years ago she was as much repaired as Lady Mary Wortley, or as her own new spouse. Why, if they were not past approaching them, their faces must run together like a palette of colours, and they would be disputing to which such an eyebrow or such a cheek belonged. The first time I saw her, at the fair of Reggio, in 1741, I was to dine with her; and going at three o'clock, found her in a loose linen gown, with no other woman, playing at faro with eleven men in white waistcoats and nightcaps. Such a scene was very new to me at that age! I did not expect that twenty years afterwards she would become mistress of the duchy, or be a ladder to help the Duke to heaven.

June 7th.

Last night we had a magnificent entertainment at Richmond House, a masquerade and fireworks. As we have consciences no wiser than his Modenese Highness's, a masquerade was a new sight to the young people, who had dressed themselves charmingly, without having the fear of an earthquake before their eyes, though Prince William and

Prince Henry[6] were not suffered to be there. The Duchesses of Richmond[7] and Grafton, the first as a Persian Sultana, the latter as Cleopatra,—and such a Cleopatra!—were glorious figures, in very different styles. Mrs. Fitzroy[8] in a Turkish dress, Lady George Lenox[9] and Lady Bolingbroke in Grecian girls, Lady Mary Coke as Imoinda, and Lady Pembroke as a pilgrim, were the principal beauties of the night. The whole garden was illuminated, and the apartments. An encampment of barges decked with streamers in the middle of the Thames, kept the people from danger, and formed a stage for the fireworks, which were placed, too, along the rails of the garden. The ground rooms lighted, with suppers spread, the houses covered and filled with people, the bridge, the garden full of masks, Whitehall crowded with spectators to see the dresses pass, and the multitude of heads on the river who came to light by the splendour of the fire-wheels, composed the gayest and richest scene imaginable, not to mention the diamonds and sumptuousness of the habits. The Dukes of York and Cumberland, and the Margrave of Anspach, were there, and about six hundred masks. Adieu!

887. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, June 16, 1763.

I do not like your putting off your visit hither for so long. Indeed, by September the gallery will probably have all its fine clothes on, and by what have been tried, I think it will look very well. The fashion of the garments to be sure will be ancient, but I have given them an air that is very becoming. Princess Amelia was here last night while I was

[6] Afterwards Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland. *Walpole.*

[7] Lady Mary Bruce. *Walpole.*

[8] Eldest daughter of Sir Peter Warren. *Walpole.*

[9] Lady Louisa Kerr, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Lothian, and wife of Lord George Lenox, second son of Charles, second Duke of Richmond. *Walpole.*

abroad, and if Margaret is not too much prejudiced by the guinea left, or by natural partiality to what servants call *our house*, I think was pleased, particularly with the chapel.

As Mountain-George will not come to Mahomet-me, Mahomet-I must come to Greatworth. Mr. Chute and I think of visiting you about the seventeenth of July, if you shall be at home, and nothing happens to derange our scheme. Possibly we may call at Horton[1]; we certainly shall proceed to Drayton, Burleigh, Fotheringay, Peterborough, and Ely; and shall like much of your company, all, or part of the tour. The only present proviso I have to make is the health of my niece[2], who is at present much out of order, we think not breeding, and who was taken so ill on Monday, that I was forced to carry her suddenly to town, where I yesterday left her better at her father's.

There has been a report that the new Lord Holland was dead at Paris, but I believe it is not true. I was very indifferent about it: eight months ago it had been lucky. I saw his jackal t'other night in the meadows, the Secretary at War[3], so emptily important and distilling paragraphs of old news with such solemnity, that I did not know whether it was a man or the Utrecht Gazette. Good-night.

Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. Since I wrote this I have received yours, and will take care of your pictures, as soon as they are notified to me.

Letter 887.—[1] The seat of the Earl of Halifax, near Northampton.
[2] Countess Waldegrave.
[3] Welbore Ellis, afterwards Lord Mendip.

888. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 30, 1763.

Monsieur de la Condamine will certainly have his letter; but, my dear Sir, it is as sure that I shall not deliver it myself. I have given it to my Lord Hertford for him, while I act being in the country. To tell you the truth, La Condamine is absurdity itself. He has had a quarrel with his landlady, whose lodgers being disturbed by La Condamine's servant being obliged to bawl to him, as he is deaf, wanted to get rid of him. He would not budge: she dressed two chairmen for bailiffs to force him out. The next day he published an address to the people of England, in the newspaper, informing them that they are the most savage nation in or out of Europe. I honour his zeal for inoculation, which is combated by his countrymen. Even here, nonsense attacks it; that is of course, for the practice is sense; but I wish humane men, or men of reflection, would be content to feel and to think, without advertising themselves by a particular denomination. But they will call themselves philosophers, and the instant they have created themselves a character, they think they must distinguish themselves by it, and run into all kind of absurdities. I wish they would consider that the most desirable kind of understanding is the only kind that never aims at any particularity; I mean common sense. This is not Monsieur de la Condamine's kind; and Count Lorenzi must excuse me if I avoid the acquaintance. I think I said something of him in a former letter.

Lord Strathmore is arrived, and has brought the parcel. He has been twice at Palazzo Pitti[1]. I prefer the master of the latter. The Lord is too *doucereux* and Céladonian[2].

Letter 888.—[1] The house of Mr. Thomas Pitt, at Twickenham. *Walpole.*

[2] Too much of a swain, a Céladon. *Walpole.*

You say I am patron of the French; I fear they do not think so. Very, very few of them have struck me. Then the trouble of conversing in a language not one's own, and the difficulty of expressing one's ideas as one would, disheartens me. Madame de Boufflers has pleased me most, and conceives us the best; though I doubt whether she will return so partial to us as she came. She told me one day, 'Dans ce pays-ci c'est un effort perpétuel pour se divertir'; and she did not seem to think we succeed. However, next spring I must go to Paris, which at present, like the description of the grave, is the way of all flesh. Foley, the banker at Paris, told Lord Strathmore that thirty thousand pounds have been remitted from hence every month since the Peace, for the English that flock thither.

Your account of Lord Northampton is moving. He will, I fear, be little better for Tronchin[3], who, I am assured, from very good judges at Paris, is little better than a charlatan.

I have nothing to tell you, and I am glad of it; we have a long repose from politics; and it is comfortable when folks can be brought to think or talk of something else, which they seldom will in winter. My gallery occupies me entirely, but grows rather too magnificent for my humility; however, having at no time created myself a philosopher, I am at liberty to please myself, without minding a contradiction or two. Adieu!

889. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 1, 1763.

Mr. Chute and I intend to be with you on the seventeenth or eighteenth, but as we are wandering swains, we do not drive our nail into one day of the almanac irremovably.

[3] Louis Tronchin (1709–1781), a celebrated Swiss physician.

Our first stage is to Blecheley[1], the parsonage of venerable Cole, the antiquarian of Cambridge. Blecheley lies by Fenny Stratford; now can you direct us how to make Horton in our way from Stratford to Greatworth? If this meander engrosses more time than we propose, do not be disappointed, and think we shall not come, for we shall. The journey you must accept as a great sacrifice either to you or to my promise, for I quit the gallery almost in the critical minute of consummation. Gilders, carvers, upholsters, and picture-cleaners are labouring at their several forges, and I do not love to trust a hammer or a brush without my own supervisal. This will make my stay very short, but it is a greater compliment than a month would be at another season; and yet I am not profuse of months. Well! but I begin to be ashamed of my magnificence; Strawberry is growing sumptuous in its latter day; it will scarce be any longer like the fruit of its name, or the modesty of its ancient demeanour, both which seem to have been in Spenser's prophetic eye, when he sung of

> the blushing strawberries
> Which lurk, close-shrouded from high-looking eyes,
> Showing that sweetness low and hidden lies.

In truth, my collection was too great already to be lodged humbly; it has extended my walls, and pomp followed. It was a neat little house, it now will be a comfortable one, and, except one fine apartment, does not deviate from its simplicity. Adieu! I know nothing about the world, care nothing about the world, and am only Strawberry's and

Yours sincerely,

H. Walpole.

Letter 889.—[1] Bletchley.

890. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Strawberry Hill, July 1, 1763.

Perhaps, Sir, you have wondered that I have been so long silent about a scheme that called for dispatch. The truth is, I have had no success. Your whole plan has been communicated to Mr. Grenville by one[1] whose heart went with it, going always with what is humane. Mr. Grenville mentions two objections; one, insuperable as to expedition; the other, totally so. No crown or public lands could be so disposed of without an Act of Parliament. In that case the scheme should be digested during a war, to take place at the conclusion, and cannot be adjusted in time for receiving the disbanded. But what is worse, he hints, Sir, that your good heart has only considered the practicability with regard to Scotland, where there are no poor's rates. Here every parish would object to such settlers. This is the sum of his reply; I am not master enough of the subject or the nature of it, to answer either difficulty. If you can, Sir, I am ready to continue the intermediate negotiator; but you must furnish me with answers to these obstacles, before I could hope to make any way even with any private person. In truth, I am little versed in the subject; which I own, not to excuse myself from pursuing it if it can be made feasible, but to prompt you, Sir, to instruct me. Except at this place, which cannot be called the country, I have scarce ever lived in the country, and am shamefully ignorant of the police and domestic laws of my own country. Zeal to do any good, I have; but I want to be tutored when the operation is at all complicated. Your knowledge, Sir, may supply my deficiencies; at least you are sure of a solicitor for your good intentions in your, &c.

Letter 890.—[1] Probably General Conway. See letter to him of May 21, 1763.

891. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, July 1, 1763.

As you have given me leave, I propose to pass a day with you, on my way to Mr. Montagu's. If you have no engagement, I will be with you on the 16th of this month, and if it is not inconvenient, and you will tell me truly whether it is or not, I shall bring my friend Mr. Chute with me, who is destined to the same place. I will beg you too to let me know how far it is to Blecheley, and what road I must take. That is, how far from London, or how far from Twickenham, and the road from each, as I am uncertain yet from which I shall set out. If any part of this proposal does not suit you, I trust you will own it, and I will take some other opportunity of calling on you, being most truly, dear Sir,

Your much obliged and obedient servant,
Hor. Walpole.

892. To Charles Lyttelton, Bishop of Carlisle.

My good Lord, Strawberry Hill, July 10, 1763.

You are ever kind and obliging to me, and indulge my virtuoso humour with as much charity as if a passion for collecting were a Christian want. I thank you much for the letter on King James's death: it shall certainly make its appearance with the rest of your bounties. At present that volume is postponed; I have got a most delectable work to print, which I had great difficulty to obtain, and which I must use while I can have it. It is the life of the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, written by himself—one

Letter 892.—Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Viscount Cobham.

of the most curious pieces my eyes ever beheld—but I will not forestall the amusement it will give you.

Do I confound it, or is the print of Master Prideaux the same with that of Master Basset? I have some such notion: if it is, I have it. If not, I will inquire of Ramsay. As to your nephew[1], he is a lost thing; I have not set eyes on him this fortnight; he has deserted Palazzo Pitti, at least has abandoned me. Nay, I do not guess when we shall meet, for this day se'nnight I begin a ramble to George Montagu's, Drayton, Burleigh, Ely, Peterborough, and I don't know where. This is to occupy the time, while they finish what remains to paint and gild of the gallery. This is very necessary, for with impatience I have spoiled half the frames that are new gilt, and do ten times more harm than I mean to do good. However, I see shore; three weeks will terminate all the workmen have to do—I shall long to have your Lordship see it, though I shall blush, for it is much more splendid than I intended, and too magnificent for me.

Mr. Borlase[2], I believe, knows your Lordship has some partiality for me. He honours me far beyond my deserts; and forgets how little share I can claim in the *Anecdotes*, as greatly the largest part was owing to Vertue.

If I have any time towards the end of the summer, I will certainly visit the Museum; I have much business there; but you will allow, my good Lord, that it is not from idleness that I have neglected going thither. I am not apt to be idle; few people have done so much of nothing, or have been so constantly employed, though indeed about trifles. I have almost tired myself, it is true, and yet I do not hitherto find my activity much relaxed.

You do not mention Rose Castle[3]: is it in disgrace?—

[1] Thomas Pitt, afterwards Lord Camelford.

[2] Dr. William Borlase (1695–1772), Rector of Ludgvan, Cornwall, a writer on Cornish antiquities, and a friend and correspondent of Bishop Lyttelton.

[3] Lyttelton's episcopal residence

well, be it so. Change it for Hartlebury or Farnham Castles—to these Pitt and I can come with our Gothic trowels.

News I can send you none, for none I know. I seldom in summer do know an event that has happened since 1600. It is one of those ancient truths that

I am your Lordship's
Most bounden Servant and poor
Beadsman,
HOR. WALPOLE.

893. To the Rev. William Cole.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry Hill, July 12, 1763.

Upon consulting maps and roads and the knowing, I find it will be my best way to call on Mr. Montagu first, before I come to you, or I must go the same road twice. This will make it a few days later than I intended before I wait on you, and will leave you time to complete your hay-harvest, as I gladly embrace your offer of bearing me company on the tour I meditate to Burleigh, Drayton, Peterborough, Ely, and twenty other places, of all which you shall take as much or as little as you please. It will I think be Wednesday or Thursday se'nnight before I wait on you, that is the 20th or 21st, and I fear I shall come alone, for Mr. Chute is confined with the gout: but you shall hear again before I set out. Remember I am to see Sir Kenelm Digby's.

Thank you much for your informations; the Countess of Cumberland is an acquisition, and quite new to me. With the Countess of Kent I am acquainted since my last edition.

Addison certainly changed *scies* in the epitaph to *indicabit*

near Carlisle; Hartlebury and Farnham Castles are the residences of the Bishops of Worcester and Winchester.

to avoid the jingle with *dies*: though it is possible that the thought may have been borrowed elsewhere. Adieu, Sir!

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

894. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir,

Wednesday is the day I propose waiting on you; what time of it the Lord and the roads know; so don't wait for me any part of it. If I should be violently pressed to stay a day longer at Mr. Montagu's, I hope it will be no disappointment to you; but I love to be uncertain, rather than make myself expected and fail.

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

895. To George Montagu.

Stanford, Saturday night, July 23, 1763.

'Thus far our arms have with success been crowned'—bating a few mishaps, which will attend long marches like ours. We have conquered as many towns as Louis Quatorze in the campaign of seventy-two; that is, seen them, for he did little more, and into the bargain he had much better roads, and a drier summer. It has rained perpetually till to-day, and made us experience the rich soil of Northamptonshire, which is a clay-pudding, stuck full of villages. After we parted with you on Thursday, we saw Castle Ashby[1] and Easton Mauduit[2]. The former is most magnificently trist, and has all the formality of the Comptons. I should admire it if I could see out of it, or anything in it,

Letter 895.—[1] A seat of the Earl of Northampton, near Wellingborough.
[2] A seat of the Earl of Sussex.

but there is scarce any furniture, and the bad little panes of glass exclude all objects.

Easton is miserable enough; there are many modern portraits, and one I was glad to see of the Duchess of Shrewsbury[3]. We lay at Wellinborough—pray never lie there—the beastliest inn upon earth is there! We were carried into a vast bedchamber, which I suppose is the club-room, for it stunk of tobacco like a justice of peace. I desired some boiling water for tea; they brought me a sugar-dish of hot water in a pewter plate!

Yesterday morning we went to Boughton[4], where we were scarce landed, before the Cardigans, in coach and six and three chaises, arrived with a cold dinner in their pockets, on their way to Deane, for as it is in dispute, they never reside at Boughton. This was most unlucky, that we should pitch on the only hour in the year in which they are there. I was so disconcerted, and so afraid of falling foul of the Countess and her caprices, that I hurried from chamber to chamber, and scarce knew what I saw, but that the house is in the grand old French style, that gods and goddesses lived over my head in every room, and that there was nothing but pedigrees all round me and under my feet, for there is literally a coat of arms at the end of every step of the stairs—did the Duke mean to pun, and intend this for the *descent* of the Montagus?—Well! we hurried away and got to Drayton an hour before dinner. Oh! the dear old place! you would be transported with it. In the first place, it stands in as ugly a hole as Boughton—well! that is not its beauty. The front is a brave strong castle wall, embattled and loopholed for defence. Passing the great gate, you come to a sumptuous but narrow modern court,

[3] Adelaida Paleotti (d. 1726), Duchess of Shrewsbury.

[4] A seat of the late Duke of Montagu, near Kettering. It was in dispute between his daughters, Lady Beaulieu and the Countess of Cardigan.

behind which rises the old mansion, all towers and turrets. The house is excellent; has a vast hall, ditto dining-room, king's chamber, trunk gallery at the top of the house, handsome chapel, and seven or eight distinct apartments, besides closets and conveniences without end. Then it is covered with portraits, crammed with old china, furnished richly, and not a rag in it under forty, fifty, or a thousand years old; but not a bed or chair that has lost a tooth, or got a grey hair, so well are they preserved. I rummaged it from head to foot, examined every spangled bed, and enamelled pair of bellows, for such there are; in short, I do not believe the old mansion was ever better pleased with an inhabitant, since the days of Walter de Drayton, except when it has received its divine old mistress. If one could honour her more than one did before, it would be to see with what religion she keeps up the old dwelling and customs, as well as old servants, who you may imagine do not love her less than other people do. The garden is just as Sir John Germain brought it from Holland; pyramidal yews, *treillages*, and square cradle walks, with windows clipped in them. Nobody was there, but Mr. Beauclerc and Lady Catherine[5], and two parsons: the two first suffered us to ransack and do as we would, and the two last assisted us, informed us, and carried us to every tomb in the neighbourhood. I have got every circumstance by heart, and was pleased beyond my expectation, both with the place and the comfortable manner of seeing it. We stayed there till after dinner to-day, and saw Fotheringam[6] in our way hither. The castle is totally ruined. The mount, on which the keep stood, two doorcases, and a piece of the moat, are all the remains. Near it is a front and

[5] Lady Catherine Ponsonby (d. 1789), eldest daughter of second Earl of Bessborough; m. (1763) Hon. Aubrey Beauclerk, son of Lord Vere of Hanworth, whom he succeeded in 1781, becoming Duke of St. Albans in 1787.

[6] So in MS.; read Fotheringay.

two projections of an ancient house, which, by the arms about it, I suppose was part of the palace of Richard and Cicely, Duke and Duchess of York[7]. There are two pretty tombs for them and their uncle Duke of York in the church, erected by order of Queen Elizabeth. The church has been very fine, but is now intolerably shabby, yet many large saints remain in the windows, two entire, and all the heads well painted. You may imagine we were civil enough to the Queen of Scots, to feel a feel of pity for her, while we stood on the very spot where she was put to death; my companion[8], I believe, who is a better royalist than I am, felt a little more—there. I have obeyed you. To-morrow we see Burleigh and Peterborough, and lie at Ely; on Monday I hope to be in town, and on Tuesday I hope much more to be in the gallery at Strawberry Hill, and to find the gilders laying on the last leaf of gold. Good night!

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

896. To George Montagu.

Hockerill[1], Monday night, July 25, vol. 2nd.

I continue. You must know we were drowned on Saturday night. It rained, as it did at Greatworth on Wednesday, all night and all next morning, so we could not look even at the outside of Burleigh; but we saw the inside pleasantly; for Lord Exeter, whom I had prepared for our intentions, came to us, and made every door and every lock fly open, even of his magazines, yet unranged. He is going through the house by degrees, furnishing a room every year, and has

[7] Lady Cicely Nevill (d. 1495), daughter of first Earl of Westmorland, wife of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, and mother of Edward IV and Richard III.

[8] William Cole.

Letter 896.—[1] Hockerill or Bishop's Stortford, on the high road between London and Newmarket.

already made several most sumptuous. One is a little tired of Carlo Maratti and Luca Jordano, yet still these are treasures. The china and japan are of the finest, miniatures in plenty, and a shrine full of crystal vases, filigree, enamel, jewels, and the trinkets of taste that have belonged to many a noble dame. In return for his civilities, I made my Lord Exeter a present of a glorious cabinet, whose drawers and sides are all painted by Rubens. This present you must know was his own, but he knew nothing of the hand or the value. Just so I have given Lady Betty Germain a very fine portrait, that I discovered at Drayton in the wood-house.

I was not much pleased with Peterborough; the front is adorable, but the inside has no more beauty than consists in vastness.—By the way, I have a pen and ink that will not form a letter[2].—We were now sent to Huntingdon in our way to Ely, as we found it impracticable, from the rains and floods, to cross the country thither. We landed in the heart of the assizes, and almost in the middle of the races, both which, to the astonishment of the virtuosi, we eagerly quitted this morning. We were hence sent south to Cambridge, still on our way northward to Ely—but when we were got to Cambridge we were forced to abandon all thoughts of Ely, there being nothing but lamentable stories of inundations and escapes. However, I made myself amends with the University, which I have not seen these four-and-twenty years, and which revived many youthful scenes, which, merely from their being youthful, are forty times pleasanter than any other ideas. You know I always long to live at Oxford—I felt that I could like to live even at Cambridge again. The colleges are much cleaned and improved since my days, and the trees and groves more venerable; but the town is tumbling about their ears. We surprised Gray with our appearance, dined and drank tea

[2] The original is very ill-written.

with him, and are come hither within sight of land. I always find it worth my while to make journeys, for the joy I have in getting home again. A second adieu!

897. To the Rev. William Cole.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 8, 1763.

Dear Sir,

You judge rightly, I am very indifferent about Dr. Shorton, since he is not Dr. Shorter.

It has done nothing but rain since my return; whoever wants hay, must fish for it; it is all drowned, or swimming about the country. I am glad our tour gave you so much pleasure; you was so very obliging, as you have always been to me, that I should have been grieved not to have had it give you satisfaction. I hope your servant is quite recovered.

The painters and gilders quit my gallery this week, but I have not got a chair or a table for it yet; however, I hope it will have all its clothes on by the time you have promised me a visit. I am, dear Sir,

Your much obliged
Humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

898. To Dr. Ducarel.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 8, 1763.

Sir,

I have been rambling about the country, or should not so long have deferred to answer the favour of your letter. I thank you for the notices in it, and have profited of them. I am much obliged to you too for the drawings you intended me; but I have since had a letter from Mr. Churchill, and he does not mention them.

899. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 9, 1763.

My gallery claims your promise; the painters and gilders finish to-morrow, and next day it washes its hands. You talked of the 15th; shall I expect you then, and the Countess[1], and the Contessina[2], and the Baroness[3]?

Lord Digby is to be married immediately to the pretty Miss Feilding[4]; and Mr. Boothby[5], they say, to Lady Mary Douglas. What more news I know I cannot send you; for I have had it from Lady Denbigh and Lady Blandford[6], who have so confounded names, genders, and circumstances, that I am not sure whether Prince Ferdinand is not going to be married to the Hereditary Prince. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

P.S. If you want to know more of me, you may read a whole column of abuse upon me in the *Public Ledger* of Thursday last; where they inform me that the Scotch cannot be so sensible as the English, because they have not such good writers. Alack! I am afraid *the most sensible* men in any country do *not* write.

I had writ this last night. This morning I receive your paper of evasions, *perfide que vous êtes!* You may let it

Letter 899.—[1] Of Ailesbury. *Walpole.*

[2] Miss Anne Seymour Conway. *Walpole.*

[3] Elizabeth Rich, second wife of George, Lord Lyttelton. *Walpole.*

[4] Elizabeth (d. 1765), daughter of Hon. Charles Fielding; m. (Sept. 5, 1763) Henry Digby, seventh Baron (afterwards first Earl) Digby.

[5] Charles Skrimshire Boothby Clopton, known as 'Prince' Boothby, grandson of Thomas Boothby, of Tooley Park, near Leicester, and brother-in-law of Hugo Meynell, first master of the Quorn Hounds. He was a man about town, and a companion of Fox, Fitzpatrick, and others of that set. In later life he became very eccentric, and committed suicide (July 27, 1800) by shooting himself at his rooms in Clarges Street.

[6] They were both Dutchwomen, and spoke very bad English. *Walpole.*

alone, you will never see anything like my gallery—and then to ask me to leave it the instant it is finished! I never heard such a request in my days!—Why, all the earth is begging to come to see it: as Edging[7] says, I have had offers enough from blue and green ribands to make me a falbala-apron. Then I have just refused to let Mrs. Keppel and her Bishop be in the house with me, because I expected all you—it is mighty well, mighty fine!—No, sir, no, I shall not come; nor am I in a humour to do anything else you desire: indeed, without your provoking me, I should not have come into the proposal of paying Giardini. We have been duped and cheated every winter for these twenty years by the undertakers of operas, and I never will pay a farthing more till the last moment, nor can be terrified at their puffs; I am astonished you are. So far from frightening me, the kindest thing they could do would be not to let one have a box to hear their old threadbare voices and frippery thefts; and as for Giardini himself, I would not go 'cross the room to hear him play to eternity. I should think he could frighten nobody but Lady Bingley[8] by a refusal.

900. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 10, 1763.

I have waited in hopes that the world would do something worth telling you: it will not, and I cannot stay any longer without asking you how you do, and hoping you have not quite forgot me. It has rained such deluges, that I had some thoughts of turning my gallery into an ark, and began to pack up a pair of bantams, a pair of cats, in short, a pair of every living creature about my house: but it

[7] A character in Cibber's *Careless Husband*.

[8] Hon. Harriet Benson, daughter of first Baron Bingley; m. (1731) George Fox Lane, cr. Baron Bingley in 1762.

is grown fine at last, and the workmen quit my gallery to-day without hoisting a sail in it. I know nothing upon earth but what the ancient ladies in my neighbourhood knew threescore years ago; I write merely to pay you my peppercorn of affection, and to inquire after my Lady, who I hope is perfectly well. A longer letter would not have half the merit: a line in return will however repay all the merit I can possibly have to one to whom I am so much obliged.

I am, my dear Lord, your most faithful servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

901. To SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 11, 1763.

I AM never so fruitful in summer, you know, as in winter. This year I am particularly barren. Your letter of July 23rd has given me a little fillip, or I don't know when I should have writ, for I have not a single circumstance to tell you, but that you will soon see a greater prince than him of Lichtenstein. The Duke of York is going to take a Mediterranean tour with Augustus Hervey[1], and, when at Leghorn, will certainly see Florence. You will find him civil, condescending, and good-natured to a great degree; and *loro eccellenze*, the *Dame Fiorentine*, will like him still better, for he is very *galant* and very generous.

I am very sorry for Lord Northampton, and yet I could not help smiling at his physician's expression, that he seemed to go *al patibolo in gala*[2]. La Condamine, I believe, is departed; I have heard nothing of him this month or six weeks. The French do not arrive in such shoals as we do

LETTER 901.—[1] Captain of a man-of-war, and afterwards Earl of Bristol. *Walpole.*

[2] The Earl of Northampton, although dying of consumption, insisted on making his state entry as Ambassador to the Venetian Republic.

at Paris; there are no fewer than five English Duchesses there, Ancaster, Richmond, Bridgewater, Hamilton, and Douglas[3]: the two last, indeed, upon an extraordinary law-suit[4], which is vastly too long for a letter, and curious enough for the *Causes Célèbres*. It is a contest about the Douglas estate, to which the Hamiltons think a pretender has been set up, and whom they say they shall, or have detected. This suit is not more extraordinary than the taste of the French, who prefer the Duchess of Ancaster[5] to either the Hamilton or the Richmond. The last (Lady Ailesbury's daughter) is in all the bloom of youth and beauty, but awkward and unfashioned; the second is sadly changed by ill health from that lovely figure which disputed with her sister Coventry; and yet one is surprised that what was so charming, or what could be so charming, should not be preferred to the first, who is not young, was at best a pretty figure, is now repaired by every evident art, and is a heap of *minauderies* and affectations which have not even the stamp of a woman of quality; but taste seems as much extinguished in France as spirit or parts. Adieu!

902. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 15, 1763.

The most important piece of news I have to tell you is, that the gallery is finished; that is, the workmen have quitted it. For chairs and tables, not one is arrived yet. Well! how you will tramp up and down in it!—Methinks I wish you would. We are in the perfection of beauty; verdure itself was never green till this summer, thanks to the deluges of rain. Our complexion used to be mahogany

[3] Margaret, daughter of James Douglas, of Mains, Dumbartonshire; m. (1758) Archibald Douglas, first Duke of Douglas; d. 1774.

[4] The Douglas Cause.

[5] Daughter of Mr. Panton, of Newmarket. *Walpole.*

in August. Nightingales and roses indeed are out of blow, but the season is celestial. I don't know whether we have not even had an earthquake to-day. Lady Buckingham[1], Lady Waldegrave, the Bishop of Exeter, and Mrs. Keppel, and the little Hotham[2] dined here; between six and seven we were sitting in the great parlour; I sat in the window looking at the river. On a sudden I saw it violently agitated, and, as it were, lifted up and down by a thousand hands. I called out, they all ran to the window; it continued; we hurried into the garden, and all saw the Thames in the same violent commotion for I suppose a hundred yards. We fancied at first there must be some barge rope; not one was in sight. It lasted in this manner, and at the farther end, towards Teddington, even to dashing. It did not cease before I got to the middle of the terrace, between the fence and the shell[3]. Yet this is nothing to what is to come. The Bishop and I walked down to my meadow by the river. At this end were two fishermen in a boat, but their backs had been turned to the agitation, and they had seen nothing. At the farther end of the field was a gentleman fishing, and a woman by him; I had perceived him in the same spot at the time of the motion of the waters, which was rather beyond where it was terminated. I now thought myself sure of a witness, and concluded he could not have recovered his surprise. I ran up to him; 'Sir,' said I, 'did you see that strange agitation of the waters?' 'When, Sir?'—'When, Sir! now, this very instant, not two minutes ago.' He replied, with the phlegm of a philosopher, or of a man that *can* love fishing, 'Stay, Sir, let me recollect if I remember nothing of it.' 'Pray, Sir,' said I,

Letter 902.—[1] Mary Anne Drury, Countess of Buckinghamshire.

[2] Henrietta Gertrude, daughter of Sir Charles Hotham-Thompson, eighth Baronet, and great-niece of the Countess of Suffolk, with whom she frequently resided. She died unmarried in 1816.

[3] The shell bench, designed by Bentley.

scarce able to help laughing, 'you must remember whether you remember it or not, for it is scarce over.' 'I am trying to recollect,' said he, with the same coolness. 'Why, Sir,' said I, 'six of us saw it from my parlour window yonder.' 'Perhaps,' answered he, '*you might perceive it better where you was*, but I suppose it was an earthquake.' His nymph had seen nothing neither, and so we returned as wise as most who inquire into natural phenomena. We expect to hear to-morrow that there has been an earthquake somewhere; unless this appearance portended a state-quake. You see, my impetuosity does not abate much; no, nor my youthfullity, which bears me out even at a *sabbat*. I dined last week at Lady Blandford's, with her, the old Denbigh, the old Litchfield[4], and Methuselah knows who. I had stuck some sweet peas in my hair, was playing at quadrille, and singing to *mes sorcières*. The Duchess of Argyle and Mrs. Young came in. You may guess how they stared—at last the Duchess asked what was the meaning of those flowers? 'Lord, Madam,' said I, 'don't you know it is the fashion? The Duke of Bedford is come over with his hair full.' Poor Mrs. Young took this in sober sadness, and has reported that the Duke of Bedford wears flowers. You will not know me less by a precipitation of this morning. Pitt and I were busy adjusting the gallery. Mr. Elliot came in and discomposed us; I was horridly tired of him. As he was going, he said, 'Well, this house is so charming, I don't wonder at your being able to live so much alone'—I, who shudder at the thought of anybody's living with me, replied very innocently, but a little too quick—'No, only pity me when I don't live alone.' Pitt was shocked, and said, 'To be sure he will never forgive you, as long as he lives.' Mrs. Leneve used often to advise me never to begin being

[4] Probably Frances (d. 1769), daughter of Sir John Hales, fourth Baronet, of Woodchurch, Kent, and widow of second Earl of Lichfield.

civil to people I did not care for, 'For,' says she, 'you grow weary of them, and can't help showing it, and so make it ten times worse, than if you had never attempted to please them.'

I suppose you have read in the papers the massacre of my innocents. Every one of my Turkish sheep, that I have been nursing up these fourteen years, torn to pieces in one night by three strange dogs! They killed sixteen outright, and mangled the two others in such a manner, that I was forced to have them knocked on the head. However, I bore this better than an interruption.

I have scrawled and blotted this letter, so I don't know whether you can read it; but it is no matter, for I perceive it is all about myself; but what has one else in the dead of summer? In return, tell me as much as you please about yourself, which you know is always a most welcome subject to me. One may preserve one's spirits with one's juniors, but I defy anybody to care but about their cotemporaries. One wants to know about one's predecessors; but who has the least curiosity about their successors? This is abominable ingratitude: one takes wondrous pains to consign one's own memory to them at the same time that one feels the most perfect indifference to whatever relates to them themselves.—Well, they will behave just so in their turns. Adieu! Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

903. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 1, 1763.

My letters are like the works of Vertot; I write nothing but *les Révolutions d'Angleterre.* Indeed, the present history is like some former I have sent you,—a revolution that has not taken place, and, resembling Lord Granville's[1], begun

LETTER 903.—[1] In 1746. *Walpole.*

and ended in three days. I could have dispatched it last Tuesday with regard to the termination of it; but, though I heard it was begun, even on the Saturday while it was beginning, my curiosity did not carry me to town till Tuesday, when I found it all addled. Still, I knew too little to detail it to you; and, even now, I can tell you little more than the outlines and general report—but have patience; this is one of the events which in this country will produce paper-war enough, and between attacks and defences one comes pretty near to the truth of the whole.

Last Sunday was se'nnight Lord Egremont[2] died suddenly, though everybody knew he would die suddenly: he used no exercise, and could not be kept from eating, without which prodigious bleedings did not suffice. A day or two before he died, he said, 'Well, I have but three turtle-dinners to come, and if I survive them I shall be immortal.' He was writing, as my Lady breakfasted, complained of a violent pain in his head, asked twice if he did not look very particularly, grew speechless, and expired that evening. He has left eighteen thousand pounds a year, and, they say, an hundred and seventy thousand pounds in money. I hope you have as much philosophy as I have, or you will lose patience at these circumstances, when you are eager to hear the revolution. That week, you may be sure, was passed by the public in asking who was to be Secretary of State? It seemed to lie between your old friend, Lord Sandwich, and Lord Egmont. Lord Shelburne, a young aspirer, who intends the world shall hear more of him, *et qui postule le ministère*, was in the meantime one of the candidates to succeed Lord Egremont. Somebody said, 'It ought to be given to him as you marry boys under age, and then send them to travel till they are ripe.' While this vacancy was

[2] Sir Charles Wyndham, first Earl of Egremont. *Walpole.*—He was the second Earl.

the public's only object, behold Mr. Pitt, in his chair, with two servants before it, goes openly, at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, through the Park to Buckingham House. You rub your eyes; so did the mob, and thought they did not see clear. Mr. Pitt, of all men alive, except Lord Temple and Mr. Wilkes, the most proscribed there, Mr. Pitt to Buckingham House! *Oui, véritablement!* What! to ask to be Secretary of State? By no means: sent for; desired to accept the administration. Well, but do you know who stared more than the mob or you? the ministers did; for it seems this was the act and deed of Lord Bute, who, though he had given the present administration letters of attorney to act for him, has thought better of it, and retained the sole power himself; the consequence of which was, as it was before, he grew horridly frightened, and advised this step, which has done him more hurt than all he had done before.

Mr. Pitt stayed with the King three hours; is said not to have demanded more than might well be expected that he would demand; and had all granted. The next day, Sunday, the opposition were much pleased, looking on their desires as obtained; the ministers, as much displeased, thinking themselves betrayed by Lord Bute. On Monday, Mr. Pitt, who the day before had seen the Duke of Newcastle and the Lord Mayor Beckford,—the one or the other of whom is supposed to have advised what follows,—went again to the King, with a large increase of demands. What those were are variously stated, nor do I pretend to tell you how far the particulars are exact. The general purport is, though I dare say not to the extent given out, that he insisted on a general dismission of all who had voted for the Peace; and that he notified his intention of attacking the Peace itself: that he particularly proscribed Lord Holland, Lord Halifax, Lord Sandwich, Lord Barrington, and Lord Shelburne; named himself and Charles Townshend for

Secretaries of State, Lord Temple for the Treasury, Pratt for Chancellor; proposed some place, not of business, for the Duke of Newcastle, forgot Mr. Legge, and desired the Duke of Cumberland for the head of the army. They tell you, that the King asked him, 'Mr. Pitt, if it is right for you to stand by your friends, why is it not as right for me to stand by mine?' and that the treaty broke off, on his Majesty refusing to give up his. Broken off the negotiation certainly is. Why broken, I shall, as I told you before, wait a little before I settle my belief. The ministers were sent for again; Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple, according to the modern well-bred usage, were at the levee yesterday, had each their Drawing-room question; and there ended this interlude.

It is said Lord Sandwich kisses hands to-morrow for Secretary of State. If a President of the Council is named too, I shall think they mean to stand it: if not, shall conclude a door is still left open for treating.

There was a little episode, previous to this more dignified drama, which was on the point of employing the attention of the public, if it had not been overlaid by the revolution in question. The famous Mr. Wilkes was challenged at Paris, by one Forbes, an outlawed Scot in the French service, who could not digest the *North Britons*. Wilkes would have joked it off, but it would not do. He then insisted on seconds; Forbes said duels were too dangerous in France for such extensive proceedings. Wilkes adhered to his demand. Forbes pulled him by the nose, or, as Lord Mark Kerr[3], in his well-bred formality, said to a gentleman, 'Sir, you are to suppose I have thrown this glass of wine in your face.' Wilkes cried out murder! The *lieutenant de police* was sent for, and obliged Forbes to promise that he would proceed no farther. Notwithstanding the present discussion,

[3] Brother of the Marquis of Lothian, a very brave but remarkably formal man. *Walpole.*

you may imagine the Scotch will not let this anecdote be still-born. It is cruel on Lord Talbot, whom Wilkes ventured to fight.

Other comical passages have happened to us at Paris. Their King, you know, is wondrous shy to strangers, awkward at a question, or too familiar. For instance, when the Duke of Richmond was presented to him, he said, 'Monsieur le Duc de Cumberland boude le Roi, n'est-ce pas?' The Duke was confounded. The King persisted, 'Il le fait, n'est-il pas vrai?' The Duke answered very properly, 'Ses ministres quelquefois, Sire, jamais sa Majesté.' This did not stop him: 'Et vous, Milord, quand aurez-vous le cordon bleu?' George Selwyn, who stood behind the Duke, said softly, 'Answer that if you can, my Lord.' To Lord Holland, the King said, 'Vous avez fait bien du bruit dans votre pays, n'est-ce pas?' His answer was pretty too: 'Sire, je fais tout mon possible pour le faire cesser.' Lord Holland was better diverted with the Duchess d'Aiguillon[4]; she got him and Lady Holland tickets for one of the best boxes to see the fireworks on the Peace, and carried them in her coach. When they arrived, he had forgot the tickets; she flew into a rage, and, *sans marchander*, abused him so grossly that Lady Holland coloured, and would not speak to her. Not content with this, when her footman opened the door of the coach, the Duchess, before all the mob, said aloud, 'C'est une des meilleures têtes de l'Angleterre, et voici la bêtise qu'il a faite!' and repeated it. He laughed, and the next day she recollected herself, and made an excuse. . . .[5]

Mrs. Poyntz[6] is *au comble de la gloire* there; she has cured Madame Victoire[7] of the stone, by Mrs. Stephens's medicine.

[4] Anne Charlotte de Crussol de Florensac, Duchesse d'Aiguillon.

[5] Passage omitted.

[6] Anna Maria Mordaunt, wife of Stephen Poyntz, governor of William, Duke of Cumberland. She had been a great beauty: the poem of *The Fair Circassian* was written on her. She was Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline. *Walpole.*

[7] Fourth daughter of Louis XV; d. 1800.

When Mrs. Poyntz took leave of them for Spa, they shut the door, and the whole royal family kissed her; for the King is so fond of his children that, they say, it was visible every day in his countenance whether his daughter was better or worse.

We sent you Sir William Stanhope[8] and my Lady, a fond couple; you have returned them to us very different. When they came to Blackheath, he got out of the chaise to go to his brother Lord Chesterfield's, made her a low bow, and said, 'Madam, I hope I shall never see your face again.' She replied, 'Sir, I will take all the care I can that you never shall.' He lays no gallantry to her charge. It would not be very wonderful if he did, considering the disproportion of their ages, of which he was so sensible, that finding her extremely alarmed the first night, he said, 'It is I, Madam, that have most reason to be frightened.'

We are sending you another couple, the famous Garrick[9] and his once famous wife[10]. He will make you laugh as a mimic, and as he knows we are great friends, will affect great partiality to me; but be a little upon your guard, remember he is an *actor*.

My poor niece[11] has declared herself not breeding: you will be charmed with the delicacy of her manner in breaking it to General Waldegrave[12]. She gave him her Lord's seal with the coronet. You will be more charmed with her. On Sunday the Bishop of Exeter[13] and I were talking of this new convulsion in politics—she burst out in a flood of tears, reflecting on the great rank her Lord, if living, would naturally attain on this occasion.

[8] A man of wit, and brother of the famous Lord Chesterfield. His third wife was sister of Sir Francis Delaval. *Walpole.*

[9] The Garricks left England in September 1763, and travelled on the Continent until April 1765.

[10] La Violetta, a German dancer. *Walpole.*

[11] Lady Waldegrave. *Walpole.*

[12] General John Waldegrave, her husband's brother and successor.

[13] Dr. Keppel, her brother-in-law. *Walpole.*

I think I have nothing more to tell you, but a *bon mot* of my Lady Townshend. She has taken a strange little villa at Paddington, near Tyburn. People were wondering at her choosing such a situation, and asked her, in joke, what sort of neighbourhood she had: 'Oh,' said she, 'one that can never tire me, for they are hanged every week.' Good night. This would be a furious long letter, if it was not short by containing a whole revolution.

904. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 3, 1763.

I have but a minute's time for answering your letter; my house is full of people, and has been so from the instant I breakfasted, and more are coming—in short, I keep an inn; the sign, 'The Gothic Castle.'—Since my gallery was finished I have not been in it a quarter of an hour together; my whole time is passed in giving tickets for seeing it, and hiding myself while it is seen.—Take my advice, never build a charming house for yourself between London and Hampton Court: everybody will live in it but you.

I fear you must give up all thoughts of the Vine for this year, at least for some time. The poor master is on the rack. I left him the day before yesterday in bed, where he had been ever since Monday with the gout in both knees and one foot, and suffering martyrdom every night. I go to see him again on Monday. He has not had so bad a fit these four years; and he has probably the other foot still to come. You must come to me at least in the meantime, before he is well enough to receive you. After next Tuesday I am unengaged, except on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday following; that is, the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth, when the family from Park Place are to be with me. Settle your motions, and let me know them as soon as you can, and

give me as much time as you can spare. I flatter myself the General and Lady Grandison will keep the kind promise they made me, and that I shall see your brother John and Mr. Miller too.

My niece is not breeding. You shall have the auction books as soon as I can get them, though I question if there is anything in your way; however, I shall see you long before the sale, and we will talk on it.

There has been a revolution and a re-revolution, but I must defer the history till I see you, for it is much too big for a letter written in such a hurry as this. Adieu!

Yours faithfully,
H. W.

905. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 7, 1763.

As I am sure the house of Conway will not stay with me beyond Monday next, I shall rejoice to see the house of Montagu this day se'nnight (Wednesday), and shall think myself highly honoured by a visit from Lady Beaulieu[1]; I know nobody that has a better taste, and it would flatter me exceedingly if she should happen to like Strawberry.

I knew you would be pleased with Mr. T. Pitt; he is very amiable and very sensible, and one of the very few that I reckon quite worthy of being at home at Strawberry.

I have again been in town to see Mr. Chute; he thinks the worst over, yet he gets no sleep, and is still confined to his bed: but his spirits keep up surprisingly. As to your gout, so far from pitying you, 'tis the best thing that can happen to you. All that claret and port are very kind to you, when they prefer the shape of lameness to that of apoplexies, or dropsies, or fevers, or pleurisies.

Letter 905.—[1] Isabella Montagu, Baroness Beaulieu, formerly Dowager Duchess of Manchester.

Let me have a line certain what day I may expect your party, that I may pray to the sun to illuminate the cabinet. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

906. To the Hon. George Grenville.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 7, 1763.

Though I am sensible I have no pretensions for asking you a favour, and, indeed, should be very unwilling to trespass on your good nature, yet I flatter myself I shall not be thought quite impertinent in interceding for a person, who I can answer has neither been to blame, nor any way deserved punishment, and therefore I think you, Sir, will be ready to save him from prejudice. The person is my deputy, Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, who, above five-and-twenty years ago, was appointed Collector of the Customs in Philadelphia by my father.

I hear he is threatened to be turned out. If the least fault can be laid to his charge, I do not desire to have him protected. If there cannot, I am too well persuaded, Sir, of your justice not to be sure you will be pleased to protect him.

When I have appealed to your good nature and justice, it would be impertinent to say more than that I am, &c., &c.

Horace Walpole.

907. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 13, 1763.

The administration is resettled: the opposition does not come in; and the old ministers have resumed their functions. The Duke of Bedford, who had formerly advised

to invite Mr. Pitt to court, finding himself omitted in Mr. Pitt's list, is cordially united, nay, incorporated with the administration; he has kissed hands for President of the Council. Lord Sandwich is the new Secretary of State, Lord Egmont the new head of the Admiralty, and Lord Hilsborough the new First Lord of Trade, for Lord Shelburne, whom I mentioned to you in my last, has resigned in the midst of these bustles. Many reasons are given, but the only one that people choose to take is, that, thinking Mr. Pitt must be minister, and finding himself tolerably obnoxious to him, he is seeking to make his peace at any rate.

This concussion has produced one remarkable event, the total removal of Lord Bute, which Mr. Grenville and Lord Halifax made the absolute *sine quâ non* of their re-acceptance. The favourite Earl has given it under his hand that he will go abroad. Thus ends his foolish drama—not its consequences, for the flames he has lighted up will not be extinguished soon.

I could tell you a great deal of what is reported of the dialogue in the closet, but not a circumstance which is not denied on one side or the other, for though there were but two interlocutors[1], there is a total disagreement in the relation. Parties will not meet in better humour next session for this abortive negotiation: the paper-war is rekindled with violence, but produces no wit; nay, scarce produces the bulk of a pamphlet, for the fashionable warfare at present is carried on by anonymous[2] letters in the daily newspapers, which die as suddenly as other lies of the day. This skirmishing is sharp and lively, but not very entertaining.

LETTER 907.—[1] The King and Pitt. [2] It is certain that from this time, when anonymous writers could get their letters printed in the daily newspapers, pamphlets grew exceedingly more rare. *Walpole.*

I have not a syllable of other news to send you. You must take this rather as a codicil to my last letter, than as pretending to be a letter itself. The Parliament, I suppose, will not meet till after Christmas, and till then little material is likely to happen; unless some notable death should intervene, which, considering the tottering condition of some principal performers, is not unlikely. An old statesman that has November to pass through in his way to preferment, may chance never to arrive at it. Adieu!

908. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 3, 1763.

I was just getting into my chaise to go to Park Place, when I received your commission for Mrs. Cosby's pictures; but I did not neglect it, though I might as well, for the old gentlewoman was a little whimsical, and though I sent my own gardener and farmer with my cart to fetch them on Friday, she would not deliver them, she said, till Monday; so this morning they were forced to go again—they are now all safely lodged in my cloister; when I say safely, you understand that two of them have large holes in them, as witness this bill of lading signed by your aunt. There are eleven in all, besides Lord Halifax, seven half-lengths and four heads; the former are all desirable, and one of the latter; the three others woful. Mr. Wicks is now in the act of packing them, for we have changed our minds about sending them to London by water, as your waggoner told Louis last time I was at Greatworth, that if they were left at the Old Hat, near Acton, he would take them up and convey them to Greatworth; so my cart carries them thither, and they will set out towards you next Saturday.

I felt shocked, as you did, to think how suddenly the prospect of joy at Osterley was dashed after our seeing it. However, the young lover[1] died handsomely. Fifty thousand pounds will dry tears, that at most could be but two months old. His brother[2], I heard, has behaved still more handsomely, and confirmed the legacy, and added from himself the diamonds that had been prepared for her—here is a charming wife ready for anybody that likes a sentimental situation, a pretty woman, and a large fortune[3].

I have been often at Bulstrode from Chaffont, but I don't like it. It is Dutch and trist. The pictures you mention in the gallery would be curious if they knew one from another; but the names are lost, and they are only sure that they have so many pounds of ancestors in the lump. One or two of them indeed I know, as the Earl of Southampton, that was Lord Essex's friend.

The works of Park Place go on bravely; the cottage will be very pretty, and the bridge sublime, composed of loose rocks, that will appear to have been tumbled together there the very week of the deluge. One stone is of fourteen hundred weight. It will be worth an hundred of Palladio's bridges, that are only fit to be used in an opera. I had a ridiculous adventure on my way thither. A Sir Thomas Reeves wrote to me last year, that he had a great quantity of heads of painters, drawn by himself from Dr. Mead's collection, of which many were English, and offered me the use of them. This was one of the numerous unknown correspondents which my books have drawn upon me. I put it off then, but being to pass near his door, for he lives but two miles from

Letter 908.—[1] Francis Child, banker and M.P. for Bishop's Castle.
[2] Robert Child; d. 1782.
[3] Francis Child had been on the point of marrying Hon. Maria Constantia Hampden, only daughter of fourth Baron Trevor (afterwards Viscount Hampden). She married, in 1764, Henry Howard, twelfth Earl of Suffolk, and died in 1767.

Maidenhead, I sent him word I would call on my way to Park Place. After being carried to three wrong houses, I was directed to a very ancient mansion, composed of timber, and looking as unlike modern habitations, as the picture of Penderel's house in Clarendon. The garden was overrun with weeds, and with difficulty we found a bell. Louis came riding back in great haste, and said, 'Sir, the gentleman is dead suddenly.' You may imagine I was surprised—however, as an acquaintance I had never seen was a very endurable misfortune, I was preparing to depart, but happening to ask some women, that were passing by the chaise, if they knew any circumstance of Sir Thomas's death, I discovered that this was not Sir Thomas's house, but belonged to a Mr. Meake[4], a fellow of a college at Oxford, who was actually just dead, and that the antiquity itself had formerly been the residence of Nel Gwyn. Pray inquire after it the next time you are at Frogmore. I went on, and after a mistake or two more found Sir Thomas—a man about thirty in age, and twelve in understanding; his drawings very indifferent, even for the latter calculation. I did not know what to do or say, but commended them, and his child, and his house, said I had all the heads, hoped I should see him at Twickenham, was afraid of being too late for dinner, and hurried out of his house before I had been there twenty minutes. It grieves one to receive civilities when one feels obliged, and yet finds it impossible to bear the people that bestow them.

I have given my assembly, to show my gallery; and it was glorious; but happening to pitch upon the feast of tabernacles, none of my Jews could come, though Mrs. Clive proposed to them to change their religion. So I am forced to exhibit once more. For the morning spectators, the

[4] Rev. John Meeke, Fellow of Pembroke College.

crowd augments instead of diminishing. It is really true that Lady Hertford called here t'other morning, and I was reduced to bring her by the back gate into the kitchen; the house was so full of company that came to see the gallery, that I had nowhere else to carry her. Adieu!

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. I hope the least hint has never dropped from the Beaulieus of that terrible picture of Sir Charles Williams[5], that put me into such confusion the morning they breakfasted here. If they did observe the inscription, I am sure they must have seen too how it distressed me.

Your collection of pictures is packed up, and makes two large cases and one smaller.

My next assembly will be entertaining; there will be five countesses, two bishops, fourteen Jews, five papists, a doctor of physic, and an actress; not to mention Scotch, Irish, East and West Indians.

I find that, to pack your pictures, Louis has taken some paper out of a hamper of waste, into which I had cast some of the Conway Papers. Perhaps only as useless—however, if you find any such in the packing, be so good as to lay them by for me.

909. To the Rev. William Cole.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 8, 1763.

You are always obliging to me and always thinking of me kindly; yet for once you have forgotten the way of

[5] The portrait of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, holding a paper inscribed *Isabella or the Morning*, which hung in the blue bedchamber at Strawberry Hill. The 'Isabella' of the poem was Lady Beaulieu.

obliging me most. You do not mention any thought of coming hither, which you had given me cause to hope would be about this time. I flatter myself nothing has intervened to deprive me of that visit. Lord Hertford goes to France the end of next week; I shall be in town to take leave of him; but after the 15th, that is, this day se'nnight, I shall be quite unengaged, and the sooner I see you after the 15th, the better, for I should be sorry to drag you across the country in the badness of November roads.

I shall treasure up your notices against my second edition; for the volume of Engravers is printed off, and has been some time; I only wait for some of the plates. The book you mention I have not seen, nor do you encourage me to buy it. Some time or other however I will get you to let me turn it over.

As I will trust that you will let me know soon when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you here, I will make this a very short letter; indeed I know nothing new or old worth telling you.

Your obedient and obliged humble servant,

Hor. Walpole.

910. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 17, 1763.

I don't know how long it is since I wrote to you,—I fear a great while; but I think my fidelity to you as a correspondent is so proved, that you may be sure not an incident worthy of a paragraph has happened when you do not hear from me. The very newspapers have subsisted only on the price of stocks, horse-races, the arrival of the good ship *Charming Nancy*, and such anecdotes, with the assistance of the heroic controversy

between Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Forbes, of which one is heartily sick. But the campaign draws near, and will be hot enough. Methinks I wish we had some fresh generals; I am rather tired of the old ones, all of whom I have seen so often both on the offensive and defensive, that I am incredibly incurious about their manœuvres.

The press for soldiers is so warm that Augustus Hervey could not be spared to attend the Duke of York, who has sailed some time. I shall be very impatient to hear of the Duke's arrival at Florence; tell me the whole history. You will be very anxious, but you will acquit yourself perfectly well. Lord Hertford set out on his embassy last Thursday, and by this time I suppose Monsieur de Guerchy[1] is in London. Most of our Parisian English are come back. The newspapers have given the rage of going to Paris a good name; they call it the *French disease.* I shall be a little ashamed of having it so late; but I shall next spring. Having Lord Hertford there will be so agreeable a way of seeing Paris, that one cannot resist, especially as I took such pains to see so little of it when I was there before. I don't expect to like it much better now, though having a particular friend minister goes a great way in reconciling one to a country not one's own; I don't believe I should have been quite so fond of Florence, if I had lived with nothing but Florentines. This time I am determined to ascertain what I have always doubted of, whether there is any such thing as a lively Frenchman; the few I knew, and all those I have seen here, have had no more vivacity than a German. You see I do not go prejudiced.

Have you got Mr. Garrick yet? If you have, you may keep him; there is come forth within these ten days a young actor, who has turned the heads of the whole

LETTER 910.—[1] Claude François (1715–1767), Comte de Guerchy, recently appointed French Ambassador in London.

town. The first night of his appearance the audience, not content with clapping, stood up and shouted. His name is Powell[2]; he was clerk to Sir Robert Ladbroke, and so clever in business that his master would have taken him in partner, but he had an impulse for the stage, was a *Heaven-born hero*, as Mr. Pitt called my Lord Clive. His figure is fine and voice most sonorous, as they say, for I wait for the rebound of his fame, and till I can get in, for at present all the boxes are taken for a month. As the reputation of this prodigy could not have reached France, where they have the *English disease*, they were content with showering honours on Mr. Garrick; appointed a box for him, revived their best plays, and recalled their veteran actors. Their Helvetius, whose book has drawn such persecution on him, and the persecution such fame, is coming to settle here, and brings two Miss Helvetiuses, with fifty thousand pounds apiece, to bestow on two immaculate members of our most august and incorruptible senate, if he can find two in this virtuous age who will condescend to accept his money. Well, we may be dupes to French follies, but they are ten times greater fools to be the dupes of our virtue. Good night.

Arlington Street, Oct. 18.

I brought this to town to-day for the Secretary's office, and found yours of October 1st. Marshal Botta's advice of ceding your palace to the Duke of York may be very proper, but his Royal Highness, who is all good breeding and good humour, will certainly not suffer it. Yet, I am not averse to your making the offer, if it is still to make. Do you know, my national pride is wonderfully gratified by the Pope's humility and respect for whom we please to have

[2] William Powell (1735–1769), whose popularity became so great as to excite Garrick's jealousy.

Duke of York. An hundred and fifty years ago an English Protestant dared not own himself for such at Rome; now they invite the very son of a family that has turned out their Stuarts, under the nose of those very Stuarts, nay, when the Stuart Duke of York is even a cardinal. I trust it is not only the Papal chair that has sunk, but the crown of England that has risen. Think of the mighty Elizabeth excommunicated by Sixtus V and the brother of George III invited to Rome by Clement XIII! If the honours I have told you Mr. Garrick has received in France do not obtain him a chair in a Florentine *conversazione*, I think you must threaten them with the thunder of the Vatican, which you see we have at command; but to be serious, I would not have you get into a squabble about him; he is not worth that.

We hear the King of Poland[3] is dead; is that to be the source of a new war? You will see by the *Gazette*, that without such an event we had a nest-egg for another war. There have been half a dozen battles in miniature with the Indians in America[4]. It looked so odd to see a list of killed and wounded just treading on the heels of the Peace.

911. To the Earl of Hertford.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, Oct. 18, 1763.

I am very impatient for a letter from Paris[1], to hear of your outset, and what my Lady Hertford thinks of the new world she is got into, and whether it is better or worse than she expected. Pray tell me all: I mean of that sort, for

[3] Augustus III, King of Poland; d. Oct. 5, 1763.

[4] Some tribes of Indians rose in the summer of 1763. They laid waste the frontiers of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Maryland, and took some of the smaller forts. They were defeated by Colonel Bouquet in August, at Bushy Run, but the war was still in progress, and continued till the following year.

Letter 911.—[1] Lord Hertford had just gone to Paris as Ambassador.

I have no curiosity about the family compact, nor the harbour of Dunkirk. It is your private history—your audiences, reception, comforts or distresses, your way of life, your company—that interests me; in short, I care about my cousins and friends, not, like Jack Harris, about my Lord Ambassador. Consider you are in my power. You, by this time, are longing to hear from England, and depend upon me for the news of London. I shall not send you a tittle, if you are not very good, and do not (one of you, at least) write to me punctually.

This letter, I confess, will not give you much encouragement, for I can absolutely tell you nothing. I dined at Mr. Grenville's to-day, where, if there had been anything to hear, I should have heard it; but all consisted in what you will see in the papers—some diminutive battles in America, and the death of the King of Poland, which you probably knew before we did. The town is a desert; it is like a vast plain, which, though abandoned at present, is in three weeks to have a great battle fought upon it. One of the colonels, I hear, is to be in town to-morrow, the Duke of Devonshire. I came myself but this morning, but as I shall not return to Strawberry till the day after to-morrow, I shall not seal my letter till then. In the meantime, it is but fair to give you some more particular particulars of what I expect to know. For instance, of Monsieur de Nivernois's cordiality; of Madame Dusson's affection for England; of my Lord Holland's joy at seeing you in France, especially without your secretary[2]; of all my Lady Hertford's cousins at St. Germains; and I should not dislike a little anecdote or two of the late embassy[3], of which I do not doubt you

[2] Lord Holland 'procured his wife's brother-in-law, Mr. Bunbury, to be imposed on Lord Hertford as secretary of the embassy, an affront Lord Hertford was advised not to digest: but though he acquiesced in it, he treated Bunbury with such obstinate coldness, that the latter was glad to quit the employment.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. p. 209.)

[3] That of the Duke of Bedford.

will hear plenty. I must trouble you with many compliments to Madame de Boufflers, and with still more to the Duchesse de Mirepoix, who is always so good as to remember me. Her brother, Prince de Beauvau[4], I doubt has forgotten me. In the disagreeableness of taking leave, I omitted mentioning these messages. Good night for to-night—oh! I forgot—pray send me some *café au lait*: the Duc de Picquigny[5] (who by the way is somebody's son, as I thought) takes it for snuff, and says it is the new fashion at Paris; I suppose they drink rappee after dinner.

Wednesday night.

I might as well have finished last night; for I know nothing more than I did then, but that Lady Mary Coke arrived this evening. She has behaved very honourably, and not stolen the Hereditary Prince.

Mr. Bowman[6] called on me yesterday before I came, and left word that he would come again to-day, but did not. I wished to hear of you from him, and a little of my old acquaintance at Rheims. Did you find Lord Beauchamp much grown? Are all your sons to be like those of the Amalekites[7]? who were I forget how many cubits high.

Pray remind Mr. Hume[8] of collecting the whole history of the expulsion of the Jesuits. It is a subject worthy of his inquiry and pen. Adieu! my dear Lord.

[4] The son of Horace Walpole's old friend, the Princesse de Craon.

[5] Marie Joseph Louis d'Albert d'Ailly (1741–1793), Duc de Piquigny, eldest son of the Duc de Chaulnes, whom he succeeded in 1769.

[6] According to Croker, Mr. Bowman was travelling tutor to Lord Beauchamp, with whom he had lately been at Rheims.

[7] All Lord Hertford's sons, and some of his daughters, were unusually tall.

[8] David Hume was secretary to Lord Hertford.

912. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 12, 1763.

I send you the catalogue as you desired; and as I told you, you will, I think, find nothing to your purpose: the present Lord bought all the furniture-pictures at Navestock: the few now to be sold are the very fine ones of the best masters, and likely to go at vast prices, for there are several people determined to have some one thing that belonged to Lord Waldegrave. I did not get the catalogue till the night before last, too late to send by the post, for I had dined with Sir Richard Lyttelton at Richmond, and was forced to return by Kew Bridge, for the Thames was swelled so violently that the ferry could not work. I am here quite alone in the midst of a deluge, without Mrs. Noah, but with half as many animals. The waters are as much out as they were last year, when her vice-majesty of Ireland[1], that now is sailed to Newmarket with both legs out at the fore glass, was here. Apropos, the Irish court goes on ill; they lost a question by forty the very first day on the Address. The Irish not being so absurd or so complimental as Mr. Allen[2], they would not suffer the word *adequate* to pass. The Prime Minister is so unpopular that they think he must be sent back. His patent and Rigby's are called in question. You see the age is not favourable to Prime Ministers! Well! I am going amidst it all, very unwillingly; I had rather stay here, for I am sick of the storms, that once loved them so cordially. Over and above, I am not well; this is the third winter my nightly fever has returned. It comes like the bellman before Christmas, to put me in mind of my mortality.

Letter 912.—[1] The Countess of Northumberland.

[2] Ralph Allen (1694–1764), of Prior Park, Bath. A coolness had arisen between him and Pitt in consequence of the latter's refusal to join his fellow member for Bath in presenting to the King an address from the Bath Corporation, in which the word 'adequate,' describing the recently-concluded Peace, was inserted by Allen's advice.

Sir Michael Foster[3] is dead, a Whig of the old rock: he is a greater loss to his country than the prim Attorney-General[4], who has resigned, or than the Attorney's father[5], who is dying, will be.

My gallery is still in such request, that, though the middle of November, I gave out a ticket to-day for seeing it. I see little of it myself, for I cannot sit alone in such state; I should think myself like the mad Duchess of Albemarle[6], who fancied herself Empress of China. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

I ask you nothing about your coming, for I conclude we shall not see you till Christmas. My compliments to your brother John and your almoner Mr. Miller.

913. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, Nov. 17, 1763.

If the winter keeps up to the vivacity of its début, you will have no reason to complain of the sterility of my letters. I do not say this from the spirit of the House of Commons on the first day, which was the most fatiguing and dull debate I ever heard, dull as I have heard many; and yet for the first quarter of an hour it looked as if we were met to choose a King of Poland, and that all our names ended in *isky*. Wilkes, the night before, had presented himself at the Cockpit: as he was listening to the Speech, George Selwyn said to him, in the words of the *Dunciad*, 'May Heaven preserve the ears you lend!' We lost four hours debating whether or not it was necessary to open the session

[3] Sir Michael Foster, Knight (1689–1763), Puisne Judge of the King's Bench.

[4] Hon. Charles Yorke.

[5] The Earl of Hardwicke.

[6] Elizabeth Cavendish, Duchess of Albemarle; d. 1734.

with reading a bill. The opposite sides, at the same time, pushing to get the start, between the King's message, which Mr. Grenville stood at the bar to present, and which was to acquaint us with the arrest of Wilkes and all that affair, and the complaint which Wilkes himself stood up to make. At six we divided on the question of reading a bill. Young Thomas Townshend [1] divided the House injudiciously, as the question was so idle; yet the whole argument of the day had been so complicated with this question, that in effect it became the material question for trying forces. This will be an interesting part to you, when you hear that your brother [2] and I were in the minority. You know *him*, and therefore know he did what he thought right; and for *me*, my dear Lord, you must know that I would die in the House for its privileges, and the liberty of the press. But come, don't be alarmed: this will have no consequences. I don't think your brother is going into opposition; and for me, if I may name myself to your affection after *him*, nothing but a question of such magnitude can carry me to the House at all. I am sick of parties and factions, and leave them to buy and sell one another. Bless me! I had forgot the numbers: they were 300, we 111. We then went upon the King's message; heard the *North Briton* read; and Lord North, who took the prosecution upon him and did it very well, moved to vote it a scandalous libel, &c., *tending to foment treasonable insurrections.* Mr. Pitt gave up the paper, but fought against the last words of the censure. I say *Mr. Pitt*, for indeed, like Almanzor, he fought almost singly, and spoke forty times: the first time in the day with much wit, afterwards with little energy. He had a tough enemy

LETTER 913.—[1] Thomas (d. 1800), eldest son of Hon. Thomas Townshend; cr. (March 6, 1783) Baron Sydney of Chislehurst, Kent; and Viscount Sydney, 1789. M.P. for Whitchurch; Lord of the Treasury, 1765–67; Paymaster-General, 1767–68; Secretary at War, 1782; Home Secretary, 1782–83, and 1783–89.

[2] General Conway.

too; I don't mean in parts or argument, but one that makes an excellent bull-dog, the Solicitor-General Norton. Legge was, as usual, concise; and Charles Townshend, what is not usual, silent. We sat till within few minutes of two, after dividing again; we, our exact former number, 111; they, 273; and then we adjourned to go on the point of privilege the next day; but now

> Listen, lordlings, and hold you still;
> Of doughty deeds tell you I will.

Martin, in the debate, mentioned the *North Briton*, in which he himself had been so heavily abused; and he said, 'Whoever stabs a reputation in the dark, without setting his name, is a cowardly, malignant, and scandalous scoundrel.' This, looking at Wilkes, he repeated twice, with such rage and violence, that he owned his passion obliged him to sit down. Wilkes bore this with the same indifference as he did all that passed in the day. The House too, who from Martin's choosing to take a public opportunity of resentment, when he had so long declined any private notice, and after Wilkes's courage was become so problematic, seemed to think there was no danger of such champions going further; but the next day, when we came into the House, the first thing we heard was that Martin had shot Wilkes: so he had; but Wilkes has six lives still good. It seems Wilkes had writ, to avow the paper, to Martin, on which the latter challenged him. They went into Hyde Park about noon; Humphrey Cotes, the wine-merchant, waiting in a postchaise to convey Wilkes away if triumphant. They fired at the distance of fourteen yards: both missed. Then Martin fired and lodged a ball in the side of Wilkes; who was going to return it, but dropped his pistol. He desired Martin to take care of securing himself, and assured him he would never say a word against him, and he allows that Martin behaved well. The wound

yesterday was thought little more than a flesh-wound, and he was in his old spirits. To-day the account is worse, and he has been delirious: so you will think when you hear what is to come. I think, from the agitation his mind must be in, from his spirits, and from drinking, as I suppose he will, that he probably will end here. He puts me in mind of two lines of *Hudibras*[3], which, by the arrangement of the words combined with Wilkes's story, are stronger than Butler intended them:—

> But he that fights and runs away
> May live to fight another day.

His adventures with Lord Talbot, Forbes, and Martin, make these lines history.

Now for Part the Second. On the first day, in *your* House, where the Address was moved by Lord Hillsborough and Lord Suffolk, after some wrangling between Lord Temple, Lord Halifax, the Duke of Bedford, and Lord Gower, Lord Sandwich laid before the House the most blasphemous and indecent poem that ever was composed, called *An Essay on Woman, with notes, by Dr. Warburton.* I will tell you none of the particulars: they were so exceedingly bad, that Lord Lyttelton begged the reading might be stopped. The House was amazed; nobody ventured even to ask a question: so it was easily voted everything you please, and a breach of privilege into the bargain. Lord Sandwich then informed your Lordships that Mr. Wilkes was the author. Fourteen copies alone were printed, one of which the ministry had bribed the printer to give up. Lord Temple then objected to the manner of obtaining it; and Bishop Warburton, as much shocked at infidelity as Lord Sandwich had been at obscenity, said, 'the blackest fiends in hell would not keep company with Wilkes when he should arrive there.' Lord

[3] These lines are not in *Hudibras*.

Sandwich moved to vote Wilkes the author; but this Lord Mansfield stopped, advertising the House that it was necessary first to hear what Wilkes could say in his defence. To-day, therefore, was appointed for that purpose; but it has been put off by Martin's *lodging a caveat.* This bomb was certainly well conducted, and the secret, though known to many, well kept. The management is worthy of Lord Sandwich, and like him. It may sound odd for me, with my principles, to admire Lord Sandwich; but besides that he has in several instances been very obliging to me, there is a good humour and an industry about him that are very uncommon. I do not admire politicians; but when they are excellent in their way, one cannot help allowing them their due. Nobody but he could have struck a stroke like this.

Yesterday we sat till eight on the Address, which yet passed without a negative: we had two very long speeches from Mr. Pitt and Mr. Grenville; many fine parts in each. Mr. Pitt has given the latter some strong words, yet not so many as were expected. To-morrow we go on the great question of privilege; but I must send this away, as we have no chance of leaving the House before midnight, if before next morning.

This long letter contains the history of but two days; yet if two days furnish a history, it is not my fault. The ministry, I think, may do whatever they please. Three hundred, that will give up their own privileges, may be depended upon for giving up anything else. I have not time or room to ask a question, or say a word more.

Nov. 18, Friday.

I have luckily got a holiday, and can continue my dispatch, as you know dinner-time is my chief hour of business. The Speaker[4], unlike Mr. Onslow, who was immortal

[4] Sir John Cust.

in the chair, is taken very ill, and our House is adjourned to Monday. Wilkes is thought in great danger: instead of keeping him quiet, his friends have shown their zeal by visiting him, and himself has been all spirits and riot, and sat up in his bed the next morning to correct the press for to-morrow's *North Briton*. His *bons mots* are all over the town, but too gross, I think, to repeat; the chief are at the expense of poor Lord George [5]. Notwithstanding Lord Sandwich's masked battery, the tide runs violently for Wilkes, and I do not find people in general so inclined to excuse his Lordship as I was. One hears nothing but stories of the latter's impiety, and of the concert he was in with Wilkes on that subject. Should this hero die, the Bishop of Gloucester may doom him whither he pleases, but Wilkes will pass for a saint and a martyr.

Besides what I have mentioned, there were two or three passages in the House of Lords that were diverting. Lord Temple dwelled much on the Spanish ministry being devoted to France. Lord Halifax replied, 'Can we help that? We can no more oblige the King of Spain to change his ministers, than his Lordship can force his Majesty to change the present administration.' Lord Gower, too, attacking Lord Temple on want of respect to the King, the Earl replied, 'he never had wanted respect for the King: he and his family had been attached to the House of Hanover *full as long* as his Lordship's family had [6].'

You may imagine that little is talked of but Wilkes, and what relates to him. Indeed, I believe there is no other news, but that Sir George Warren [7] marries Miss Bishop, the Maid of Honour. The Duchess of Grafton is at Euston, and *hopes* to stay there till after Christmas. Operas do not begin till to-morrow se'nnight; but the Mingotti is to sing,

[5] Lord George Sackville.

[6] Lord Gower's father was a convert from Jacobitism.

[7] Sir George Warren, K.B., of Poynton, Cheshire.

and that contents me. I forgot to tell you, and you may wonder at hearing nothing of the Reverend Mr. Charles Pylades[8], while Mr. John Orestes is making such a figure: but Dr. Pylades, the poet, has forsaken his consort and the Muses, and is gone off with a stone-cutter's daughter. If he should come and offer himself to you for chaplain to the embassy!

The Countess of Harrington was extremely alarmed last Sunday, on seeing the Duc de Perquigny enter her assembly: she forbade Lady Caroline[9] speaking to such a debauched young man, and communicated her fright to everybody. The Duchess of Bedford observed to me that as Lady Berkeley and some other matrons of the same stamp were there, she thought there was no danger of any violence being committed. For my part, the sisters are so different, that I conclude my Lady Hertford has not found any young man in France wild enough for *her*. Your counterpart, M. de Guerchy, takes extremely. I have not yet seen his wife.

I this minute received your charming long letter of the 11th, and give you a thousand thanks for it. I wish next Tuesday was past, for Lady Hertford's sake. You may depend on my letting you know, if I hear the least rumour in your disfavour. I should do so without your orders, for I could not bear to have you traduced and not advertise you to defend yourself. I have hitherto not heard a syllable; but the newspapers talk of your magnificence, and I approve extremely your intending to support their evidence; for though I do not think it necessary to scatter pearls and diamonds about the streets like their vice-majesties of Ireland, one owes it to oneself and to the King's choice to prove it was well made.

[8] Wilkes's friend, Charles Churchill, the poet.

[9] Lady Caroline Stanhope (d. 1767), eldest daughter of second Earl of Harrington; m. (1765) Kenneth Mackenzie, Viscount Fortrose (afterwards Earl of Seaforth).

The colour given at Paris to Bunbury's stay in England has been given out here too. You need not, I think, trouble yourself about that; a majority of three hundred will soon show, that if he was detained, the reason at least no longer subsists.

Hamilton[10] is certainly returning from Ireland. Lord Shannon's son[11] is going to marry the Speaker's daughter, and the Primate has begged to have the honour of joining their hands.

This letter is wofully blotted and ill-written, yet I must say it is print compared to your Lordship's. At first I thought you had forgot that you was not writing to the Secretary of State, and had put it into cipher. Adieu! I am neither dead of my fever nor apoplexy, nay, nor of the House of Commons. I rather think the violent heat of the latter did me good. Lady Aylesbury was at court yesterday, and benignly received; a circumstance you will not dislike.

P.S. If I have not told you all you want to know, interrogate me, and I will answer the next post.

914. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 17, 1763.

The campaign is opened, hostilities begun, and blood shed. Now you think, my dear Sir, that all this is metaphor, and mere eloquence. You are mistaken: our diets, like that approaching in Poland, use other weapons than the tongue; ay, in good truth, and they who use the tongue too, and who perhaps you are under the common error

[10] William Gerard Hamilton.

[11] Richard Boyle (1728–1807), Viscount Boyle, eldest son of first Earl of Shannon, whom he succeeded in 1764; m. Catherine (d. 1827), daughter of Hon. John Ponsonby, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons.

of thinking would not fight, have signalized their prowess. But stay, I will tell you my story more methodically; perhaps you shall not know for these two pages what member of the British Senate, of that august divan whose wisdom influences the councils of all Europe, as its incorrupt virtue recalls to mind the purest ages of Rome, was shot in a duel yesterday in Hyde Park. The Parliament met on Tuesday. We—for you know I have the honour of being a senator—sat till two in the morning; and had it not been that there is always more oratory, more good sense, more knowledge, and more sound reasoning in the House of Commons, than in the rest of the universe put together, the House of Lords only excepted, I should have thought it as tedious, dull, and unentertaining a debate as ever I heard in my days. The business was a complaint made by one King George of a certain paper called the *North Briton*, No. 45, which the said King asserted was written by a much more famous man called Mr. Wilkes.—Well! and so you imagine that Mr. Wilkes and King George went from the House of Commons and fought out their quarrel in Hyde Park? And which do you guess was killed? Again you are mistaken. Mr. Wilkes, with all the impartiality in the world, and with the phlegm of an Areopagite, sat and heard the whole matter discussed, and now and then put in a word, as if the affair did not concern *him*. The House of Commons, who would be wisdom itself, if they could but all agree on which side of a question wisdom lies, and who are sometimes forced to divide in order to find this out, did divide twice on this affair. The first time, one hundred and eleven, of which I had the misfortune to be one, had more curiosity to hear Mr. Wilkes's story than King George's; but three hundred being of the contrary opinion, it was plain they were in the right, especially as they had no *private* motives

to guide them. Again, the individual one hundred and eleven could not see that the *North Briton* tended to foment treasonable insurrections, though we had it argumentatively demonstrated to us for seven hours together: but the moment we heard two hundred and seventy-five gentlemen counted, it grew as plain to us as a pike-staff, for a syllogism carries less conviction than a superior number, though that number does not use the least force upon earth, but only walk peaceably out of the House and into it again. The next day we were to be in the same *numerical* way convinced that we ought to be but one hundred and ten, for that we ought to expel Mr. Wilkes out of the House: and the majority were to prove to us (for we are slow of comprehension, and imbibe instruction very deliberately) that in order to have all London acquainted with the person and features of Mr. Wilkes, it would be necessary to set him on a high place called the pillory, where everybody might see him at leisure. Some were even almost ready to think that, being a very ugly man, he would look better without his ears; and poor Sir William Stanhope, who endeavoured all day by the help of a trumpet to listen to these wise debates and found it to no purpose, said, 'If they want a pair of ears they may take mine, for I am sure they are of no use to me.' The regularity, however, of these systematic proceedings has been a little interrupted. One Mr. Martin[1], who has much the same quarrel to Mr. Wilkes with King George, and who chose to suspend his resentment like his Majesty, till with proper dignity he could notify his wrath to Parliament, did express his indignation with rather less temper than the King had done, calling Mr. Wilkes to his face *cowardly scoundrel*,

LETTER 914.—[1] Samuel Martin, a West Indian, Secretary to the Treasury, when Lord Bute was First Lord, and Treasurer to the Princess Dowager of Wales. *Walpole.*

which you, who represent monarchs, know is not royal language. Mr. Wilkes, who, it seems, whatever may have been thought, had rather die compendiously than piecemeal, inquired of Mr. Martin by letter next morning, if he, Mr. Wilkes, was meant by him, Mr. Martin, under the periphrasis *cowardly scoundrel.* Mr. Martin replied in the affirmative, and accompanied his answer with a challenge. They immediately went into Hyde Park; and, at the second fire, Mr. Wilkes received a bullet in his body. Don't be frightened, the wound was not mortal—at least it was not yesterday. Being corporally delirious to-day, as he has been mentally some time, I cannot tell what to say to it. However, the breed will not be lost, if he should die. You have still countrymen enough left: we need not despair of amusement.

Now, would not you think that this man had made noise enough, and that he had no occasion to burn a temple to perpetuate his name? Alas, alas! there is nothing like having two strings to one's bow. The very day in which the scene I have mentioned passed in the House of Commons, Lord Sandwich produced to the Lords a poem, called an *Essay on Woman,* written by the same Mr. Wilkes, though others say, only enlarged by him from a sketch drawn by a late son[2] of a late archbishop. It is a parody on Pope's *Essay on Man*; and, like that, pretending to notes by Dr. Warburton, the present holy and orthodox Bishop of Gloucester. It is dedicated to Fanny Murray[3], whom it prefers to the Virgin Mary from never having had a child; and it calls the ass a noble animal, which never disgraced itself but once, and that was when it was ridden on into Jerusalem. You may judge by these samples of the whole: the piece, indeed, was only printed, and only fourteen

[2] Thomas Potter, son of Dr. Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury. *Walpole.*

[3] A noted courtesan, afterwards married to Ross the actor. *Walpole.*

copies, but never published. Mr. Wilkes complains that he never read it but to two persons, who both approved it highly, Lord Sandwich and Lord Despencer[4]. The style, to be sure, is at least not unlike that of the last. The wicked even affirm, that very lately, at a club with Mr. Wilkes, held at the top of the playhouse in Drury Lane, Lord Sandwich talked so profanely that he drove two harlequins out of company. You will allow, however, that the production of this poem so critically was masterly: the secret too was well kept: nor till a vote was passed against it, did even Lord Temple suspect who was the author. If Mr. Martin has not killed him, nor should we, you see here are faggots enough in store for him still. The Bishop of Gloucester, who shudders at abuse and infidelity, has been measuring out ground in Smithfield for his execution; and in his speech begged the devil's pardon for comparing him to Wilkes.

Well, now! after all, do you with your plain Florentine understanding comprehend one word of what I have been saying? Do you think me or your countrymen quite distracted? Go, turn to your Livy, to your history of Athens, to your life of Sacheverel. Find upon record what mankind has been, and then you will believe what it is. We are poor pigmy, short-lived animals, but we are comical, —I don't think the curtain fallen and the drama closed. Three hundred is an omnipotent number, and may do whatever it will; and yet I think there are some single men, whom three hundred cannot convince. Well, but then they may cut their ears off; I don't see what could hinder it. Adieu!

[4] Sir Francis Dashwood, Lord Despencer. *Walpole.*

915. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 20, 1763.

You are in the wrong, believe me you are in the wrong to stay in the country; London never was so entertaining since it had a steeple or a mad-house. Cowards fight duels; Secretaries of State turn Methodists on the Tuesday, and are expelled the playhouse for blasphemy on Friday. I am not turned Methodist, but Patriot, and what is more extraordinary, am *not* going to have a place. What is more wonderful still, Lord Hardwicke has made two of his sons resign their employments. I know my letter sounds as enigmatic as Merlin's Almanack; but *my* events have really happened. I had almost persuaded myself like you to quit the world—thank my stars I did not! Why, I have done nothing but laugh since last Sunday; though on Tuesday I was one of a hundred and eleven that were outvoted by three hundred; no laughing matter generally to a *true* Patriot, whether he thinks his country undone or himself. Nay, I am still more absurd—even for my dear country's sake I cannot bring myself to connect with Lord Hardwicke, or the Duke of Newcastle, though they are in the minority—an unprecedented case, not to love everybody one despises, when they are of the same side. On the contrary, I fear I resemble a fond woman, and dote on the *dear betrayer*. In short (and to write something that you can understand), you know I have long had a partiality for your cousin Sandwich, who has out-Sandwiched himself. He has impeached Wilkes for a blasphemous poem, and has been expelled for blasphemy himself by the Beef-steak Club at Covent Garden. Wilkes has been shot by Martin, and instead of being burnt at an *auto da fé*, as the Bishop of Gloucester intended, is reverenced as a saint by the mob,

and if he dies, I suppose, the people will squint themselves into convulsions at his tomb, in honour of his memory. Now, is not this better than feeding one's birds and one's bantams, poring one's eyes out over old histories, not half so extraordinary as the present, or ambling to Squire Blencow's on one's pad-nag, and playing at cribbage with one's brother John and one's parson? Prithee come to town, and let us put off taking the veil for another year. Besides, by this time twelvemonth we are sure the world will be a year older in wickedness, and we shall have more matter for meditation. One would not leave it methinks till it comes to the worst, and that time cannot be many months off. In the meantime, I have bespoken a dagger, in case the circumstances should grow so classic as to make it becoming to kill oneself; however, though disposed to quit the world, as I have no mind to leave it entirely, I shall put off my death to the last minute, and do nothing rashly, till I see Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple place themselves in their curule chairs in St. James's Market, and resign their throats to the victors. I am determined to see them dead first, lest they should play me a trick, and be hobbling to Buckingham House, while I am shivering and waiting for them on the banks of Lethe. Adieu! Yours,

HORATIUS.

916. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, Nov. 25, 1763.

You tell me, my dear Lord, in a letter I have this moment received from you, that you have had a comfortable one from me; I fear it was not the last: you will not have been fond of your brother's voting against the court[1]. Since that, he

LETTER 916.—[1] Conway's vote against the court deeply offended the King, who at once proposed to Grenville to dismiss him from his

has been told by different channels that they think of taking away regiments from opposers. He heard it, as he would the wind whistle: while in the shape of a threat he treats it with contempt; if put into execution, his scorn would subside into indifference. You know he has but one object—doing what is right; the rest may betide as it will. One or two of the ministers, who are honest men, would, *I have reason to believe*, be heartily concerned to have such measures adopted; but they are not directors. The little favour *they* possess, and the desperateness of their situation, oblige them to swallow many things they disapprove, and which ruin their character with the nation; while others, who have no character to lose, and whose situation is no less desperate, care not what inconveniences they bring on their master, nor what confusion on their country, in which they can never prosper, except when it is convulsed. The nation, indeed, seem thoroughly sensible of this truth. They are unpopular beyond conception: even of those that vote with them there are numbers that express their aversion without reserve. Indeed, on Wednesday, the 23rd, this went farther: we were to debate the great point of privilege[2]: Wilbraham objected, that Wilkes was involved in it, and ought to be present. On this, though, as you see, a question of slight moment, fifty-seven left them at once: they were but 243 to 166. As we had sat, however, till eight at night, the

employments. This step was not taken until after Conway's vote against the legality of general warrants in February 1764.

[2] 'The doctrine that no member of Parliament could be arrested or prosecuted without the express permission of the House, except for treason, felony, or actual breach of the peace, or for refusal to pay obedience to a writ of Habeas Corpus, had hitherto been fully acknowledged. . . . In spite of the opposition of Pitt and of a powerful protest signed by seventeen peers, a resolution was now carried through both Houses "that privilege of Parliament does not extend to the case of writing and publishing seditious libels, nor ought to be allowed to obstruct the ordinary course of the laws in the speedy and effectual prosecution of so heinous and dangerous an offence."' (Lecky, *Hist. Cent. XVIII*, ed. 1895, vol. iii. p. 254.)

debate was postponed to next day. Mr. Pitt, who had a fever and the gout, came on crutches, and wrapped in flannels: so he did yesterday, but was obliged to retire at ten at night, after making a speech of an hour and fifty minutes; the worst, I think, I ever heard him make in my life. For our parts, we sat till within ten minutes of two in the morning; yet we had but few speeches, all were so long. Hussey, Solicitor to the Princess of Wales [3], was against the court, and spoke with great spirit, and true Whig spirit. Charles Yorke shone exceedingly. He had spoke and voted with us the night before; but now maintained his opinion against Pratt's. It was a most able and learned performance, and the latter part, which was oratoric, uncommonly beautiful and eloquent. You find I don't let partiality to the Whig cause blind my judgement. That speech was certainly the masterpiece of the day. Norton would not have made a figure, even if Charles Yorke had not appeared; but giving way to his natural brutality, he got into an ugly scrape. Having so little delicacy or decency as to mention a cause in which he had prosecuted Sir John Rushout (who sat just under him) for perjury, the tough old knight (who had been honourably acquitted of the charge) gave the House an account of the affair; and then added, 'I was assured the prosecution was set on foot by that *honest gentleman*; I hope I don't call him out of his name—and that it was in revenge for my having opposed him in an election.' Norton denied the charge, upon his honour, which did not seem to persuade everybody. Immediately after this we had another episode. Rigby, totally unprovoked either by anything said or by the complexion of the day, which was grave and argumentative, fell upon Lord Temple, and described his behaviour on the commitment of Wilkes. James Grenville, who sat behind him, rose in all the acrimony of resentment: drew a very

[3] He was Solicitor to the Queen.

favourable picture of his brother, and then one of Rigby, conjuring up the bitterest words, epithets, and circumstances that he could amass together: told him how interested he was, and how ignorant: painted his journey to Ireland to get a law-place[4], for which he was so unqualified; and concluded with affirming he had fled from thence to avoid the vengeance of the people. The passive Speaker suffered both painters to finish their works, and would have let them carry their colours and brushes into Hyde Park the next morning, if other people had not represented the necessity of demanding their paroles that it should go no farther. They were both unwilling to rise: Rigby did at last, and put an end to it with humour and good-humour. The numbers were 258 to 133. The best speech of all those that were *not* spoken was Charles Townshend's. He has for some time been informing the world that for the last three months he had constantly employed six clerks to search and transcribe records, journals, precedents, &c. The production of all this mountain of matter was a mouse, and that mouse still-born: he has voted with us, but never uttered a word.

We shall now repose for some time; at least I am sure I shall. It has been hard service: and nothing but a Whig point of this magnitude could easily have carried me to the House at all, of which I have so long been sick. Wilkes will live, but is not likely to be in a situation to come forth for some time. The blasphemous book has fallen ten times heavier on Sandwich's own head than on Wilkes's: it has brought forth such a catalogue of anecdotes as is incredible! Lord Hardwicke fluctuates between life and death. Lord Effingham is dead suddenly, and Lord Cantelupe has got his troop.

These are all our news; I am glad yours go on so

[4] Rigby was Master of the Rolls in Ireland.

smoothly. I take care to do you justice at M. de Guerchy's for all the justice you do to France, and particularly to the house of Nivernois. D'Éon[5] is here still: I know nothing more of him but that the honour of having a hand in the Peace overset his poor brain. This was evident on the fatal night at Lord Halifax's: when they told him his behaviour was a breach of the peace, he was quite distracted, thinking it was the peace between his country and this.

Our operas begin to-morrow. The Duchess of Grafton is come for a fortnight only. My compliments to the Ambassadress, and all your court.

917. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, Dec. 2, 1763.

I have been expecting a letter all day, as Friday is the day I have generally received a letter from you, but it is not yet arrived, and I begin mine without it. M. de Guerchy has given us a prosperous account of my Lady Hertford's audience: still I am impatient to hear it from yourselves. I want to know, too, what you say to your brother's being in the minority. I have already told you that unless they use him ill, I do not think him likely to take any warm part. With regard to dismission of officers, I hear no more of it: such a violent step would but spread the flames, which are already fierce enough. I will give you an instance: last Saturday, Lord Cornwallis[1] and Lord

[5] 'D'Éon took it into his fancy that one Treyssac de Vergy, an adventurer, was brought over to assassinate him; and on this belief broke out so outrageously against the Count after dinner at Lord Halifax's, that the Earl, at M. de Guerchy's desire, was obliged to send for Justice Fielding and put D'Éon under arrest; and next day Vergy swore the peace against him.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. p. 242.)

Letter 917.—[1] Charles Cornwallis (1738–1805), second Earl Cornwallis, cr. Marquis Cornwallis in 1792; entered the army in 1756. He took a prominent part in the American War, but after several successes he was obliged to surrender at Yorktown (Oct. 19, 1781). He was Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies, 1786–93;

Allen[2] came drunk to the Opera: the former went up to Rigby in the pit, and told him in direct words that Lord Sandwich was a pickpocket. Then Lord Allen, with looks and gestures no less expressive, advanced close to him, and repeating this again in the passage, would have provoked a quarrel, if George West[3] had not carried him away by force. Lord Cornwallis, the next morning in Hyde Park, made an apology to Rigby for his behaviour, but the rest of the world is not so complaisant. His pride, insolence, and over-bearingness, have made him so many enemies, that they are glad to tear him to pieces for his attack on Lord Temple, so unprovoked, and so poorly performed. It was well that with his spirit and warmth he had the sense not to resent the behaviour of those two drunken young fellows.

On Tuesday your Lordship's House sat till ten at night, on the resolutions we had communicated to you; and you agreed to them by 114 to 35: a puny minority indeed, considering of what great names it was composed! Even the Duke of Cumberland voted in it; but Mr. Yorke's speech in our House, and Lord Mansfield's in yours, for two hours, carried away many of the opposition, particularly Lord Lyttelton, and the greater part of the Duke of Newcastle's Bishops. The Duke of Grafton is much commended. The Duke of Portland commenced, but was too much frightened. There was no warmth nor event; but Lord Shelburne, who they say spoke well, and against the court, and as his friends had voted in our House, has produced one, the great Mr. Calcraft being turned out yesterday, from some muster-mastership; I don't know what.

General, 1793; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1798–1801.

[2] Joshua Allen (1728–1816), fifth Viscount Allen.

[3] Hon. George West (1733–1776), second son of first Earl Delawarr.

Lord Sandwich is canvassing to succeed Lord Hardwicke, as High Steward of Cambridge; another egg of animosity. We shall, however, I believe, be tolerably quiet till after Christmas, as Mr. Wilkes will not be able to act before the holidays. I rejoice at it: I am heartily sick of all this folly, and shall be glad to get to Strawberry again, and hear nothing of it. The ministry have bought off Lord Clive with a bribe that would frighten the King of France himself: they have given him back his 25,000*l.* a year[4]. Walsh[5] has behaved nobly: he said he could not in conscience vote with the administration, and would not vote against Lord Clive, who chose him: he has therefore offered to resign his seat. Lady Augusta's[6] fortune was to be voted to-day, and Lord Strange talked of opposing it; but I had not the curiosity to go down. This is all our politics, and indeed all our news; we have none of any other kind. So far you will not regret England. For my part, I wish myself with you. Being perfectly indifferent who is minister and who is not, and weary of laughing at both, I shall take hold of the first spring to make you my visit.

Our operas do not succeed. Giardini, now become *minister*, and having no exchequer to buy an audience, is grown unpopular. The Mingotti, whom he has forced upon the town, is as much disliked as if he had insisted on her being first Lord of the Treasury. The first man, though with sweet notes, has so weak a voice that he might as well hold his tongue like Charles Townshend. The *figurantes* are very pretty, but can dance no more than Tommy Pelham. The first man dancer is handsome, well made, and strong enough to make his fortune *anywhere*: but, you know, fortunes made in private are seldom agreeable to the public. In

[4] The 'jaghir' granted to Clive by Mir Jaffier, of which the East India Directors wished to deprive him.

[5] John Walsh, M.P. for Worcester.

[6] The Princess Augusta, eldest daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales, married in Jan. 1764 to the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick.

short, it will not do; there was not a soul in the pit the second night.

Lady Mary Coke has received her gown by the Prince de Masseran[7], and is exceedingly obliged to you, though much disappointed; this being a slight gown made up, and not the one she expected, which is a fine one bought for her by Lady Holland, and which you must send somehow or other: if you cannot, you must dispatch an ambassador on purpose. I dined with the Prince de Masseran, at Guerchy's the day after his arrival; and if faces speak truth, he will not be our ruin. Oh! but there is a ten times more delightful man—the Austrian minister[8]: he is so stiff and upright, that you would think all his mistress's diadems were upon his head, and that he was afraid of their dropping off.

I know so little of Irish politics, that I am afraid of misinforming you; but I hear that Hamilton, who has come off with honour in a squabble with Lord Newton[9] about the latter's wife, speaks and votes with the opposition against the Castle. I don't know the meaning of it, nor, except it had been to tell you, should I have remembered it.

Well! your letter will not come, and I must send away mine. Remember, the holidays are coming, and that I shall be a good deal out of town. I have been charming hitherto, but I cannot make brick without straw. *Encore*, you are almost the only person I ever write a line to. I grow so old and so indolent that I hate the sight of a pen and ink.

[7] The Spanish Ambassador in London.

[8] Count von Seillern.

[9] Brinsley Butler (1728–1779), Lord Newtown Butler, son of first Earl of Lanesborough, whom he succeeded in 1768; m. (1754) Lady Jane Rochfort, daughter of first Earl of Belvidere.

918. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, Dec. 6, 1763.

According to custom I am excessively obliged to you: you are continually giving me proofs of your kindness. I have now three packets to thank you for, full of information, and have only to lament the trouble you have given yourself.

I am glad for the tomb's sake and my own, that Sir Giles Allington's[1] monument is restored. The draft you have sent is very perfect. The account of your ancestor Tuer[2] shall not be forgotten in my next edition. The pedigree of Allington I had from Collins[3] before his death, but I think not so perfect as yours. You have made one little slip in it: my mother was grand-daughter, not daughter of Sir John Shorter, and was not an heiress, having three brothers, who all died after her, and we only quarter the arms of Shorter, which I fancy occasioned the mistake, by their leaving no children. The verses by Sir Edward Walpole[4], and the translation by Bland[5], are published in my Description of Houghton.

I am come late from the House of Lords, and am just going to the Opera, so you will excuse me saying more, than that I have a print of Archbishop Hutton[6] for you (it is Dr. Ducarel's), and a little plate of Strawberry, but I do not send them by the post, as it would crease them: if you

Letter 918.—[1] Sir Giles Allington, Knight, of Horseheath, Cambridgeshire, an ancestor of Horace Walpole.

[2] Herbert Tuer, painter, of whom a short account is given in *Anecdotes of Painting*.

[3] Arthur Collins (d. 1760), author of the *Peerage*.

[4] Sir Edward Walpole, K.B., great-grandfather of Horace Walpole. The verses in question were written upon his wife's death.

[5] Henry Bland, Dean of Durham; d. 1746.

[6] Matthew Hutton, Archbishop of Canterbury; d .1758.

will tell me how to convey them otherwise, I will. I repeat many thanks to you and am,

Dear Sir,
Yours most sincerely,
H. Walpole.

919. To the Earl of Hertford.

Friday, Dec. 9, 1763.

Your brother has sent you such a full account of his transaction with Mr. Grenville[1], that it is not necessary for me to add a syllable, except, what your brother will not have said himself, that he has acted as usual with the strictest honour and firmness, and has turned this negotiation entirely to his own credit. He has learned the ill wishes of his enemies, and what is more, knows who they are: he has laughed at them, and found at last that their malice was much bigger than their power. Mr. Grenville, as you would wish, has proved how much he disliked the violence of his associates, as I trust he will, whenever he has an opportunity, and has at last contented himself with so little or nothing, that I am sure you will feel yourself obliged to him. For the measure itself, of turning out the officers in general who oppose, it has been much pressed, and what is still sillier, openly threatened by one set; but they dare not do it, and having notified it without effect, are ridiculed by the whole town, as well as by the persons threatened, particularly by Lord Albemarle, who has treated their menaces with the utmost contempt and spirit. This mighty storm, like another I shall tell you of, has vented itself on Lord Shelburne and Colonel Barré[2], who were

Letter 919.—[1] At a meeting on Dec. 4, in presence of the Duke of Richmond, Grenville tried to pledge Conway to support the government. Conway refused to bind himself.

[2] Isaac Barré (1726-1802), M.P. for Chipping Wycombe. Joint Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, 1766–68; Trea-

yesterday turned out; the first from aide-de-camp to the King, the latter from adjutant-general and governor of Stirling. Campbell[3], to whom it was promised before, has got the last; Ned Harvey, the former. My present expectation is an oration from Barré, in honour of Mr. Pitt; for those are scenes that make the world so entertaining. After that, I shall demand a satire on Mr. Pitt, from Wilkes; and I do not believe I shall be balked, for Wilkes has already expressed his resentment on being given up by Pitt, who, says Wilkes, ought to be expelled for an impostor. I do not know whether the Duke of Newcastle does not expect a palinodia from me. T'other morning at the Duke's levee he embraced me, and hoped I would come and eat a bit of Sussex mutton with him. I had such difficulty to avoid laughing in his face that I got from him as fast as I could. Do you think me very likely to forget that I have been laughing at him these twenty years?

Well! but we have had a prodigious riot: are not you impatient to know the particulars? It was so prodigious a tumult, that I verily thought half the administration would have run away to Harrowgate. The *North Briton* was ordered to be burned by the hangman at Cheapside on Saturday last. The mob rose; the greatest mob, says Mr. Sheriff Blunt, that he has known in forty years. They were armed with that most bloody instrument, the mud out of the kennels: they hissed in the most murderous manner; broke Mr. Sheriff Harley's[4] coach-glass in the most frangent manner; scratched his forehead, so that he is forced to wear a little patch in the most becoming

surer of the Navy, 1782; Paymaster-General, 1782–83. He was a political adherent of Shelburne, and, after his dismissal, of Pitt. He was one of the most prominent members of the opposition to Lord North's ministry.

[3] Captain (afterwards Sir James) Campbell, of Ardkinglass, M.P. for Stirling Burghs.

[4] Hon. Thomas Harley (1730–1804), third son of third Earl of Oxford, M.P. for the City of London. He was Lord Mayor in 1767.

manner; and obliged the hangman to burn the paper with a link, though faggots were prepared to execute it in a more solemn manner. Numbers of gentlemen, from windows and balconies, encouraged the mob, who, in about an hour and half, were so undutiful to the ministry, as to retire without doing any mischief, or giving Mr. Carteret Webb[5] the opportunity of a single information, except against an ignorant lad, who had been in town but ten days.

This terrible uproar has employed us four days. The sheriffs were called before your House on Monday, and made their narrative. My brother Cholmondeley, in the most pathetic manner, and suitably to the occasion, recommended it to your Lordships, to search for precedents of what he believed never happened since the world began. Lord Egmont, who knows of a plot, which he keeps to himself, though it has been carrying on these twenty years, thought more vigorous measures ought to be taken on such a crisis, and moved to summon the mistress of the Union Coffee-house[6]. The Duke of Bedford thought all this but piddling, and at once attacked Lord Mayor, Common Council, and charter of the City, whom, if he had been supported, I believe he would have ordered to be all burned by the hangman next Saturday. Unfortunately for such national justice, Lord Mansfield, who delights in every opportunity of exposing and mortifying the Duke of Bedford, and Sandwich, interposed for the magistracy of London, and, after much squabbling, saved them from immediate execution. The Duke of Grafton, with infinite shrewdness and coolness, drew from the witnesses that the whole mob was of one mind; and the day ended in a vote of general censure on the rioters. This was communicated to us at a confer-

[5] Philip Carteret Webb (d. 1770), M.P. for Haslemere and Joint Solicitor to the Treasury.

[6] The sheriff stated that the rioters had been encouraged by persons at the Union Coffee-house.

ence, and yesterday we acted the same farce; when Rigby trying to revive the imputation on the Lord Mayor, &c. (who, by-the-by, *did* sit most tranquilly at Guildhall during the whole tumult), the ministry disavowed and abandoned him to a man, vindicating the magistracy, and plainly discovering their own fear and awe of the City, who feel the insult, and will from hence feel their own strength. In short, to finish this foolish story, I never saw a transaction in which appeared so little parts, abilities, or conduct; nor do I think there can be anything weaker than the administration, except it is the opposition: but an opposition, bedrid and tongue-tied, is a most ridiculous body. Mr. Pitt is laid up with the gout; Lord Hardwicke, though much relieved by a quack medicine, is still very ill; and Mr. Charles Townshend is as silent as my Lord Abercorn—that they two should ever be alike!

This is not all our political news; Wilkes is an inexhaustible fund: on Monday was heard, in the Common Pleas, his suit against Mr. Wood[7], when, after a trial of fourteen hours, the jury gave him damages of one thousand pounds; but this was not the heaviest part of the blow. The Solicitor-General[8] tried to prove Wilkes author of the *North Briton*, and failed in the proof. You may judge how much that miscarriage adds to the defeat. Wilkes is not yet out of danger: they think there is still a piece of coat or lining to come out of the wound. The campaign is over for the present, and the troops going into country quarters. In the meantime, the house of Harrington has supplied us with new matter of talk. My Lord was robbed[9] about three o'clock in the night between Saturday and Sunday last, of money, bills, watches, and snuff-boxes, to the amount of

[7] For seizing Wilkes's papers.
[8] Sir Fletcher Norton.
[9] The robbery was committed by John Wesket, Lord Harrington's porter, and one Bradley. Wesket was hanged on evidence given by Bradley.

three thousand pounds. Nothing is yet discovered, but that the guard in the Stable Yard saw a man in a great-coat and white stockings come from thereabouts, at the time I have named. The servants have all been examined over and over to no purpose. Fielding is all day in the house, and a guard of his at night. The bureau in my Lord's dressing-room (the little red room where the pictures are) was forced open. I fear you can guess *who* was at first suspected[10].

I have received yours, my dear Lord, of Nov. 30th, and am pleased that my Lady Hertford is so well reconciled to her ministry. You forgot to give me an account of her audience, but I have heard of the Queen's good-natured attention to her.

The anecdotes about Lord Sandwich are numerous; but I do not repeat them to you, because I know nothing how true they are, and because he has, in several instances, been very obliging to me; and I have no reason to abuse him. Lord Hardwicke's illness, I think, is a rupture and consequences.

I hope to hear that your little boy is recovered. Adieu! I have filled my gazette, and exhausted my memory. I am glad such gazettes please you: I can have no other excuse for sending such tittle-tattle.

920. To Miss Anne Pitt.

Arlington Street, Dec. 10, 1763.

I SHOULD be much concerned that anybody should have reason to complain of Lord Hertford, much more so amiable a man and one I esteem so much as Mr. Selwin. However

[10] Walpole evidently refers to Lady Harrington's favourite footman Richard. See vol iii. p. 389.

LETTER 920.—Not in C.; now printed from *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th Report, Appendix, Part III, vol. i. p. 145.

this neglect has happened, nothing shall be wanting on my part, as far as I have any credit, to set it right, not only from an old partiality to Mr. Selwin, but as your recommendation, Madam, tells me that you wish it too. I was ignorant that my Lord Hertford did not use Mr. Selwin's and Mr. Foley's house[1]; but with those private affairs you may believe, Madam, I never meddle, nor ask a question relating to them. Mr. Selwin indeed does not seem to desire it, nor if he did, would it become me to take liberties with my Lord Hertford's goodness to me, on such subjects. The obliging esteem with which Mr. Selwin mentions both my Lord and Lady deserves a return from them; I shall certainly let them know it, and can answer for the goodness of their hearts that they will not be insensible to it.

The passages you are so kind as to quote, Madam, relative to Lady Hertford, and confirmed by Mr. Selwin, give me the greatest satisfaction. Indeed I hear from all hands that she is not disliked.

I hope, Madam, you find benefit from the waters; the town begins to empty very fast, though I believe the Parliament will not adjourn before Thursday se'nnight. I return you, Madam, Mr. Selwin's letter; assure you I shall take the first opportunity of doing him justice.

921. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 12, 1763.

My last journal was dated the 18th of last month. Since that period we have been totally employed upon Mr. Wilkes, or events flowing from him; for he is an inexhaustible source. I shall move regularly, and tell you his history in order.

In the first place, he is not dead of his wound, though not

[1] Mr. Selwyn and Mr. Foley were bankers in Paris. See letter to the Earl of Hertford of Dec. 16, 1763.

yet out of danger, for they think another piece of his coat is to come away, as two have already.

On the 23rd we, the Commons, had a debate that lasted late, whether we should proceed to the question on privilege, as Wilkes could not attend. There was a great defection among the royal troops, and the minority amounted to 166: but the next day, on the question itself, it sunk to 133, when we resigned our privilege into the hands of any messengers that should be sent for it. Mr. Pitt was brought thither in flannels, and spoke for two hours, but was forced to retire four hours before we came to the question.

These debates were followed by a curious account of the famous blasphemous and bawdy poem, the *Essay on Woman*, published by one Kidgell[1], a Methodist parson, who had been employed to hunt it out. The man has most deservedly drawn on himself a torrent of indignation and odium, which I suppose he will forget in a deanery[2].

The next proceeding was in the Lords, who sat till ten at night on the question of agreeing to our resolutions. The Duke of Cumberland, who voted at the head of the minority, was as unsuccessful as he has been in other engagements, and was beaten by 114 to 35.

So much for within doors. But without, where the minority is the majority, the event was very different. The *North Briton* was ordered to be burned by the hangman at Cheapside on the third of this month. A prodigious riot ensued; the sheriffs were mobbed, the constables beaten, and the paper with much difficulty set on fire by a link, and then rescued. The ministry, some in a panic and some in a rage, fetched the sheriffs before both Houses; but, after examinations and conferences for four days, the whole result

LETTER 921.—[1] Rev. John Kidgell, Chaplain to the Earl of March.

[2] Kidgell was forced to leave England for debt, and died abroad. *Walpole.*

was, that all the world had appeared to be on the same side, that is, not well disposed to the administration. This dissatisfaction has been increased by a violent attack made by the Duke of Bedford on the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, for not discountenancing and suppressing the riot; and though he was abandoned by the rest of the ministry, who paid court to the City at his Grace's expense, they were so exasperated, that a motion being made to thank the sheriffs for their behaviour, and to prosecute one of the rioters, who is in prison, it was rejected on a division by the casting vote of the Lord Mayor.

The ministry have received a still greater mortification: the Under-Secretary, Mr. Wood, has been cast in the Common Pleas in damages of a thousand pounds to Mr. Wilkes; the printers too have recovered four hundred; and, what is still more material, the Solicitor-General could not make out his proof of Wilkes being author of the *North Briton*.

The last scene has been an attempt to assassinate Wilkes. A sea-lieutenant, called Alexander Dunn [3], got into his house on Thursday night last for that purpose; but he is not only mad, but so mad that he had declared his intention in a coffee-house some nights before; and said twelve more Scotchmen, for he is one, were engaged in the same design.

I have told you all this briefly, but you may imagine what noise so many events have made in the hands of some hundred thousand commentators.

The famous Lord Shelburne, and the no less famous Colonel Barré—I don't know whether their fame has reached you—are turned out for joining the opposition.

The approaching holidays will suspend farther hostilities for some time, or prepare more. We have scarce any other

[3] Dunn was examined at the bar of the House of Commons, and found to be insane.

kind of news than politics. The interlude of Princess Augusta's wedding will be of very short duration.

You have seen some mention in the papers of Monsieur D'Éon, who, from secretary to Monsieur de Nivernois, became Plenipotentiary; an honour that turned his brain. His madness first broke out upon one Vergy, an adventurer, whose soul he threatened to put into the chamber-pot and make him drink it. This rage was carried so far one night at Lord Halifax's, that he was put under arrest. Being told his behaviour was a breach of the peace, he thought it meant the *Peace* he had signed, and grew ten times madder. This idea he has thrust into a wild book that he has published, the title-page of which would divert you; he states all his own names, titles, and offices: Noble Claude, Geneviève, Louis, Auguste, Cæsar, Alexandre, Hercule, and I don't know what, Docteur en Droit: the *chute* from Cæsar to Master Doctor is admirable. The conclusion of the story is, that the poor creature has all the papers of the negotiation in his hands, and threescore thousand livres belonging to the Comte de Guerchy, and will deliver neither one nor the other. He is recalled from home, and forbidden the court here, but enjoys the papers, and lives on the money, and they don't know how to recover either. Monsieur de Guerchy has behaved with the utmost tenderness and humanity to him. This minister is an agreeable man, and pleases much.

I have received your long letter of November 12th, with your expectations of the Duke of York, the Woronzows, and the Garricks, most of whom are, I suppose, arrived by this time. The Chelsea china, as you guessed, was a present from the Duchess of Grafton: I told her how pleased you was with it, and that you flattered yourself it was her present. She thought you knew it, for she says she had writ you two letters.

Adieu! You must live upon this letter for some time. Our *villeggiatura* begins when yours ends. The town will be quite empty in a week, till the 18th or 20th of January, unless folks come to stare at the Prince of Brunswick; but I don't know when he is to be here. Nay, you will not want English news, while you have English Princes, Russian Chancellors, and English players.

922. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, Dec. 16, 1763.

On the very day I wrote to you last, my dear Lord, an extraordinary event happened, which I did not then know. A motion was made in the Common Council, to thank the sheriffs for their behaviour at the riot, and to prosecute the man who was apprehended for it. This was opposed, and the previous question being put, the numbers were equal; but the casting vote of the Lord Mayor[1] was given against putting the first question—a pretty strong proceeding; for though, in consequence and in resentment of the Duke of Bedford's speech, it seemed to justify his Grace, who had accused the Mayor and magistracy of not trying to suppress the tumult; if they will not prosecute the rioters, it is not very unfair to surmise that they did not dislike the riot. Indeed, the City is so inflamed, and the ministry so obnoxious, that I am very apprehensive of some violent commotion. The court have lost the Essex election, merely from Lord Sandwich interfering in it, and from the Duke of Bedford's speech; a great number of votes going from the City on that account to vote for Luther. Sir John Griffin[2],

Letter 922.—[1] William Bridgen. [2] Lieutenant-General Sir John Griffin Griffin, K.B. (1719–1797); in 1784 he established his claim to the Barony of Howard de Walden, and was created (Sept. 5, 1788) Baron Braybrooke of Braybrooke, Northamptonshire.

who was disobliged by Sandwich's espousing Conyers, went to Chelmsford at the head of five hundred voters.

One of the latest acts of the ministry will not please my Lady Hertford: they have turned out her brother, Colonel Fitzroy[3]: Fitzherbert[4], too, is removed, and, they say, Sir Joseph Yorke recalled[5]. I must do Lord Halifax and Mr. Grenville the justice to say that these violences are not imputed to them. It is certain that the former was the warmest opposer of the measure for breaking the officers; and Mr. Grenville's friends take every opportunity of throwing the blame on the Duke of Bedford and Lord Sandwich. The Duchess of Bedford, who is too fond a wife not to partake in all her husband's fortunes, has contributed her portion of indiscretion. At a great dinner, lately, at Lord Halifax's, all the servants present, mention being made of the Archbishop of Canterbury, M. de Guerchy asked the Duchess, 'Est-il de famille?' She replied, 'Oh! mon Dieu, non, il a été sage-femme.' The mistake of *sage-femme* for *accoucheur*, and the strangeness of the proposition, confounded Guerchy so much, that it was necessary to explain it: but think of a minister's wife telling a foreigner, and a Catholic, that the primate of her own Church had been bred a man-midwife!

The day after my last, another verdict was given in the Common Pleas, of four hundred pounds to the printers; and another episode happened, relating to Wilkes: one Dunn, a mad Scotchman, was seized in Wilkes's house, whither he had gone intending to assassinate him. This was complained of in the House of Commons, but the man's frenzy was verified; it was even proved that he had

[3] Colonel Charles Fitzroy, M.P. for Bury St. Edmunds, natural son of second Duke of Grafton.

[4] William Fitzherbert (d. 1772), of Tissington, Derbyshire, M.P. for Derby; Lord of Trade, 1765–72. He was dismissed from the post of Gentleman-Usher to the King.

[5] This was not the case.

notified his design in a coffee-house, some days before. The mob, however, who are determined that Lord Sandwich shall answer for everybody's faults, as well as his own, believe that he employed Dunn. I wish the recess, which begins next Monday, may cool matters a little, for indeed it grows very serious.

Nothing is discovered of Lord Harrington's robbery, nor do I know any other news, but that George West is to marry Lady Mary Grey[6]. The Hereditary Prince's wound is broken out again, and will defer his arrival. We have had a new comedy[7], written by Mrs. Sheridan, and admirably acted; but there was no wit in it, and it was so vulgar that it ran but three nights.

Poor Lady Hervey desires you will tell Mr. Hume how incapable she is of answering his letter. She has been terribly afflicted for these six weeks with a complication of gout, rheumatism, and a nervous complaint. She cannot lie down in her bed, nor rest two minutes in her chair. I never saw such continued suffering.

You say in your last, of the 7th, that you have omitted to invite no Englishman of rank or name. This gives me an opportunity, my dear Lord, of mentioning one Englishman, not of great rank, but who is very unhappy that you have taken no notice of him. You know how utterly averse I am to meddle, or give impertinent advice; but the letter I saw was expressed with so much respect and esteem for you, that you would love the person. It is Mr. Selwyn, the banker. He says, he expected no favour; but the great regard he has for the amiableness of your character makes him miserable at being totally undistinguished by you. He has so good a character himself, and is so much beloved by many persons here that you know, that I think

[6] Second daughter of fourth Earl of Stamford.
[7] *The Dupe*, acted at Drury Lane.

you will not dislike my putting you in mind of him. The letter was not to me, nor to any friend of mine; therefore, I am sure, unaffected. I saw the whole letter, and he did not even hint at its being communicated to me.

I have not mentioned Lady Holdernesse's presentation, though I by no means approve it, nor a Dutchwoman's lowering the peerage of England. Nothing of that sort could make me more angry, except a commoner's wife taking such a step; for you know I have all the pride of

——A citizen of Rome, while Rome survives:

In that respect my name is thoroughly

HORATIUS.

923. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, Dec. 29, 1763.

You are sensible, my dear Lord, that any amusement from my letters must depend upon times and seasons. We are a very absurd nation (though the French are so good at present as to think us a very wise one, only because they themselves are now a very weak one); but then that absurdity depends upon the almanac. Posterity, who will know nothing of our intervals, will conclude that this age was a succession of events. I could tell them that we know as well when an event, as when Easter, will happen. Do but recollect these last ten years. The beginning of October, one is certain that everybody will be at Newmarket, and the Duke of Cumberland will lose, and Shafto[1] win, two or three thousand pounds. After that, while people are preparing to come to town for the winter, the ministry is suddenly changed, and all the world comes to learn how

LETTER 923.—[1] Robert Shafto (d. 1797), of Whitworth, Durham, M.P. for Durham county.

it happened, a fortnight sooner than they intended; and fully persuaded that the new arrangement cannot last a month. The Parliament opens; everybody is bribed; and the new establishment is perceived to be composed of adamant. November passes, with two or three self-murders, and a new play. Christmas arrives; everybody goes out of town; and a riot happens in one of the theatres. The Parliament meets again; taxes are warmly opposed; and some citizen makes his fortune by a subscription. The opposition languishes; balls and assemblies begin; some master and miss begin to get together, are talked of, and give occasion to forty more matches being invented; an unexpected debate starts up at the end of the session, that makes more noise than anything that was designed to make a noise, and subsides again in a new peerage or two. Ranelagh opens and Vauxhall; one produces scandal, and t'other a drunken quarrel. People separate, some to Tunbridge, and some to all the horse-races in England; and so the year comes again to October. I dare to prophesy, that if you keep this letter, you will find that my future correspondence will be but an illustration of this text; at least, it is an excuse for my having very little to tell you at present, and was the reason of my not writing to you last week.

Before the Parliament adjourned, there was nothing but a trifling debate in an empty House, occasioned by a motion from the ministry, to order another physician and surgeon to attend Wilkes: it was carried by about seventy to thirty, and was only memorable by producing Mr. Charles Townshend, who, having sat silent through the question of privilege, found himself interested in the defence of Dr. Brocklesby[2]! Charles ridiculed Lord North extremely, and had warm words with George Grenville. I do not look upon this as

[2] Dr. Richard Brocklesby (1722–1797), who was attending Wilkes.

productive of consequential speaking for the opposition; on the contrary, I should expect him sooner in place, if the ministry could be fools enough to restore weight to him, and could be ignorant that he can never hurt them so much as by being with them. Wilkes refused to see Heberden[3] and Hawkins, whom the House commissioned to visit him; and to laugh at us more, sent for two Scotchmen, Duncan and Middleton. Well! but since that, he is gone off[4] himself: however, as I did in D'Éon's case, I can now only ask news of him from you, not tell you any; for you have got him. I do not believe you will invite him, and make so much of him, as the Duke of Bedford did. Both sides pretend joy at his being gone; and for once I can believe both. You will be diverted, as I was, at the cordial esteem the ministers have for one another; Lord Waldegrave told my niece, this morning, that he had offered a shilling, to receive an hundred pounds when Sandwich shall lose his head! what a good opinion they have of one another! Apropos to losing heads, is Lally[5] beheaded?

The East India Company have come to an unanimous resolution of not paying Lord Clive the three hundred thousand pounds, which the ministry had promised him in lieu of his Nabobical annuity. Just after the bargain was made, his old rustic of a father was at the King's levee; the King asked where his son was; he replied, 'Sire, he is coming to town, and then your Majesty will have another vote.' If you like these franknesses, I can tell you another. The Chancellor[6] is chosen a governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital: a smart gentleman, who was sent with the staff, carried it in the evening, when the Chancellor happened to be drunk. 'Well, Mr. Bartlemy,'

[3] Dr. William Heberden (1710–1801).

[4] Wilkes left for France on Dec. 26.

[5] Lally was not executed until May 1766.

[6] Lord Henley.

said his Lordship, snuffing, 'what have you to say?' The man, who had prepared a formal harangue, was transported to have so fair opportunity given him of uttering it, and with much dapper gesticulation congratulated his Lordship on his health, and the nation on enjoying such great abilities. The Chancellor stopped him short, crying, 'By God, it is a lie! I have neither health nor abilities; my bad health has destroyed my abilities.' The late Chancellor[7] is much better.

The last time the King was at Drury Lane, the play given out for next night was *All in the Wrong*: the galleries clapped, and then cried out, 'Let *us* be all in the right! Wilkes and Liberty!' When the King comes to a theatre, or goes out, or goes to the House, there is not a single applause; to the Queen there is a little: in short, *Louis le bien-aimé* is not French at present for King George.

The town, you may be sure, is very empty; the greatest party is at Woburn, whither the Comte de Guerchy and the Duc de Pecquigny are going. I have been three days at Strawberry, and had George Selwyn, Williams, and Lord Ashburnham; but the weather was intolerably bad. We have scarce had a moment's drought since you went, no more than for so many months before. The town and the roads are beyond measure dirty, and everything else under water. I was not well neither, nor am yet, with pains in my stomach: however, if I ever used one, I could afford to pay a physician. T'other day, coming from my Lady Townshend's, it came into my head to stop at one of the lottery offices, to inquire after a single ticket I had, expecting to find it a blank, but it was five hundred pounds —thank you! I know you wish me joy. It will buy twenty pretty things when I come to Paris.

I read, last night, your new French play, *Le Comte de*

[7] The Earl of Hardwicke.

Warwic[8], which we hear has succeeded much. I must say, it does but confirm the cheap idea I have of you French: not to mention the preposterous perversion of history in so known a story, the Queen's ridiculous preference of old Warwick to a young King; the omission of the only thing she ever said or did in her whole life worth recording, which was thinking herself too low for his wife, and too high for his mistress; the romantic honour bestowed on two such savages as Edward and Warwick: besides these, and forty such glaring absurdities, there is but one scene that has any merit, that between Edward and Warwick in the third act. Indeed, indeed, I don't honour the modern French: it is making your son but a slender compliment, with his knowledge, for them to say it is extraordinary. The best proof I think they give of their taste, is liking you all three. I rejoice that your little boy is recovered. Your brother has been at Park Place this week, and stays a week longer: his hill is too high to be drowned.

Thank you for your kindness to Mr. Selwyn: if he had too much impatience, I am sure it proceeded only from his great esteem for you.

I will endeavour to learn what you desire; and will answer, in another letter, that and some other passages in your last. Dr. Hunter is very good, and calls on me sometimes. You may guess whether we talk you over or not. Adieu!

P.S. There has not been a death, but Sir William Maynard's, who is come to life again; or a marriage, but Admiral Knollys's, who has married his divorced wife again.

[8] A tragedy by La Harpe, recently produced at Paris.

924. To the Rev. William Mason.

Sir, Arlington Street, Dec. 29, 1763.

Your bookseller has brought me the volume of your Works, for which I give you a thousand thanks; I have read them again in this form with great satisfaction. I wish in return that I had anything literary to tell you or send you, that would please you half as much. I should be glad to know how to convey to you another volume of my *Anecdotes* and a volume of Engravers, which will be published in a fortnight or three weeks—but they will be far from amusing you. If the other volumes were trifling, these are ten times more so; nothing but my justice to the public, to whom I owed them, could have prevailed over my dissatisfaction with them, and have made me produce them. The painters in the third volume are more obscure, most of them, than those in the former; and the facts relating to them have not even the patina of ambiguity to hide and consecrate their insignificance. The tome of Engravers is a mere list of very bad prints. You will find this account strictly true and no affectation. To make you some amends, it will not be long before I have the pleasure of sending you by far the most curious and entertaining book that my press has produced; if it diverts you as much as it does Mr. Gray and me, you will think it the most delightful book you ever read; and yet, out of 150 pages, you had better skip the fifty first. Are not you impatient to know what this curiosity is and to see it? It is the life of the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury[1], and written by himself—of the contents I will not anticipate one word. I address this letter to Aston[2], upon the

Letter 924.—[1] Edward Herbert (1583–1648), first Baron Herbert of Cherbury. His *Life*, written by himself, was first printed at Strawberry Hill.

[2] Mason was Rector of Aston.

authority of your book. I should be sorry if it miscarried only as it is a mark of my gratitude.

I am, Sir, your much obliged humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. Have you read Mrs. Macaulay[3]? I am glad again to have Mr. Gray's opinion to corroborate mine, that it is the most sensible, unaffected, and best history of England that we have had yet.

925. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Jan. 8, 1764.

My dear Sir, it does not rain histories as it did the first week of the session. I am very faithful to you, and never omit a material event. The Parliament has been adjourned these three weeks, and party been to keep its Christmas in the country. To-morrow se'nnight we meet again, and some of our passions will revive, though a good quantity probably will subside, as Mr. Wilkes, the hero of the times, has preferred France to martyrdom. This excuses me from what, by the way, I would have excused myself somehow or other, the entering with you into a discussion of the controversy on his subject. I have no objection to the opinion you have formed, while you are at such a distance; I am no maker of converts, and you and I shall never love one another the less for thinking differently. I will have the famous 'No. 45' written out for you, for it is not to be had now but in the collection printed together. The *Essay on Woman* I do not wonder you concluded had been reprinted, but it has not; nor have I ever seen it, though

[3] Catherine (1731–1791), daughter of John Sawbridge, of Olantigh, Kent; m. (1) Dr. George Macaulay; (2) (1778) William Graham. The first volume of her *History of England* had lately been published.

it lies in the House of Lords. The public attention was instantly diverted from the piece itself to indignation at the manner in which it was obtained. Then there was a dirty parson, one Kidgell, who, not content with being the procurer, published such an indecent account of it, as at once satisfied the curiosity of the town, and provoked them to abhorrence of the wretched tool himself. He has been pelted in every newspaper, while the work itself was forgot. Whether the ministers will be so weak as to revive this clamour now Wilkes is gone, I don't know,—judgement is not their bright side!

Don't think I disapprove your magnificence for your Russian guests; and yet, my dear Sir, the generosity of your temper is fond of catching at a command to be expensive. I can excuse it too, as I conclude the Muscovite Chancellor hates his mistress, the murderess; one can't help being civil to anybody that wishes her dead. We are on the eve of a royal wedding, but not a very sumptuous one. The Hereditary Prince is expected every hour, and if arrived, is, they say, to be married on the 12th. You see I talk of it with little certainty. I shall satisfy my curiosity by seeing him at the Opera; a glimpse of a hero will content me. He is to take away his bride almost as soon as possible after the nuptials.

There is a wedding in embryo that touches you much nearer than the Princess Augusta's. Your nephew Horace[1] is to marry a sister of the Earl of Gainsborough. I believe it is quite fixed, though not to be perfected till he is of age. She has little beauty, I hear, and less fortune, but the boy likes her, and the alliance is very creditable. He is a most amiable, gentle, good-natured lad; I grieve that

LETTER 925.—[1] Horace Mann the younger, married, in 1765, Lady Lucy Noel (d. 1778), sixth daughter of fourth Earl of Gainsborough, and sister of Henry Noel (1743–1798), sixth Earl.

this business will prevent your seeing him, but I recollect that you were not fond of having him at Florence. Perhaps I tell you this too imperfectly; but it is imperfectly that I know it; and from report that I first heard it. I got a little from your brother James, who is not more communicative to me than to you: as for your eldest brother, he has totally dropped me, and indeed (which I may say to you) his insupportable temper makes me not very sorry. Gal and you were as much as one had reason to expect in one family; accordingly I cherish the thought of you, and the memory of him, which is as dear to me as the first moment I lost him. He was the most sincere and affectionate friend that ever man had, and could I forget him on his account I never can on my own.

Thursday night, late, but not the wedding-night.

We have heard, but since six this evening, that the Hereditary Prince has landed; the wedding, I fancy, will scarcely be sooner than Monday. Next week will be the reign of gold and silver stuffs, for besides the marriage, there is the Queen's birthday; but Mr. Wilkes will spoil half the solemnity, if he does not return to be sacrificed. Bishop Warburton has whetted ready a classic knife, which he would swear came from Diana's own altar in the Chersonesus, and whose religion he believes as much as that he professes, except that the archbishopric of Tauris is at present *in partibus infidelium*; and the Turks have sequestered the revenues. Adieu.

P.S. Here is the '45,' which I have cut out of a magazine.

926. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Jan. 11, 1764.

It is an age, I own, since I wrote to you: but except politics, what was there to send you? and for politics, the present are too contemptible to be recorded by anybody but journalists, gazetteers, and such historians! The ordinary of Newgate, or Mr. ——, who write for their monthly half-crown, and who are indifferent whether Lord Bute, Lord Melcomb, or Maclean is their hero, may swear they find diamonds on dunghills; but you will excuse *me*, if I let our correspondence lie dormant rather than deal in such trash. I am forced to send Lord Hertford and Sir Horace Mann such garbage, because they are out of England, and the sea softens and makes palatable any potion, as it does claret; but unless I can divert *you*, I had rather wait till we can laugh together; the best employment for friends, who do not mean to pick one another's pocket, nor make a property of either's frankness. Instead of politics, therefore, I shall amuse you to-day with a fairy tale.

I was desired to be at my Lady Suffolk's on New Year's morn, where I found Lady Temple and others. On the toilette Miss Hotham spied a small round box. She seized it with all the eagerness and curiosity of eleven years. In it was wrapped up a heart-diamond ring, and a paper in which, in a hand as small as Buckinger's [1], who used to write the Lord's Prayer in the compass of a silver penny, were the following lines:—

> Sent by a sylph, unheard, unseen,
> A New Year's gift from Mab our queen:
> But tell it not, for if you do,
> You will be pinch'd all black and blue.

Letter 926.—[1] Matthew Buckinger (1674–1722), born without hands or feet.

Consider well, what a disgrace,
To show abroad your mottl'd face:
Then seal your lips, put on the ring,
And sometimes think of
OB: THE KING.

You will easily guess that Lady Temple was the poetess, and that we were delighted with the genteelness of the thought and execution. The child, you may imagine, was less transported with the poetry than the present. Her attention, however, was hurried backwards and forwards from the ring to a new coat, that she had been trying on when sent for down—impatient to revisit her coat, and to show the ring to her maid, she whisked upstairs—when she came down again, she found a letter sealed, and lying on the floor—new exclamations! Lady Suffolk bad her open it: here it is:—

Your tongue, too nimble for your sense,
Is guilty of a high offence;
Hath introduc'd unkind debate,
And topsy-turvy turned our state.
In gallantry I sent the ring,
The token of a love-sick king:
Under fair Mab's auspicious name
From me the trifling present came.
You blabb'd the news in Suffolk's ear,
The tattling zephyrs brought it here,
As Mab was indolently laid
Under a poppy's spreading shade.
The jealous queen started in rage;
She kick'd her crown, and beat her page:
'Bring me my magic wand,' she cries;
'Under that primrose, there it lies:
I'll change the silly, saucy chit,
Into a flea, a louse, a nit,
A worm, a grasshopper, a rat,
An owl, a monkey, hedge-hog, bat—

But hold—why not by fairy art
Transform the wretch into a ——?
Ixion once a cloud embrac'd,
By Jove and jealousy well plac'd;
What sport to see proud Oberon stare,
And flirt it with a *pet-en-l'air*!'
Then thrice she stamp'd the trembling ground,
And thrice she wav'd her wand around—
When I, endow'd with greater skill,
And less inclin'd to do you ill,
Mutter'd some words, withheld her arm,
And kindly stopp'd the unfinish'd charm.
But though not chang'd to owl or bat,
Or something more indelicate:
Yet, as your tongue has run too fast,
Your boasted beauty must not last.
No more shall frolic Cupid lie
In ambuscade in either eye,
From thence to aim his keenest dart
To captivate each youthful heart:
No more shall envious misses pine
At charms now flown, that once were thine:
No more, since you so ill behave,
Shall injur'd Oberon be your slave.

There is one word which I could wish had not been there, though it is prettily excused afterwards. The next day my Lady Suffolk desired I would write her a patent for appointing Lady Temple poet laureate to the fairies. I was excessively out of order with a pain in my stomach, which I had had for ten days, and was fitter to write verses like a poet laureate, than for making one—however, I was going home to dinner alone, and at six I sent her some lines, which you ought to have seen how sick I was, to excuse—but first I must tell you my tale methodically. The next morning by nine o'clock Miss Hotham (she must forgive me twenty years hence for saying she was eleven, for I recollect she is but ten) arrived at Lady Temple's, her

face and neck all spotted with saffron, and limping. 'Oh, Madam!' said she, 'I am undone for ever if you do not assist me!' 'Lord, child,' cried my Lady Temple, 'what is the matter?' thinking she had hurt herself, or lost the ring, and that she was stolen out before her aunt was up. 'Oh, Madam,' said the girl, 'nobody but you can assist me.' My Lady Temple protests the child acted her part so well as to deceive her.—'What can I do for you?' 'Dear Madam, take this load from my back; nobody but you can.' —Lady Temple turned her round, and upon her back was tied a child's waggon. In it were three tiny purses of blue velvet; in one of them a silver cup, in another a crown of laurel, and in the third four new silver pennies; with the patent, signed at top, 'Oberon Imperator'; and two sheets of warrants strung together with blue silk according to form; and at top an office seal of wax and a chaplet of cut paper on it. The warrants were these:—

From the Royal Mews.

A waggon with the draught horses, delivered by command without fee.

From the Lord Chamberlain's Office.

A warrant with the royal sign manual, delivered by command without fee, being first entered in the office books.

From the Lord Steward's Office.

A butt of sack, delivered without fee or gratuity, with an order for returning the cask for the use of the office, by command.

From the Great Wardrobe.

Three velvet bags, delivered without fee, by command.

From the Treasurer of the Household's Office.

A year's salary paid free from land-tax, poundage, or any other deduction whatever, by command.

From the Jewel Office.

A silver butt, a silver cup, a wreath of bays, by command without fee.

Then came the Patent:

By these presents be it known,
To all who bend before our throne,
Fays and fairies, elves and sprites,
Beauteous dames and gallant knights,
That we, Oberon the grand,
Emperor of Fairyland,
King of moonshine, prince of dreams,
Lord of Aganippe's streams,
Baron of the dimpl'd isles
That lie in pretty maiden's smiles,
Arch-treasurer of all the graces
Dispers'd through fifty lovely faces,
Sovereign of the Slipper's order,
With all the rites thereon that border,
Defender of the sylphic faith,
Declare—and thus your monarch saith:
Whereas there is a noble dame,
Whom mortals Countess Temple name,
To whom ourself did erst impart
The choicest secrets of our art,
Taught her to tune th' harmonious line
To our own melody divine,
Taught her the graceful negligence,
Which, scorning art and veiling sense,
Achieves that conquest o'er the heart
Sense seldom gains, and never art:
This lady, 'tis our royal will
Our laureate's vacant seat should fill:
A chaplet of immortal bays
Shall crown her brow and guard her lays;
Of nectar sack an acorn cup
Be at her board each year fill'd up;
And as each quarter feast comes round
A silver penny shall be found
Within the compass of her shoe—
And so we bid you all adieu!

Given at our palace of Cowslip Castle, the shortest night of the year. OBERON.

And underneath

HOTHAMINA.

Now shall I tell you the greatest curiosity of the story? The whole plan and execution of the second act was laid and adjusted by my Lady Suffolk herself and Will Chetwynd, Master of the Mint, Lord Bolinbroke's Oroonoko-Chetwynd; he fourscore, she past seventy-six—and, what is more, much worse than I was, for, added to her deafness, she has been confined these three weeks with the gout in her eyes, and was actually then in misery, and had been without sleep. What spirits, and cleverness, and imagination, at that age, and under those afflicting circumstances! You reconnoitre her old court knowledge; how charmingly she has applied it! Do you wonder I pass so many hours and evenings with her? Alas! I had like to have lost her this morning! They had poulticed her feet to draw the gout downwards, and began to succeed yesterday, but to-day it flew up into her head, and she was almost in convulsions with the agony, and screamed dreadfully—proof enough how ill she was, for her patience and good breeding makes her for ever sink and conceal what she feels. This evening the gout has been driven back to her foot, and I trust she is out of danger. Her loss will be irreparable to me at Twickenham, where she is by far the most rational and agreeable company I have.

I don't tell you that the Hereditary Prince is still expected and not arrived. A royal wedding would be a flat episode after a *real* fairy tale, though the bridegroom is a hero. I have not seen your brother General yet, but have called on him. When come you yourself? Never mind the town and its filthy politics; we can go to the gallery at Strawberry—stay, I don't know whether we can or not, my hill is almost

drowned, I don't know how your mountain is—well, we can take a boat, and always be gay there; I wish we may be so at seventy-six and eighty! I abominate politics more and more; we had glories, and would not keep them—well! content, that there was an end of blood—then perks prerogative its ass's ears up; we are always to be saving our liberties, and then staking them again! 'Tis wearisome! I hate the discussion, and yet one cannot always sit at a gaming-table and never make a bet. I wish for nothing, I care not a straw for the ins or the outs; I determine never to think of them, yet the contagion catches one—can you tell one anything that will prevent infection? Well then, here I swear,—no, I won't swear, one always breaks one's oath. Oh that I had been born to love a court like Sir William Breton! I should have lived and died with the comfort of thinking that courts there will be to all eternity, and the liberty of my country would never once have ruffled my smile, or spoiled my bow. I envy Sir William! Good night! Yours ever,

H. W.

927. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 18, 1764.

Shall I tell you of all our crowds, and balls, and embroideries? Don't I grow too old to describe Drawing-rooms? Sure I do, when I find myself too old to go into them. I forswore puppet-shows at the last Coronation, and have kept my word to myself. However, being bound by a prior vow, to keep up the acquaintance between you and your own country, I will show you, what by the way I have not seen myself, the Prince of Brunswick. He arrived at Somerset House last Friday evening; at Chelmsford a Quaker walked into the room, *did* pull off his hat, and said, 'Friend, my religion forbids me to fight, but

I honour those that fight well.' The Prince, though he does not speak English, understands it enough to be pleased with the compliment. He received another, very flattering. As he went next morning to St. James's, he spied in the crowd one of Elliot's Light Horse [1] and kissed his hand to the man. 'What!' said the populace, 'does he know you?' 'Yes,' replied the man; 'he once led me into a scrape, which nothing but himself could have brought me out of again.' You may guess how much this added to the Prince's popularity, which was at high-water mark before.

When he had visited the King and Queen, he went to the Princess Dowager at Leicester House, and saw his mistress. He is very *galant*, and professes great satisfaction in his fortune, for he had not even seen her picture. He carries his good breeding so far as to declare he would have returned unmarried, if she had not pleased him. He has had levees and dinners at Somerset House; to the latter, company was named for him. On Monday evening they were married by the Archbishop in the great drawing-room, with little ceremony; supped, and lay at Leicester House. Yesterday morning was a Drawing-room at St. James's, and a ball at night; both repeated to-day, for the Queen's birthday. On Thursday they go to the play; on Friday the Queen gives them a ball and dinner at her house; on Saturday they dine with the Princess at Kew, and return for the Opera; and on Wednesday—why, they make their bow and curtsey, and sail.

The Prince has pleased everybody; his manner is thought sensible and engaging; his person slim, genteel, and handsome enough; that is, not at all handsome, but

LETTER 927.—[1] The First Light Horse, raised in 1759 by Colonel George Augustus Elliot (1719–1790), seventh son of Sir Gilbert Elliot, third Baronet, of Stobs, Roxburghshire, and famous as the defender of Gibraltar from 1779–82; K.B., 1782; cr. (July 6, 1787) Baron Heathfield of Gibraltar.

martial, and agreeably weather-worn. I should be able to swear to all this on Saturday, when I intend to see him; but, alas! the post departs on Friday, and, however material my testimony may be, he must want it.

By the subsequent post I shall have forgotten him. A new hero, or rather a revived hero, was to have taken his place. To-morrow is the day appointed by the House of Commons for the appearance of Mr. Wilkes. He had ordered a dinner for to-day, and company to be invited; nay, he sent word he should certainly be here—and who do you think was the messenger? only Mr. Martin, who was at Paris for murdering him. Wilkes made Martin a visit there, sat with him an hour, joked as usual, told him he had really come thither only to see his daughter; that, concluding he should be shut up in prison for six or twelve months, he could not bear the thoughts of not seeing her before that; that this passion was as strong as the *maladie du pays* of the Swiss—very well: we had no doubt but we should see him. Cards were sent to the mob to invite them to meet him—alas! last night came a letter of excuse to the Speaker, pleading the impediment of his wound, and accompanied by certificates of French surgeons. Paris seems very fatal to Wilkes's courage! If he had sent an insulting message to the House of Commons, or even professed having fled from persecution—pass—all that, or either, would have coupled very well with his patriotism. I cannot possibly honour this paltry medium. However, I am very glad he is not come. But he must fight the Parliament of Paris to retrieve his character, or at least be sent to the Bastille, to excuse his not being in Newgate. For our parts, we have no occasion to practise at a target[2]; we may do what we will with him, now we

[2] Mr. Martin practised shooting at a target for some months before he fought Wilkes. See Churchill's *Duellist*. *Walpole*.

can do nothing; expel him, send his writings to gaol, and execute his excuses—nay, we may burn his memory; nobody will say a word for it; I expect very brave invectives against him to-morrow.

Friday evening, 20th.

Yesterday was different from what I expected; but I never guess right! Who could have expected that a hundred and two men would have defended Wilkes, who would not defend himself, till four in the morning? Yet this was the case of at least fifty; the rest, of which I was one, retired at eleven at night. He was expelled[3] at last, after six divisions. But we have not yet done with him; his *Essay on Woman* is to be tried next Tuesday in the House of Lords.

The crowds of this week have proved the goodness of our constitutions; that on the Queen's birthday was immoderate; but last night, to see the Prince of Brunswick at the play, exceeded all belief. Your brother James told me this morning, that he went to Covent Garden at two in the afternoon, to wait till the doors of the playhouse should be opened. He soon found himself buried in such a mob, that he could not even lift his hand to his head, and so remained for five hours, without getting in at last; and though he had stood in the open Piazza, he had sweat so violently that at his return he was forced to change every thread he had on. The shouts, claps, and huzzas to the Prince were immoderate; he sat behind his Princess and her brothers; the galleries called him to come forward. In the middle of the play, he went to be elected a member of the Royal Society, and returned to the theatre, when the applause was renewed. This was the stronger, as there were *other folks*[4] present, who had *no* share in the triumph.

[3] From membership of the House of Commons.
[4] The King and Queen. *Walpole.*

Francis Seymour Conway, 1st Marquis of Hertford
from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

When he had gone out, he returned, presented himself in the front of the box, and made a most respectful bow to the audience, who returned it with the loudest acclamations. Do you think he will not go on Wednesday? Adieu!

928. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, Jan. 22, 1764.

Monsieur Monin, who will deliver this to you, my dear Lord, is the particular friend I mentioned in my last [1], and is, indeed, no particular friend of mine at all, but I had a mind to mislead my Lord Sandwich, and send you one letter which he should not open. This I write in peculiar confidence to you, and insist upon your keeping it entirely to yourself from every living creature. It will be an answer to several passages in your letters, to which I did not care to reply by the post.

Your brother was not pleased with your laying the stopping your bills to his charge. To tell you the truth, he thinks you as too much inclined to courts and ministers, as you think him too little so. So far from upbraiding him on that head, give me leave to say you have no reason to be concerned at it. You must be sensible, my dear Lord, that you are far from standing well with the opposition, and should any change happen, your brother's being well with them would prevent any appearance that might be disagreeable to you. In truth, I cannot think you have abundant reason to be fond of the administration. Lord Bute never gave you the least *real* mark of friendship. The Bedfords certainly do not wish you well: Lord Holland has amply proved himself your enemy: for a man of your morals, it would be a disgrace to you to be connected with Lord Sandwich: and for George Grenville, he has shown

Letter 928.—[1] This letter does not appear.

himself the falsest and most contemptible of mankind. He is now the intimate tool of the Bedfords, and reconciled to Lord Bute, whom he has served and disserved just as occasion or interest directed. In this situation of things, can you wonder that particular marks of favour are withheld from you, or that the expenses of your journey are not granted to you as they were to the Duke of Bedford?

You ask me how your letters please: it is impossible for me to learn, now I am so disconnected with everything ministerial. I wish you not to make them please too much. The negotiations with France must be the great point on which the nation will fix its eyes: with France we must break sooner or later. Your letters will be strictly canvassed: I hope and firmly believe that nothing will appear in them but attention to the honour and interest of the nation; points, I doubt, little at the heart of the present administration, who have gone too far not to be in the power of France, and who must bear anything rather than quarrel. I would not take the liberty of saying so much to you, if, by being on the spot, I was not a judge how very serious affairs grow, and how necessary it is for you to be upon your guard.

Another question you ask is, whether it is true that the opposition is disunited? I will give you one very necessary direction, which is, not to credit any court stories. Sandwich is the father of lies, and every report is tinctured by him. The administration give it out, and trust to this disunion. I will tell you very nearly what truth there is or is not in this. The party in general is as firmly and cordially united as ever party was. Consider, that without any heads or leaders at all, 102 men stuck to Wilkes, the worst cause they could have had, and with all the weight of the Yorkes against them. With regard to the leaders there is a difference. The old Chancellor is violent against

the court: but, I believe, displeased that his son was sacrificed to Pratt, in the case of privilege. Charles Yorke resigned, against his own and Lord Royston's inclination, is particularly angry with Newcastle for complying with Pitt in the affair of privilege, and not less displeased that Pitt prefers Pratt to him for the seals; but then Norton is Attorney-General, and it would not be graceful to return to court, which he has quitted, while the present ministers remain there. In short, as soon as the affair of Wilkes and privilege is at an end, it is much expected that the Yorkes will take part with the opposition. It is for that declaration that Charles Townshend says he waits. He again broke out strongly on Friday last against the ministry, attacking George Grenville, who seems his object. However, the childish fluctuation of his temper, and the vehemence of his brother George for the court, that is for himself, will for ever make Charles little to be depended on. For Mr. Pitt, you know, he never will act like any other man in opposition, and to that George Grenville trusts; however, here are such materials, that if they could once be put in operation for a fortnight together, the present administration would be blown up. To this you may throw in dissensions among themselves: Lord Halifax and Lord Talbot are greatly dissatisfied. Lord Bute is reconciled to the rest; sees the King continually; and will soon want more power, or will have more jealousy than is consistent with their union. Many single men are ill-disposed to them, particularly Lord George Sackville: indeed, nobody is with them, but as it is farther off from, or nearer to, quarter-day: the nation is unanimous against them: a disposition which their own foolish conduct during the episode of the Prince of Brunswick, to which I am now coming, has sufficiently manifested.

The fourth question put to him on his arrival was,

'When do you go?' The servants of the King and Queen were forbid to put on their new clothes for the wedding, or Drawing-room next day, and ordered to keep them for the Queen's birthday. Such pains were taken to keep the Prince from any intercourse with any of the opposition, that—he has done nothing but take notice of them. He not only wrote to the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt, but has been at Hayes to see the latter, and has dined *twice* with the Duke of Cumberland; the first time on Friday last, when he was appointed to be at St. James's at half an hour after seven, to a concert. As the time drew near, Féronce [2] pulled out his watch; the Duke took the hint, and said, 'I am sorry to part with you, but I fear your time is come.' He replied, 'N'importe'; sat on, drank coffee, and it was half an hour after eight before he set out from Upper Grosvenor Street for St. James's. He and Princess Augusta have felt and shown their disgusts so strongly, and his suite have complained so much of the neglect and disregard of him, and of the very quick dismission of him, that the people have caught it, and on Thursday, at the play, received the King and Queen without the least symptom of applause, but repeated such outrageous acclamations to the Prince, as operated very visibly on the King's countenance. Not a gun was fired for the marriage, and Princess Augusta asking Lord Gower about some ceremony, to which he replied, it could not be, as no such thing had been done for the Prince of Orange [3]; she said, it was extraordinary to quote that precedent to her in one case, which had been followed in no other. I could tell you ten more of these stories, but one shall suffice. The royal family went to the Opera on Saturday: the crowd not to be described: the Duchess of Leeds [4], Lady Denbigh, Lady Scarborough, and others, sat

[2] The Prince's Chief Secretary.

[3] Who married, in 1734, the eldest daughter of George II.

[4] Lady Mary Godolphin (d. 1764),

on chairs between the scenes: the doors of the front boxes were thrown open, and the passages were all filled to the back of the stoves; nay, women of fashion stood on the very stairs till eight at night. In the middle of the second act, the Hereditary Prince, who sat with his wife and her brothers in their box, got up, *turned his back* to King and Queen, pretending to offer his place to Lady Tankerville[5] and then to Lady Susan[6]. You know enough of Germans and their stiffness to etiquette, to be sure that this could not be done inadvertently; especially as he repeated this, only without standing up, with one of his own gentlemen, in the third act.

I saw him, without any difficulty, from the Duchess of Grafton's box. He is extremely slender, and looks many years older than he is: in short, I suppose it is *his manner* with which every mortal is captivated, for though he is well enough for a man, he is far from having anything striking in his person. To-day (this is Tuesday) there was a Drawing-room at Leicester House, and to-night there is a subscription ball for him at Carlisle House, Soho, made *chiefly* by the Dukes of Devonshire and Grafton. I was invited to be of it, but not having been to wait on him, did not think it civil to meet him there. The court, by accident or design, had forgot to have a bill passed for naturalizing him. The Duke of Grafton undertook it, on which they adopted it, and the Duke of Bedford moved it; but the Prince sent word to the Duke of Grafton, that he should not have liked the compliment half so well if he had not owed it to his Grace. You may judge how he will report of us at his return!

second daughter and co-heir of second Earl of Godolphin; m. (1740) Thomas Osborne, fourth Duke of Leeds.

[5] Alicia (d. 1791), third daughter and co-heir of Sir John Astley, third Baronet, of Patshull, Staffordshire; m. (1742) Charles Bennett, third Earl of Tankerville.

[6] Lady Susan Stewart, Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess.

With regard to your behaviour to Wilkes, I think you observed the just medium: I have not heard it mentioned: if they should choose to blame it, it will not be to me, known as your friend and no friend of theirs. They very likely may say that you did too much, though the Duke of Bedford did ten times more. Churchill has published a new satire, called *The Duellist*, the finest and bitterest of his works. The poetry is glorious; some lines on Lord Holland, hemlock: charming abuse on that scurrilous mortal, Bishop Warburton: an ill-drawn, though deserved, character of Sandwich; and one, as much deserved, and better, of Norton.

Wednesday, after dinner.

The Lord knows when this letter will be finished; I have been writing it this week, and believe I shall continue it till old Monin sets out. *Encore*, the Prince of Brunswick. At the ball, at Buckingham House, on Monday; it had began two hours before he arrived. Except the King and Queen's servants, nobody was there but the Duchesses of Marlborough and Ancaster, and Lord Bute's two daughters. No supper. On Sunday evening the Prince had been to Newcastle House, to visit the Duchess. His speech to the Duke of Bedford, at first, was by no means so strong as they gave it out: he only said, 'Milord, nous avons fait deux métiers bien différents; le vôtre a été le plus agréable: j'ai fait couler du sang, vous l'avez fait cesser.' His whole behaviour, so much *à la minorité*, makes this much more improbable. His Princess thoroughly agrees with him. When Mr. Grenville objected to the greatness of her fortune, the King said, 'Oh! it will not be opposed, for Augusta is in the opposition.'

The ball, last night, at Carlisle House, Soho, was most magnificent: one hundred and fifty men subscribed, at five guineas each, and had each three tickets. All the beauties

in town were there, that is, of rank, for there was no bad company. The Duke of Cumberland was there too; and the Hereditary Prince so pleased, and in such spirits, that he stayed till five in the morning. He is gone to-day, heartily sorry to leave everything but St. James's and Leicester House. They lie to-night at Lord Abercorn's, at Witham, who does not *step from his pedestal* to meet them. Lady Strafford said to him, 'Soh! my Lord! I hear your house is to be royally filled on Wednesday.'—'And *serenely*,' he replied, and closed his mouth again till next day.

Our politics have been as follow. Last Friday the opposition moved for Wilkes's complaint of breach of privilege to be heard as to-day: Grenville objected to it, and at last yielded, after receiving some smart raps from Charles Townshend and Sir George Saville[7]. On Tuesday the latter, and Sir William Meredith, proposed to put it off to the 13th of February, that Wilkes's servant, the most material evidence, might be here. George Grenville again opposed it, was not supported, and yielded. Afterwards Dowdeswell[8] moved for a committee on the Cider Bill; and, at last, a committee was appointed for Tuesday next, with powers to report the grievances of the bill, and suggest amendments and redress, but with no authority to repeal it. This the administration carried but by 167 to 125. Indeed, many of their people were in the House of Lords, where the court triumphed still less. They were upon the *Essay on Woman*. Sandwich proposed two questions; 1st, that Wilkes was the author of it; 2dly, to order the Black Rod to attach him. It was much objected by the Dukes of

[7] Sir George Savile (1726–1784), eighth Baronet, of Rufford, Nottinghamshire, M.P. for Yorkshire. He was a staunch Whig, and adherent of the Rockingham party, but never held office.

[8] William Dowdeswell (1721–1775), of Pull Court, Worcestershire, M.P. for Worcestershire; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1765–66.

Devonshire, Grafton, Newcastle, and even *Richmond*, that the first was not proved, and might affect him in the courts below. Lord Mansfield tried to explain this away, and Lord Marchmont and Lord Temple had warm words. At last Sandwich, artfully, to get something, if not all, agreed to melt both questions into one, which was accepted; and the vote passed, that *it appearing* Wilkes was the author, he should be taken into custody by the usher. *It appearing*, was allowed to mean *as far as appears*. Then a committee was appointed to search for precedents how to proceed on his being withdrawn. That dirty dog Kidgel had been summoned by the Duke of Grafton, but as they only went on the breach of privilege, he was not called. The new Club [9], at the house that was the late Lord Waldegrave's, in Albemarle Street, makes the ministry very uneasy; but they have worse grievances to apprehend!

Sir Robert Rich is extremely angry with my nephew, the Bishop of Exeter, who, like his own and wife's family, is tolerably warm. They were talking together at St. James's, when A'Court [10] came in. 'There's poor A'Court,' said the Bishop. 'Poor A'Court!' replied the Marshal, 'I wish all those fellows that oppose the King were to be turned out of the army!' 'I hope,' said the Bishop, 'they will first turn all the old women out of it!'

The Duc de Pecquigny was on the point of a duel with Lord Garlies [11], at Lord Milton's ball, the former handing the latter's partner down to supper. I wish you had this Duke again, lest you should have trouble with him from

[9] A tavern in Albemarle Street, frequented by members of the opposition. They subsequently established a club there, called 'The Coterie.'

[10] Lieutenant-General William A'Court (d. 1781), M.P. for Heytesbury, dismissed from the army for parliamentary opposition. He was afterwards appointed to command the 11th Foot, and became full general in 1778. He took the additional surname of Ashe on inheriting an estate.

[11] John Stewart (1736–1806), Lord Garlies, eldest son of sixth Earl of Galloway, whom he succeeded in 1773.

hence: he seems a genius of the wrong sort. His behaviour on the visit to Woburn was very wrong-headed, though their treatment of him was not more right. Lord Sandwich flung him down in one of their horse-plays, and almost put his shoulder out. He said the next day there, at dinner, that for the rest of his life he should fear nothing so much as a *lettre de cachet* from a French secretary of state, or a *coup d'épaule* from an English one. After this he had a pique with the Duchess, with whom he had been playing at whisk. A shilling and sixpence were left on the table, which nobody claimed. He was asked if it was his, and said no. Then they said, 'Let us put it to the cards': there was already a guinea. The Duchess, in an air of grandeur, said as there was gold for the Groom of the Chambers, the sweeper of the room might have the silver, and brushed it off the table. The Pecquigny took this to himself, though I don't believe meaned; and complained to the whole town of it, with large comments, at his return. It is silly to tell you such silly stories, but in your situation it may grow necessary for you to know the truth, if you should hear them repeated. I am content to have you call me gossip, if I prove but of the least use to you.

Here have I tapped the ninth page! Well! I am this moment going to M. de Guerchy's, to know when Monin sets out, that I may finish this eternal letter. If I tire you, tell me so: I am sure I do myself. If I speak with too much freedom to you, tell me so; I have done it in consequence of your questions, and mean it most kindly. In short, I am ready to amend anything you disapprove; so don't take anything ill, my dear Lord, unless I continue after you have reprimanded me. The safe manner in which this goes has made me, too, more explicit than you know I have been on any other occasion. Adieu!

Wednesday night, late.

Well, my letter will be finished at last. M. Monin sets out on Friday; so does my Lord Holland: but I affect not to know it, for he is not just the person that you or I should choose to be the bearer of this. You will be diverted with a story they told me to-night at the French Ambassador's. When they went to supper, at Soho, last night, the Duke of Cumberland placed himself at the head of the table. One of the waiters tapped him on the shoulder, and said, 'Sir, your Royal Highness can't sit there; that place is designed for the Hereditary Prince.' You ought to have seen how everybody's head has been turned with this Prince, to make this story credible to you. My Lady Rockingham, at Leicester House, yesterday, cried great sobs for his departure. Yours ever,

PAGE THE NINTH.

929. To the Countess Temple.

[1764.]

MR. WALPOLE cannot express how much he is obliged and honoured by the trust Lady Temple is so good as to put in him, nor will her Ladyship's modesty let her be a proper judge how great that is. He will say no more but that more than slight corrections in measure would destroy the chief merit of the poems, which consists in the beautiful ease and negligence of the composition—a merit which correction may take away, but can never bestow. I do real justice to these poems: they should be compared with the first thoughts and sketches of other great poets. Mr. Addison, with infinite labour, accomplished a few fine poems; but what does your Ladyship think were his rough drafts?

930. To the Countess Temple.

January 28, 1764.

I have now, Madam, very carefully studied your Lady ship's poems, in which, as I told you, I can find no faults but in the longer metre. This I have tried to supply here and there by a syllable, or by little inversions which mend the cadence; and these I submit to your Ladyship's judgement as mere mechanic corrections, and not at all as improving the ease and natural grace of the original, much less the poetry, which perhaps suffers by my dull criticisms.

Your Ladyship will probably improve on my hints, for your own genteel pen is much more likely to strike out proper alterations than I, who work by dull rules, can do. One thing I am sure of, that larger changes than I have ventured to make, would entirely prejudice the agreeable air of your verses, which is so much and so peculiarly your own.

When I have the honour of seeing you, I will hope for further orders as to the impression[1], which I trust will not be so rigidly confined as you first proposed. I am, Madam, your most obedient and most sensibly obliged humble servant,

Hor. Walpole.

931. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, Jan. 31, 1764.

Several weeks ago I begged you to tell me how to convey to you a print of Strawberry Hill, and another of Archbishop Hutton. I must now repeat the same request for

Letter 930.—[1] Countess Temple's *Poems* were printed at Strawberry Hill in 1764.

two more volumes of my *Anecdotes of Painting*, which are on the point of being published. I hope no illness prevented my hearing from you.

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

932. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Arlington Street, Jan. 31, 1764.

I am very sorry, Sir, that your obliging corrections of my *Anecdotes of Painting* have come so late, that the first volume is actually reprinted. The second shall be the better for them. I am now publishing the third volume, and another of Engravers. I wish you would be so kind as to tell me how I may convey them speedily to you: you waited too long the last time for things that have little merit but novelty. These volumes are of still less worth than the preceding; our latter painters not compensating by excellence for the charms that antiquity has bestowed on their antecessors.

I wish I had known in time what heads of Nanteuil[1] you want. There has been a very valuable sale of Sir Clement Cottrell's prints, the impressions most beautiful, and of which Nanteuil made the capital part. I do not know who particularly collects his works now, but I have ordered my bookseller Bathoe[2], who is much versed in those things, to inquire; and if I hear of any purchaser, Sir, I will let you know.

I have not bought the *Anecdotes of Polite Literature*, suspecting them for a bookseller's compilation, and confirmed in it by never hearing them mentioned. Our booksellers here at London disgrace literature by the trash they

Letter 932.—[1] Robert Nanteuil (1630–1678), engraver.
[2] William Bathoe (d. 1768).

bespeak to be written, and at the same time prevent everything else from being sold. They are little more or less than upholsters, who sell *sets* or *bodies* of arts and sciences for furniture; and the purchasers, for I am sure they are not readers, buy only in that view. I never thought there was much merit in reading: but yet it is too good a thing to be put upon no better footing than damask and mahogany.

Whenever I can be of the least use to your studies or collections, you know, Sir, that you may command me freely.

933. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, Feb. 6, 1764.

You have, I hope, long before this, my dear Lord, received the immense letter that I sent you by old Monin. It explained much, and announced most part of which has already happened: for you will observe that when I tell you anything very positively, it is on good intelligence. I have another much bigger secret for you, but that will be delivered to you by word of mouth. I am not a little impatient for the long letter you promised me. In the meantime thank you for the account you give me of the King's extreme civility to you. It is like yourself to dwell on that, and to say little of M. de Chaulnes's dirty behaviour; but Monsieur and Madame de Guerchy have told your brother and me all the particulars.

I was but too good a prophet when I warned you to expect new extravagances from the Duc de Chaulnes's son. Some weeks ago he lost five hundred pounds to one Virette, an equivocal being, that you remember here. Paolucci, the Modenese minister, who is not in the odour of honesty, was of the party. The Duc de Pecquigny said to the latter, 'Monsieur, ne jouez plus avec lui, si vous n'êtes pas de moitié.' So far was very well. On Saturday, at the

Maccaroni Club (which is composed of all the travelled young men who wear long curls and spying-glasses), they played again: the Duc lost, but not much. In the passage at the Opera, the Duc saw Mr. Stuart talking to Virette, and told the former that Virette was a coquin, a fripon, &c., &c. Virette retired, saying only, 'Voilà un fou.' The Duc then desired Lord Tavistock to come and see him fight Virette, but the Marquis desired to be excused. After the Opera, Virette went to the Duc's lodgings, but found him gone to make his complaint to Monsieur de Guerchy, whither he followed him; and farther this deponent knoweth not. I pity the Count, who is one of the best-natured amiable men in the world, for having this absurd boy upon his hands!

Well! now for a little politics. The Cider Bill has not answered to the minority, though they ran the ministry hard; but last Friday was extraordinary. George Grenville was pushed upon some Navy bills[1]. I don't understand a syllable, you know, of money and accounts; but whatever was the matter, he was driven from entrenchment to entrenchment by Baker[2] and Charles Townshend. After that affair was over, and many gone away, Sir W. Meredith moved for the depositions on which the warrant against Wilkes had been granted. The ministers complained of the motion being made so late in the day; called it a surprise; and Rigby moved to adjourn, which was carried but by 73 to 60. Had a surprise been intended, you may imagine the minority would have been better provided with numbers; but it certainly had not been concerted: however, a majority, shrunk to thirteen, frightened them out of the small senses they possess. Heaven, Earth, and the Treasury were moved

LETTER 933.—[1] According to Croker, a proposal for converting certain outstanding Navy bills into annuities at 4 per cent.

[2] Sir William Baker, Knight, M.P. for Plympton.

to recover their ground to-day, when the question was renewed. For about two hours the debate hobbled on very lamely, when on a sudden your brother rose, and made such a speech—but I wish anybody was to give you the account except me, whom you will think partial: but you will hear enough of it, to confirm anything I can say. Imagine fire, rapidity, argument, knowledge, wit, ridicule, grace, spirit; all pouring like a torrent, but without clashing. Imagine the House in a tumult of continued applause: imagine the ministers thunderstruck; lawyers abashed and almost blushing, for it was on their quibbles and evasions he fell most heavily, at the same time answering a whole session of arguments on the side of the court. No, it was *unique*; you can neither conceive it, nor the exclamations it occasioned. Ellis, the Forlorn Hope Ellis, presented himself in the gap, till the ministers could recover themselves, when on a sudden Lord George Sackville *led up the Blues*[3]; spoke with as much warmth as your brother had, and with great force continued the attack which he had begun. Did not I tell you he would take this part? I was made privy to it; but this is far from all you are to expect. Lord North in vain rumbled about his mustard-bowl[4], and endeavoured alone to outroar a whole party: him and Forrester[5], Charles Townshend took up, but less well than usual. His jealousy of your brother's success, which was very evident, did not help him to shine. There were several other speeches, and, upon the whole, it was a capital debate; but Plutus is so much more persuasive an orator than your brother or Lord George, that we divided but 122 against 217. Lord Strange, who had agreed to the question, did not dare to vote for it, and declared off; and

[3] Which he had failed to do at Minden.

[4] Cf. *Dunciad*, book ii. l. 226: 'With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl.' Pope's note on this line is as follows:—'The old way of making Thunder and Mustard were the same; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them.'

[5] Alexander Forrester, M.P. for Oakhampton.

George Townshend, who had actually voted for it on Friday, now voted against us. Well! upon the whole, I heartily wish this administration may last: both their characters and abilities are so contemptible, that I am sure we can be in no danger from prerogative when trusted to such hands!

Before I have done with Charles Townshend, I must tell you one of his admirable *bons mots*. Miss Draycote, the great fortune, is grown very fat: he says her *tonnage* is become equal to her *poundage*.

There is the devil to pay in Nabob-land, but I understand Indian histories no better than stocks. The council rebelled against the Governor[6], and sent a deputation, the Lord knows why, to the Nabob[7], who cut off the said deputies' heads, and then, I think, was dis-Nabob'd himself, and Clive's old friend reinstated. There is another rebellion in Minorca, where Johnston has renounced his allegiance to viceroy Dick Lyttelton[8], and set up for himself. Sir Richard has laid the affair before the King and Council; Charles Townshend first, and then your brother (you know why I am sorry they should appear together in *that* cause), have tried to deprecate Sir Richard's wrath: but it was then too late. The silly fellow has brought himself to a precipice.

I forgot to tell you that Lord George Sackville carried into the minority with him his own brother Lord Middlesex; Lord Milton's brother[9]; young Beauclerc; Sir Thomas Hales[10]; and Colonel Irwine[11].

[6] Henry Vansittart (1732–1770), Governor of Bengal.

[7] Mir Kasim, set up by Vansittart in the place of Mir Jaffier. He incurred the resentment of the Council of the East India Company, and massacred the deputies sent to remonstrate with him. The Company's troops took the field under Adams, and in four months conquered Bengal, forcing Mir Kasim to take refuge in Oude. 'Clive's old friend,' Mir Jaffier, was reinstated.

[8] Sir Richard Lyttelton was Governor of Minorca.

[9] John Damer, M.P. for Dorchester; d. 1783.

[10] Sir Thomas Pym Hales, fourth Baronet (d. 1773), M.P. for Downton.

[11] Major-General John Irwin (1728–1788), M.P. for East Grinstead; afterwards K.B., and Governor of Gibraltar.

We have not heard a word yet of the Hereditary Prince and Princess. They were sent away in a tempest, and I believe the best one can hope is, that they are driven to Norway.

Good night, my dear Lord; it is time to finish, for it is half an hour after one in the morning: I am forced to purloin such hours to write to you, for I get up so late, and then have such a perpetual succession of nothings to do, such auctions, politics, visits, dinners, suppers, books to publish or revise, &c., that I have not a quarter of an hour without call upon it; but I need not tell you, who know my life, that I am forced to create new time, if I will keep up my correspondence with you. You seem to like I should, and I wish to give you every satisfaction in my power.

Tuesday, February 7, Four o'clock.

I tremble whilst I continue my letter, having just heard such a dreadful story! A captain of a vessel has made oath before the Lord Mayor, this morning, that he saw one of the yachts sink on the coast of Holland; and it is believed to be the one in which the Prince was. The City is in an uproar; nor need one point out all such an accident may produce, if true; which I most fervently hope it is not. My long letter will help you to comments enough, which will be made on this occasion. I wish you may know, at this moment, that our fears are ill-placed. The Princess was not in the same yacht with her husband. Poor Fanshawe, as Clerk of the Green Cloth, with his wife and sister, was in one of them.

Here is more of the Duc de Pecquigny's episode. An officer was sent yesterday to put Virette under arrest. His servant disputed with the officer on his orders, till his master made his escape. Virette sent a friend, whom he ordered to deliver his letter in person, and see it read, with a challenge, appointing the Duc to meet him at half an hour

after seven this morning, at Buckingham Gate, where he waited till ten to no purpose, though the Duc had not been put under arrest. Virette absconds, and has sent M. de Pecquigny word, that he shall abscond till he can find a proper opportunity of fighting him. Your discretion will naturally prevent your talking of this; but I thought you would like to be prepared, if this affair should anyhow happen to become your business, though your late discussion with the Duc de Chaulnes will add to your disinclination from meddling with it.

I must send this to the post before I go to the Opera, and therefore shall not be able to tell you more of the Prince of Brunswick by this post.

END OF VOL. V